

She Wants Revenge, ...And A Song For Los Angeles

Sinner(?) southern
The streets are cold eyes
Watching ahead of them
With no good reason to not break down she sighs
And stares at the overpass
Full of all the reasons she's leaving town she swears
That it will be better then
If only she could see it'll follow her always
And then it's suddenly overpass.

Love your troubled ways
We can make them all mine
Santa Ana's blowing stories 'cross the skyline
Of a city that the angels found it fit to name
Against the black shine
A million little white lights
Afraid to merge so we hide behind late nights
And the voices crying "Lover, it'll be alright... "

Feel-young city of privilege, make believe
Until it becomes true
Follow in the traces of someone else's lies
But it doesn't become you
She said, "it's not a full moon yet, and her body it seems to agree
As I vow to the stars on the sidewalk
Though I don't know what you hope to see

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She misses the seasons
And stay at home nights
Now you should have seen her
Bathed in sunset red lights
Please tell her I love her
But the city won't change
It's cold and unflinching
Ever lovely and strange

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