

# The Distillers, City Of Angels

Its going down tonight in this town  
Cause they stare and growl  
They all stare and growl  
I take a scar everytime I cry  
Cause it ain't my style, no it ain't my style  
Going down to the gravel head to the barrel  
Take this life and end this struggle  
Los Angeles come scam me please  
Emptiness never sleeps at Cliftons 6am  
With your bag lady friend and your mind descending  
Stripped of the right to be a human in control  
Its warmer in hell so down we go

They say  
This is the city  
The city of angels  
All i see is dead wings (x2)

Its a ghost town rabid underworld  
Dionysian night vitriolic twilight  
A mirage come up it never ends  
Once you get born youre never the same  
Left behind erased from time  
Aint no decency in being boxed up alive  
Look around aint no R.I.P signs here  
We dont rest in peace  
We just disappear

So here we are Los Angeles  
No angels singing in your valley of unease  
I watch the sun roll down the pacific  
Over hookered sunset strip

They say  
This is the city  
The city of angels  
All i see is dead wings (x2)

There's a black moon tonight  
shining down on the western neon lights (x2)

They say  
This is the city  
The city of angels  
All i see is dead wings (x4)