

Brian Wilson, Room With A View

Just now I was thinkin' bout another perfect day
Wishing it would come again your way
Down below, a sparkled city scatters by the bay
Tells you your suspicions are at play
One by one, a carpet of star-spangled cities sleep
Like so many dancing diamonds with a beat
Each of them are home with walls of stories they could tell
Meet the crack of dawn
A freeway starts to roll
An owl hoots it's last goodbye to a coyote on patrol
Each day keeps me guessin'
Will you take what I'm confessing?
Will you find the heartbeat in L.A.?