

Death Cab For Cutie, Why You'd Want To Live Here

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I'm in Los Angeles today:
it smells like an airport runway,
Jet fuel stench in the cabin
and lights flickering at random.
I'm in Los Angeles today:
garbage cans comprise the medians
The freeways always creeping,
even when the population's sleeping.

And I can't see why you'd want to live here.

I'm in Los Angeles today:
asked a gas station employee
if he ever had trouble breathing
he said, "It varies from season to season, kid."

It's where our best are on display,
Motion picture actor's houses maps are never ever current,
so save your film and fifteen dollars.

And I can't see why you'd want to live here.

Billboards reach past the tallest buildings
We are not perfect, but we sure try
As UV rays degenerate our youth with time.

The vessel keeps pumping us through this entropic place
In the belly of the beast that is Californ-i-a
I drank from a faucet and I kept my receipts
For when they weigh me on the way out:
Here nothing is free.

The Greyhounds keep coming
dumping locusts into the streets
until the gutters overflow and Los Angeles thinks,
"I might explode someday soon."

It's a lovely summer's day and I can almost see the skyline
through a thickening shroud of egos.
(Is this the city of angels or demons?)
Here the names are what remain:
Stars encapsulate the gold lane
and they need constant cleaning
for when the tourists begin salivating,

You can't swim in a town this shallow
You will most assuredly drown tomorrow.