

Frank Black, Los Angeles

I met a man
He was a good man
Sailing and shoring
Dancing the beta can-can
Making me foreign
Oh yeah

I want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
No, not the one in South California
They got one in South Patagonia
I want to love in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
They got a bunch down in Moleville
They got a bunch more still
I want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
They got one in twenty-five to five
Works just like a beehive
I want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
Counting helicopters on Saturday night
The symphony of the fair light
I hear them saying Los Angeles
In all the black and white movies
And if you think they star-spangled us
How come we say Los Angeleez?

I'll wait in Los Angeles
I'll wait in the pouring sun
No way
For not anyone
No way
I met a man
He was a good man
Sailing and shoring
He got a betatron, man
Talking that foreign
Oh yeah

I'll wait in Los Angeles
I'll wait in the pouring sun
No way
For not anyone
No way