

# Goldfinger, The City With Two Faces

I tried once to be civil  
But I just got put on hold  
I'm sick of hearing complaints  
The espresso is too cold  
You act like you're a friend  
But then you talk 'bout how we suck  
Just save it for your dildo  
That's the only thing you'll fuck

If I was smart I'd run fast  
Out of this town  
Sometimes I want to shout and scream  
Fuck L.A.

Traded your Doc Martens  
In exchange for cowboy boots  
You're asking who's Keith Morris  
Yeah you're punk rock  
Where's your roots  
You're a rocker you're a biker  
You're punk rock now you skate  
Last year it was Zeppelin  
Now it's Bad Brains  
You're a fake

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Now don't get me wrong.  
You're probably thinking  
we're just some trendy punk rock band  
jumping on the band wagon.  
Like, how many times have you heard me say fuck anyway?  
Seven to be exact, we still have four more to go.  
Now I know LA's got some beautiful people.  
It's also got some great bands.  
NOFX, Bad Religion....  
Hell I owe my life to this city.  
But I have had my motorcycle stolen here more times  
than Nirvana has songs about heroin.  
You can't really surf unless you want to get hepatitis  
Wait a Second!

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Fuck it