

Jude, Out Of L.A.

This town's got to shake down to its roots
I don't know if that's the sands or the tropical fruits
I don't believe all the things I see
But I'm still betting on you and me

Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

I met a girl who looked liek a movie star
She was going for a ride and I don't mean in a car
Had a brain the size of a frozen pea
And on a scale of one to ten she was twenty-three

Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

A big fat man's gonna make me a king
He's got a see-through tan and a pinky diamond ring
Slicked-back hair shirt to his thigh
Import silk slave labor dyed

Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta go get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

The boy whores sell their souls on the boulevard
And that's a shirt-free store where they don't take a credit card
From the hills to the chills its a quick fall down
It's a great big city, it's a real small town

Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta go get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey, hey baby, we've gotta go. . .