

# 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. . .