

Randy Newman, I Love L.A.

Hate New York City
It's cold and it's damp
And all the people dressed like monkeys
Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos
That town's a little too rugged
For you and me, you bad girl
Rollin' down the Imperial Highway
With a big nasty redhead at my side
Santa Ana wind blowin' hot from the north
And we was born to ride
Roll down the window, put down the top
Crank up the Beach Boys, baby
Don't let the music stop
We're gonna ride it till we just can't ride it no more
From the South Bay to the Valley
From the West Side to the East Side
Everybody's very happy
'Cause the sun is shining all the time
Looks like another perfect day
I love L.A. (We love it)
I love L.A. (We love it)
Look at that mountain
Look at those tree
Look at that bum over there, man
He's down on his knees
Look at these women
There ain't nothin' like em nowhere
Century Boulevard (We love it)
Victory Boulevard (We love it)
Santa Monica Boulevard (We love it)
Sixth Street (We love it, we love it)
I love L.A.
I love L.A.
(We love it)
I love L.A.
(We love it)
[etc.]