Savage Garden, Santa Monica

In Santa Monica, in the wintertime,
The lazy streets so undemanding
I walk into the crowd
In Santa Monica, you get your coffee from
The coolest places on the promenade
Where people dress just so
Beauty so unavoidable, everywhere you turn
It's there.
I sit and wonder what am I doing here?
But on the telephone line I am anyone
I am anything I want to be.
I could be a super model or Norman Mailer
And you wouldn't know the difference
Or would you?
In Santa Monica, all the people got modern names
Like Jake or Mandy
And modern bodies too
In Santa Monica, on the boulevard,
You'll have to dodge those in-line skaters
Or they'll knock you down
I never felt so lonely,
Never felt so out of place
I never wanted something more than this
But on the telephone line I am anyone
I am anything I want to be
I could be a super model or Norman Mailer
And you wouldn't know the difference
On the telephone line, I am any height
I am any age I want to be
I could be a caped crusader, or space invader
And you wouldn't know the difference
Or would you?
Or would you?
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