

# Soul Coughing, Screenwriter's Blues

Exits to freeways twisted like knots on the fingers  
jewels cleaving skin between breasts

Your Cadillac breathes four hundred horses over blue lines  
you are going to Reseda to make love to a model from Ohio  
whose real name you don't know

You spin like the Cadillac was overturning  
down a cliff on television  
and the radio is on  
and the radioman is speaking  
and the radioman says women were a curse  
so men built Paramount studios  
and men built Columbia studios  
and men built Los Angeles

It is 5 am and you are listening to Los Angeles

And the radioman says it is a beautiful night out there!  
And the radioman says Rock and Roll lives!  
And the radioman says it is a beautiful night out there in Los Angeles  
you live in Los Angeles and you are going to Reseda;  
we are all in some way or another going to Reseda someday to die  
and the radioman laughs because the radioman fucks a model too

Gone savage for teenagers with automatic weapons and boundless love  
gone savage for teenagers who are aesthetically pleasing in other words fly  
Los Angeles beckons the teenagers to come to her on buses;  
Los Angeles loves love

It is 5 am and you are listening to Los Angeles

I am going to Los Angeles to build a screenplay about lovers who murder each other  
I am going to Los Angeles to see my own name on a screen, five feet long and luminous  
as the radioman says it is 5 am and the sun has charred the other side of the world  
and come back to us and painted the smoke over our heads an imperial violet

It is 5 am and you are listening to Los Angeles

You are listening.  
You are listening.  
You are listening.  
You are listening.  
To Los Angeles.