

Soul Coughing, Screenwriter's Blues (Live)

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.