

Sunday's Best, Los Feliz Arms

We packed up and moved 'cross town,
leaving Los Feliz, Griffith Park,
and the breakfast spots where we used to haunt.

The shine of Hillhurst days:
broken windows of my car,
neighbors setting off their fire alarms,
crisp nights you could feel.
Remember the view from the hill?
Moon dividing up the man-made lake...

Don't forget those days we stayed in to escape the race.
Days we hid from the phone and made out.
Left the world alone.

We were standing in the light,
hoping to catch a glimpse of what we thought was right.

Thursday night at Bigfoot Lodge,
rubbing shoulders with the slob
Passed us a Walker on the rocks.
Crisp nights too unreal

We are standing in the light,
waiting to catch a glimpse of what we know is right.