

The Bronx, Los Angeles

(Originally by X)

She had to leave, Los Angeles!
All her toys wore out in black and her boys had too,
She started to hate every nigger and jew,
Every mexican that gave her lotta shit
Every homosexual and the idle rich (idle rich)

She had to get out, (get out), get out, (get out), get out, (get out)

She looks confused,
Flying over the dateline,
Her hands turn red.. ..Cause the days change at night,
Change in an instant,
The days change at night,
Change in an instant

She had to leave Los Angeles,
She found it hard to say goodbye to her own best friend,
She bought a clock on hollywood boulevard the day she left
It felt sad, (it felt sad), it felt sad!

She had to get out, (get out), get out, (get out), get out, (get out)

She looks confused,
Flying over the dateline,
Her hands turn red.. ..Cause the days change at night,
Change in an instant,
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