

The Decemberists, Los Angeles, I'm Yours

There is a city by the sea
A gentle company
I don't suppose you want to
And as it tells its sorry tale
In harrowing detail
Its hollowness will haunt you

Its streets and boulevards
Orphans and oligarchs are here
A plaintive melody
Truncated symphony
An ocean's garbled vomit on the shore
Los Angeles, I'm yours

O ladies pleasant and demure
Sallow-cheeked and sure
I can see your undies
And all the boys you drag about
An empty fallow fount
From Saturdays to Mondays
You hill and valley crowd
Hanging your trousers down at heel
This is the realest thing
As ancient choirs sing
A dozen blushing cherubs wheel above
Los Angeles, my love

Oh what a rush of ripe lan
Languor on divans
Dalliant and dainty
But oh, the smell of burnt cocaine
The dolor and decay
It only makes me cranky

O great calamity
Ditch of iniquity and tears
How I abhor this place
Its sweet and bitter taste
Has left me wretched, retching on all fours
Los Angeles, I'm yours
Los Angeles, I'm yours
Los Angeles, I'm yours