

# The Stranglers, Dead Loss Angeles

The plastic peaches there  
On concrete beaches there  
You see the leaches there  
You see the leaches there  
They're soft marshmallow there  
It's oh so shallow there  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
The dedged up mastodon  
Has got his glasses on  
He's never seen the shit  
From the La Brea pit  
The lunar base camp there  
With burning midnight lamp  
They call it frisbeeland  
It's just a disneyland  
Android americans  
Live in the ruins there  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
The dedged up mastodon  
Has got his glasses on  
He's never seen the shit  
From the La Brea pit  
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From the La Brea pit  
From the La Brea pit  
From the La Brea pit  
From the La Brea pit  
From the La Brea pit  
They get the tremors there  
Been given Babylon  
Plenty of companies  
Such lonely company  
I hear a symphony  
Of lonely timpanis  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
In Dead Loss Angeles  
The dedged up mastodon  
Has got his glasses on  
He's never seen the shit  
From the La Brea pit