Tim Minchin, Leaving LA

Check the locks and leave the keys
Mouldy bath masked with Febreze
Something's dead behind the refrigerator
Some poor fuck will deal with it later

I've spent the last ten weeks
Squeezing out the sponge of friendships, plugging leaks
I've talked until there's no more to say
I'm going away
I'm leaving LA
I'm leaving LA

And the tourists say
"Please give me the directions to the Hollywood sign
I always dreamt of coming here to see the Hollywood sign"
But on their way back down we'll ask
"Did you have a good time?"
They'll say "it's just some fuckin' letters on a hill"

I wander through the Bronson Caves
One more OK coffee at the Oaks Gourmet
I'll watch the players at the UCB
Trying to improvise their way out of ennui

Walking trails in the creeping dark
Up to the observatory in Griffith Park
There's too much light for stars anyway
I'm getting out of this place
I'm leaving LA
I'm leaving LA

And the studio executives who never made a thing
Blaming other for their failures, taking credit for their wins
Wiping the blood of dumb artists from their chins
Singing, "kid you oughtn't take it personally"

On Hollywood and Vine a dime-store Spider-Man
Shouting at a stoned Emma Stone, dressed à la La La Land
And in the distance, in both its glorious dimensions
The sign projects its shadow on the hill

Rushing by machine-gunned cops at LAX
Malfunctioning departure board says we're boarding next
Belt off, shoes off, jacket off, hat
Don't need the attitude, but I quite enjoy the subsequent pat-down
And I'm sat down
As the A380 engine roars
Pushed backwards as this tube of monkeys rumbles forwards

I'm looking forward to another twenty hours on a plane
Nothing but shit films and my brain
I've been going slowly insane
I've seen your sport and I don't wanna play
I'm getting out of this place
I'm getting out of this place
I'm leaving LA

And the actors at Gratitude drinking undrinkable juice
And the agents taking ten percent in their sneakers and suits
And the writers in their Teslas trying to punch up Act One
Driving home on the 101 in the relentless fucking sun
And the needy and the greedy and the homeless and horny
And the deals done on treadmills at ten to six in the morning
And the Captain's on the PA saying "look for the sign!"

But I find it's just some fuckin' letters on a hill
Just some really ugly letters
On a pretty ugly hill

I'm leaving LA
I'm leaving 'ell