

Why You'd Want to Live Here

Death Cab for Cutie

I'm in Los Angeles today
It smells like an airport runway
Jet fuel stench in the cabin
And lights flickering at random
I'm in Los Angeles today
Garbage cans comprise the medians
Of freeways always creeping
Even when the population's sleeping
And I can't see why you'd want to live here
I'm in Los Angeles today
Asked a gas station employee
If he ever had trouble breathing
And he said, it varies from season to season, kid
It's where our best are on display
Motion picture actors' houses
Maps are never ever current
So save your film and fifteen dollars
And I can't see why you'd want to live here
Billboards reach past the tallest buildings
We are not perfect but we sure try
As UV rays degrade our youth with time
The vessel keeps pumping us
Through this entropic place
In the belly of the beast
That is California
I drank from the faucet
And I kept my receipt
For when they weigh me on the way
Out here nothing is free
But the greyhounds keep coming
Dumping locusts into the street
'Til the gutters overflow and Los Angeles thinks
I might explode someday soon
It's a lovely summer's day
I can almost see a skyline
Through a thickening shroud of egos
Is this the city of angels or demons?
And here the names are what remain
Stars encapsulate the gold lame
And they need constant cleaning
For when the tourists begin salivating
And I can't see why you'd want to live here
Billboards reach past the tallest buildings
You can't swim in a town this shallow
'Cause you will most assuredly drown tomorrow

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