West Coast

The Neighbourhood

Me, I'm from a different type of left lane, old wild west lane
Nosebleeds, palm trees, and tumbleweeds rustling
Outside, they say it's happy here, but it's depressing
Too many pretty faces catching my attention
So I look at them, remind myself in the smudged glass,
"That pretty isn't everything, you punk ass"
Always hard to see past the surface, when it looks so perfect
But her eyes will disguise dirt on purpose, you listening?
I grew up here, under the sun, grade school, I was the odd one, out of the bunch
And I don't mean I was the kid who eat bugs for lunch,
I was the one who wasn't coming from where they're coming from
I speak poetically, and never pride my ignorance, but this California shit is rigorous
They say it's happy here, happiness is figurative,
I'm happy 'cause of me, doesn't matter where I'm livingIf the sun was God, I'd be covered in faith,
If the ocean was the devil, I'd be covered in hate
I'm so west coast, it's a goddamn shame
I'm so west coast, it's a goddamn shameI'm waking up underneath sheets, naked still sweating
Slept in late so everybody else is ready
My friend called up, he said,
"Hurry up buddy, it's almost sundown already"
So I hopped up, I went and washed up,
I ate some pasta, then I gave my mom hugs
And then I thought, "Uh, it's gonna be a pretty nice night"
But pretty isn't everything, right?
Golden state mind, I'm taking my time
Plain white shirt, and a skinny black tie
My top let down when I get picked up
P C H so California
Maybe they were right; happiness is a warm gun
But before you shoot, please warn us
Life is too fun, California will you marry me?
Let God be the sun and in the ocean they shall bury meIf the sun was God, I'd be covered in faith,
If the ocean was the devil, I'd be covered in hate
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