

Los Angeles Is Burning

Bad Religion

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue
The sane man skirts under the wind
But down here in the city of the lime lights
The fans of Santa Ana are witherin'
And you can't deny that living is easy
If you never look behind the scenery
It's showtime for drag lines
And bedlam is dreamin' of rain When the hills of los angeles are burnin'
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And los angeles is burnin' This is not a test
Of the emergency broadcast system
When Malibu fires and radio towers
Conspire to dance again
And I cannot believe the media Mecca
They're only trying to battle reality, catch it on prime time, story at nine
The whole world is goin' insane When the hills of Los Angeles are burnin'
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And los angeles is burnin' A plague that reads
The end of days
Shotgun roundabouts are bending in the haze More a question than a curse
How could hell be any worse? The flames are startin'
The cameras runnin'
So take warnin' When the hills of Los Angeles are burnin'
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And los angeles is burnin'

Songwriters

GUREWITZ, BRETT/GRAFFIN, GREG Published by

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