

California (Live DC Concert)

EMA

Fuck California
You made me boring
I bled all blood out
But these red pants they don't show that
My old friends though they know that
And when I sold them I sold that I'm sorry Gracie girl you're golden I'm sorry Steven and Andrew
That I ever left you
You never seen the ocean
You never been on a plane
Schizophrenia rules the brain
Aliens coming to take you away
You're still my favorite
Past Life Martyred Saint
Gimme the places I'll give you the names
Wasted away alone on the plains
What's it like to be small-town and gay?
Fuck it baby I know you'll never change So hold me down but I got it
Quick hit to the face
Soft blow to the mouth
On Christmas morning You're bleeding from the fingertips
You rubbed me raw you rubbed me wrong
And I heave when I think of you Oh! California Now you've corrupted us all
With your sexuality
Tried to tell me love was free
Tried to tell me love was free
Us and them baby
You You You You You and Me Oh Love! In the time of scandal
Love in the form of tragedy
Love so much so real so fucked it's 5150 But I'm just 22 and I don't mind dyin What does failure taste like?
To me it tastes like dirt
And I'm beggin you please to look away I bet my money on the bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on the bay I saw Joseph carrying the gun
I saw Mary carrying the gun
The Gun The Gun The Gun
The Gun carrying The Gun I saw Grandpa
Carrying The Gun
I saw Grandma
Carrying The Gun
The Gun The Gun The Gun

The Gun carrying The GunI used to carry The Gun
The Gun The Gun The Gun
The Gun carrying The Gun

Songwriters

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