

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 stenches
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 \$15.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 californ-I-A, I drank from a faucet and I kept my receipts for
When the weigh me on my way out (here nothing is free).
The greyhounds keep coming dumping locusts into the street until the gutters
Overflow and Los Angeles thinks, "I might explode someday soon."It's a lovely summer's day and I can almost
see a skyline through a thickening
Shroud of egos. (is this the city of angeles or demons?)
Here the names are what remain: stars encapsulate the gold lame and they need
Constant cleaning for when the tourists begin salivating.You can't swim in a town this shallow - you will most
assuredly drown tomorrow.

Songwriters

Gibbard, Benjamin

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