

# 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 \$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

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