I'm from LA

Go Betty Go

It's nine o' clock on Monday morning and I'm late
I stayed up drinking with the girls from Silver Lake
With no make-up on I get into my car
And then I drive into the freeway parking lotThey say I'm lazy, I'm always late
Full of excuses, I'm from LA
They say I'm careless, can't find my way
Crazy and precious, I'm from LAI'm all hung over, feels like nails inside my head
It's getting hot, the sweat is dripping down my legs
The air conditioner still broken from the quake
And now I'm melting like a wax doll in the flames
(Here in LA)They say I'm lazy, I'm always late
Full of excuses, I'm from LA
They say I'm careless, can't find my way
Crazy and precious, I'm from LAThe radio says sig alert all throughout the five
I'm right behind an ugly Saab with broken lights
I put my make-up on while Betty's on the line
With nothing else to do it helps me pass the timeThey say we are lazy, we are always late
Full of excuses, we are from LA
They say we are careless, can't find our way
Crazy and precious, we are from LA

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