

Letter to L.A.

Joe Ely

You're afraid to lose your cover
Afraid to bare your soul
Like an Alfred Hitchcock lover
Who slowly goes out of control
Your love is like the city
Only shines at night
Your love has no pity
Baby, baby, that's all right
Your vanity is your castle
You're like a neon sign
And the poor lost souls in your shadows
You forget, they are friends of mine
Your love is like the city
Only shines at night
Your love has no pity
Baby, baby, that's all right
Little Johnny Vain lost his head
While you broke a young girl's heart
And Cecil B. DeMille once gave to you
The 'Cast of Millions' part
Your love is like the city
Only shines at night
Your love has no pity
Baby, baby, that's all right
How many memories have you, honey
Swept beneath the bed?
And how many roses have you, honey
Watered till they bled?

Songwriters

JOE ELY Published by

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