

# Grey In L.A.

## Loudon Wainwright III

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When it's grey in L.A. I sure like it that way  
Cause there's way too much sunshine round here  
I don't know about you I get so sick of blue skies  
Whenever they always appear And I sure love the sound of the rain pouring down  
On my carport roof made out of tin  
If there's a flood then there's gonna be mudslides  
We all have to pay for our sin Chorus I  
And I suppose that they'll close canyon roads  
And the freeways will all start to clog  
And the waters will rise and you won't be surprised  
When your whole house smells like your wet dog When it's grey in L.A. it's much better that way  
It reminds you that this town's so cruel  
Yeah it might feel like fun when you're sportin' sunglasses  
But really you're one more fool And I'm just a chump  
And this whole town's a dump  
We came out here to dump all our dreams  
Of making it big but we're stuck in a sig alert nightmare  
That's just how it seems Chorus II  
And I suppose Laurie David sure knows  
All those cars we drive heat up our earth  
And sea temperatures rise and those constant blue skies  
And brush fires can sure curb your mirth Brad Grey's in L.A. yeah OK I should stay here  
There's no place that's better i know  
For a wannabe star stuck in a car  
On a freeway with nowhere to go

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