

# Los Angeles Is Burning

## Bad Religion

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue  
St. Anne's skirts are billowing  
But down here in the city of the lime lights  
The fans of Santa Ana are withering And you can't deny that living is easy  
If you never look behind the scenery  
It's show time for dry climes  
And bedlam is dreaming of rain When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So, many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease and Los Angeles is burning This is not a test of the emergency broadcast system  
Where malibu fires and radio towers conspire to dance again  
And I cannot believe the media Mecca they're only trying to peddle reality  
Catch it on prime time, story at nine the whole world is going insane When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease and Los Angeles is burning A placard reads, 'The end of days'  
Jacaranda boughs are bending in the haze  
More a question than a curse how could Hell be any worse?  
The flames are stunning the cameras running so take warning When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease and Los Angeles is burning

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