

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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