

Los Angeles, Be Kind

Owl John

You exhaust me, you know
Enveloping black exhaust pipe smoke
And the smog won't wash from this unsuitable immigrant skin
Such a villainous scream
I don't know what you've done to your face
Some nights I can't figure out quite where your heart is

Oh Los Angeles, be kind
No more trouble or red lights
I can learn to love you in due time
Oh Los Angeles, be kind

I read you all wrong
So I get drunk just to feel I belong
By a river so dry it's barely a river at all
And we suck one another at night
Fire pistols and cover our eyes
And we walk unseen behind Hollywood's ballroom doors

Oh Los Angeles, be kind
No more headaches or fist fights
We can love each other, it just takes time
Oh Los Angeles, be kind
Take me to Paris, be good, say good night
Oh Los Angeles, be kind

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