Screenwriter's Blues

Soul Coughing

Exits to freeways twisted like knots on the fingers
Jewels cleaving skin between breasts
Your Cadillac breathes four hundred horses over blue lines
You are going to Reseda to make love to a model from Ohio
Whose real name you don't knowYou spin like the Cadillac was overturning down a cliff on television
And the radio is on and the radioman is speaking
And the radioman says women were a curse
So men built Paramount studios
And men built Columbia studios and men built Los AngelesIt is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles
It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los AngelesAnd the radioman says it is a beautiful night out there
And the radioman says rock and roll lives
And the radioman says it is a beautiful night out there in Los Angeles
You live in Los Angeles and you are going to Reseda
We are all in some way or another going to Reseda someday to dieAnd the radioman laughs because the radioman fucks a model too
Gone savage for teenagers with automatic weapons and boundless love
Gone savage for teenagers who are aesthetically pleasing
In other words fly, Los Angeles beckons
The teenagers to come to her on buses, Los Angeles loves loveIt is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles
It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los AngelesI am going to Los Angeles to build a screenplay about
Lovers who murder each other
I am going to Los Angeles to see my own name on a screen
Five feet long and luminousAs the radioman says it is 5 a.m. and the sun has charred
The other side of the world and comeback to us
And painted the smoke over our heads an imperial violetIt is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles
It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles
It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles
And you are listening to Los AngelesYou are listening
You are listening
You are listeningTo Los Angeles

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