

# 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 know You 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 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 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 die And 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 love It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
It is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles I 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 luminous As the radioman says it is 5 a.m. and the sun has charred  
The other side of the world and come back to us  
And painted the smoke over our heads an imperial violet It 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 Angeles You are listening  
You are listening  
You are listening To Los Angeles

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