

# Santa Monica (Bittersweet Remix)

## Savage Garden

In Santa Monica in the winter time  
The lazy streets so undemanding  
I walk into the crowd  
In Santa Monica you get your coffee from  
The coolest places on the promenade  
Where people dress just so  
Beauty so unavoidable  
Everywhere you turn  
It's there  
I sit and wonder what am I doing here? But on the telephone line I am anyone  
I am anything I want to be  
I could be a supermodel or Norman Mailer  
And you wouldn't know the difference  
Or would you? In Santa Monica, all the people got  
Modern names  
Like Jake or Mandy  
And modern bodies too  
In Santa Monica, on the boulevard,  
You'll have to dodge those in-line skaters  
Or they'll knock you down  
I never felt so lonely,  
Never felt so out of place  
I never wanted something more than this But on the telephone line I am anyone  
I am anything I want to be  
I could be a supermodel or Norman Mailer  
And you wouldn't know the difference  
On the telephone line, I am any height  
I am any age I want to be  
I could be a caped crusader, or  
Space invader  
And you would know the difference  
Or would you?

Songwriters

JONES, DANIEL / HAYES, DARREN Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>