

# Desperados Under The Eaves

Warren Zevon

I was sitting in the Hollywood Hawaiian hotel  
I was staring in my empty coffee cup  
I was thinking that the gypsy wasn't lyin'  
All the salty Margaritas in Los Angeles  
I'm gonna drink 'em up  
And if California slides into the ocean  
Like the mystics and statistics say it will  
I predict this motel will be standing until I pay my bill  
Don't the sun look angry through the trees  
Don't the trees look like crucified thieves  
Don't you feel like desperadoes under the eaves  
Heaven help the one who leaves  
Still waking up in the mornings with shaking hands  
And I'm trying to find a girl who understands me  
But except in dreams you're never really free  
Don't the sun look angry at me  
I was sitting in the Hollywood Hawaiian hotel  
I was listening to the air conditioner hum  
It went mmm, mmm, mmm  
Look away down Gower Avenue, look away  
Look away down Gower Avenue, look away  
Look away down Gower Avenue, look away  
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