Los Angeles

Frank Black

I met a man, he was a good man
Sailing and shoring
Dancing the beta can-can
Making me foreign, oh yeahI want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
No, not the one in South California
They got one in South PatagoniaI want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
They got a bunch down in Moleville
They got a bunch more stillI want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one is Los Angeles
They got one in twenty-five two five
With a church like a beehiveI want to live in Los Angeles
Not the one in Los Angeles
Counting helicopters on a Saturday night
The symphony of the fair lightI hear them saying Los Angeles
In all the black and white movies
And if you think they star-spangled us
How come we say Los Angeleez?I'll wait in Los Angeles
I'll wait in the pouring sun
No way, for not anyone
No wayI met a man, he was a good man
Sailing and shoring
He got a betatron, man
Talking that foreign, oh yeahI'll wait in Los Angeles
I'll wait in the pouring sun
No way, for not anyone
No wayI'll wait in Los Angeles
I'll wait in the pouring sun
No way, for not anyone
No way

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