

# 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 yeah I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
No, not the one in South California  
They got one in South Patagonia I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
They got a bunch down in Moleville  
They got a bunch more still I 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 beehive I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
Counting helicopters on a Saturday night  
The symphony of the fair light I 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 way I met a man, he was a good man  
Sailing and shoring  
He got a betatron, man  
Talking that foreign, oh yeah I'll wait in Los Angeles  
I'll wait in the pouring sun  
No way, for not anyone  
No way I'll wait in Los Angeles  
I'll wait in the pouring sun  
No way, for not anyone  
No way

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