

Santa Monica

Savage Garden

In Santa Monica, in the wintertime
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 doin' here?
But on the telephone line I am anyone
I am anything I want to be
I can be a super model 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
On the telephone line I am anyone
I am anything I want to be
I can be a super model or Norman Mailer
And you wouldn't know the difference
See, 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 wouldn't know the difference
Or would you?
Or would you, ooo ooh?
{Thank you for calling instead
Thank you for calling instead
Thank you for calling instead}
On the telephone line I am anyone
I am anything I want to be
I can be a super model or Norman Mailer

And you wouldn't know the difference
See on the telephone line, I am any height
I am any age I want to be
I can be a caped crusader, or space invader
And you wouldn't know the difference
Or would you?

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