

West Coast Calamities

Ariel Pink

"I'm davy jones, enjoy the music"

She's a pussycat like every man is a snake
It's well after 8
But the sun sets the light on her gown
He booked a room at the areola inn for a date
The slut took the bait, huh
And the waves were crashing loud in TJ

West coast calamities
Run up and down the coastline
Better than east coast calamities
Are weather and crap designs on leather
West coast calamities
Are too much breeze and sunshine, oh well
West coast calamities
Get better every time forever

No political problems
No artistic elites
No skyscrapers to crash into
Or statues of liberty
The calamities of love
Are just enough for me

Staying home, feeling sick
With my palm in my pants
Choking on gas
And I'm breaking wind-ows with my pain (pane)
I want a chick who puts up with my shit and puts out
Like a little girl scout
I want my west coast baby

Baby baby baby, where you headed
Are you leaving town?
Have those rich folks' evil words
Brought you down for good, they should

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No artistic elites
No skyscrapers to crash into
Oh, statues of liberty
No, the calamities of love
Are enough for me

Dig it, honey

This next part's like skip spence a little bit

You know, you got your little object
Twinkle twinkle, you got one