

Drunk in LA

Beach House

Can't help seeking corners
Of dark and dead end rooms
Where the drinks keep pouring down
And the candles keep me warm

Isolation tenders
Something fragile coming soon
Skinny angels making eyes at cameras
Perched in every room

I had a good run playing horses in my mind
Left my heart out somewhere running
Wanting strangers to be mine
Memory's a sacred meat
That's drying all the time
On a hillside I remember
I am loving losing life

Strawberries in springtime
Pretty happy accidents
My awareness that I'm lucky
Rolling clouds over cement

Maybe there's a screenplay
Or a bathroom I can hide
Down the hallways of a high school
And the dances left behind

I had a good run playing horses in my mind
Left my heart out somewhere running
Wanting strangers to be mine
I would climb the Eiffel Tower
Write letters on the sky
How many turns it took to reach you

I had a good run playing horses in my mind
On a hillside I remember
I am loving losing life