

## Londres

## Brazzaville

Juan says she's a funny kind of girl  
Who sits on rooftops to escape the world  
She smokes her cigarettes and keeps a journal  
Dreaming of the day she'll fly to Londres

She lives with her folks in East L.A.  
She goes up to Hollywood to hear bands play  
She listens to Smiths cassettes and  
Robos with her friends on Friday nights  
Killin' time 'til the big flight

And she'll leave all the smog behind  
As the 747 starts to climb away  
In the big sky  
And the Virgin Atlantic life  
Will banish all the fear and all the strife  
As it takes her to Londres

Some cholos shot Flaco yesterday  
His wife has a little baby on the way  
Last night she heard helicopters  
It seems she hears them  
Every other day  
C'est muy mala suerte