

Why You'd Want to Live Here

Death Cab for Cutie

I'm in Los Angeles today...
It smells like an airport runway.
Jet fuel stench in the cabin
And lights flickering at random.

I'm in Los Angeles today...
Garbage cans comprise the medians of freeways always creeping
Even when the population's sleeping.

And I can't see why you'd want to live here.

I'm in Los Angeles today...
Asked a gas station employee if he ever had trouble breathing
And he said "It varies from season to season, kid."

It's where our best are on display...
Motion picture actors' houses
Maps are never ever current
So save your film and \$15.

And I can't see why you'd want to live here.
Billboards reach past the tallest buildings,
"We are not perfect - but we sure try."
As UV rays "degraded" our youth with time.

The vessel keeps pumping us through this zentropic place
In the belly of the beast that is Californ-i-a,
I drank from a faucet and I kept my receipts
For when they weigh me on my way out
(Here nothing is free).
The greyhounds keep coming
Dumping locusts into the street
Until the gutters overflow
And Los Angeles thinks,
"I might explode someday soon."

It's a lovely summer's day
And I can almost see a skyline through a thickening shroud of e
gos.
(Is this the city of Angeles or demons?)
Here the names are what remain...
Stars encapsulate the gold lame
And they need constant cleaning for when the tourists begin sal
ivating.

You can't swim in a town this shallow - you will most assuredly
drown tomorrow.