

Culver Moon

Jackson Browne

I live in a small town . . . deep in LA
About five miles north of where the Lakers play
Everybody here's from someplace else
Working all together just like Santa's elves

Baby, Culver me
And I'll Culver you
When the streets are shining with the smoggy dew
When the lights are glowing with the mists of June
And the whole world is lit up by the Culver Moon

Baby don't worry 'bout Angelyne
She ain't the prettiest thing I've ever seen
Nothing she wears ever fits her right
And her complexion is just a little too tight
And the way she looks down from so high above
Makes me think the poor child's never been in love

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Baby I'm going to love you 'til the stars come down
'Til they park their limos and they walk to town
'Til the L.A. river overflows its banks
'Til the whole alternative nation bows its knobby head in thanks
'Til the fish are jumping in Ballona Creek
'Til the earth is inherited by the meek

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And the whole world is illuminated by the Culver Moon

Under the rainbow and behind Versailles
From the aisles of Fedco to the 405
From MGM to Veteran's Park
Way down at Chippendale's fumblin' in the dark
Where the ghostly specter of Howard Hughes
Hovers in the smoke of a thousand barbeques

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