

Leaving Los Feliz

Mark Ronson

I'm on the guest list down at Paul's Baby Grand
That hipster doorman he don't know who I am
But my studied aloofness is proof I belong so I pass

Some girls are pieced like Krylon bombs on the walls
Some cut the line to cut the lines in the stalls
On the floor is the border between paradise and the Fall

I'm leaving Los Feliz
Day after tomorrow
I'm over the scenesters
I'm leaving Los Feliz
Day after tomorrow
I'm leaving Los Feliz

I cruise the room without attracting a glance
My Ksubi jeans are more like armor than pants
But I don't want to go just yet so I suppose I should dance

The music wobbles between rapture and dread
Like a divine name that can never be said
And I shoot a pretend documentary inside my head

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I'm young enough to know I'm too young to quit
I'm old enough to want to get over it
But the yearning is timeless and mine is as deep as the Pit

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