

Dead Loss Angeles

The Stranglers

The plastic peaches there
On concrete beaches there
You see the leaches there
You see the leaches there
They're soft marshmallow there
It's oh so shallow there
In Dead Loss Angeles
In Dead Loss Angeles

The dedged up mastodon
Has got his glasses on
He's never seen the shit
From the La Brea pit

The lunar base camp there
With burning midnight lamp
They call it frisbeeland
It's just a disneyland
Android americans
Live in the ruins there
In Dead Loss Angeles
In Dead Loss Angeles

The dedged up mastodon
Has got his glasses on
He's never seen the shit
From the La Brea pit

From the La Brea pit
From the La Brea pit
From the La Brea pit

From the La Brea pit
From the La Brea pit
From the La Brea pit

They get the tremors there
Been given Babylon
Plenty of companies
Such lonely company
I hear a symphony
Of lonely timpanis
In Dead Loss Angeles
In Dead Loss Angeles

The dedged up mastodon
Has got his glasses on
He's never seen the shit
From the La Brea pit