Rot In The Sun

something about the absence of any seasons of any sense of time going by something in the endless procession of palm trees don't fall in love and you'll never die

you get signed to a major top 40 label blow david geffen, blow seymour stein you can make an atrocious top 40 record no one will know in two weeks time

let ending begin
rot in the wind
the end has begun
rot in the sun

you can find your own love and a place to stay even in new york, new york but not in l.a. be a movie star or a runaway somebody will love you anyhow but not in l.a. not in l.a.

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The 6ths