

The sun is up, the early morning flavours
once more set up the trades and all the tables
we speak of progress, soon we speak of wars
we say hello/goodbye, we close the doors
The sun is gone for just about an hour
in comes the cheaters and notorious liars
like serpents crawling, close the ivory towers
This called "the coming of the business hour"

The native world they gather around the fire
to feed their swirling dragons of desire
"The ones that have shall get" and that's a fact
take one step forward then move two steps back
We all provide the monsters of excess
to fill the holes in souls will leave no rest
"A man is nothing more than his success"
this selfconsuming race will be your test

A million lights them keep the city bright
the words are right but not the melody
There's no one begging here on Eco street
But souls are starving to pedestrian beats

So many living here from day to day
They dream of "something else" but still they stay
This monster of a city takes it's toll
will no one ever hear or heed your call

(I'm) Looking for love in the City of Angels
Looking for love

So many different dreams and different tales
A twist of fate, it's a turn of fortune wheels
The educated rise and make their calls
Before the blanket of oblivion fall

They took your land, they took your history
in grand old gestures saying you are free
they took your youth, they took the labour years
and last of all they took your dignity

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