

## Birthday in Los Angeles

The Maine

L.A. pick up the phone  
I need to talk to you  
Stop sleeping with my new friends  
And all the old ones too  
Remember when we met?  
I thought you thought I was boring  
Then you called me on the phone  
To arrange my birthday party

Well this ain't a scripted movie  
I don't drive a fancy car  
Those flashing lights don't mean a thing to me  
Goodbye L.A.

You showed me round the house  
Took me by the wrist  
Introduced me to your pals  
The Scientologists  
We cut the cake and sang  
And I tried to fake a smile  
Then I drank and drank and drank  
Cuz I felt so out of style

But this ain't my birthday party  
Oh it's just a fashion show  
Yeah this is something, it just isn't me  
So long L.A.

So long L.A.

Adieu Ms. Hollywood  
Enjoy the hazy city  
I'm sure you're feeling good  
But soon enough you'll miss me

Well I ain't got too much money  
And nobody knows my name  
But here is something I have to say  
Fuck you L.A.