

Ghost On Sunset Blvd.

The Suicide Machines

He told all his friends that he's gonna move out to LA,
Burned his bridges, all of them, yeah
He's gotta move out to Cali.
He's living in the sun,
The stars at night under 'em.
Underneath the overpass at Melrose and the 101.

That's just the way it goes,
It's not the city of angels,
It's the city ghosts,
That's the way it goes.

So now he's living out here in Los Angeles,
As for his addiction, he said he could always handle it.
Hollywood downtown, he thought he'd be famous.
In his madness he wallows around.

It's Babylon, it's paradise, it's the promise land.
It's Halcyon, it's silicon, it's meth cocaine and heroin.
It's Starbucks and it's all looks, it's all real life TV,
It's rusty scalpels and dirty needles, it's surgery city.

Now he talks to himself alone out on skid row,
Looked around, there was no one else.
Is he laughing with the ghost of Marilyn Monroe?
The Valley suit is shining on a smog alert hazy day,
The last time that I saw him he was down and out,
Down and out in LA.