

LA girls, please act your age
You treat me like I have the plague
It's the Gyre and Gimble in the wabe
LA girls, please act your age
Sweeten up your lemonade
And meet me down at tower twenty-eight

I think I'm in whiplash
I'm losing it mixing ammonia and bleach
I get off at Pico and sell my possessions
So you will know just how I feel
I love your long hair
But you just don't care
So please help me fathom this
World without music
And by the way, when can we talk?

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So would you mind if I was pregnant?
I'll sleep on the edge of your bed
Like Dante and Beatrice
We'll light up our candles
But how is this going to end?
The kids are asleep
We're haunting their dreams
And some women swear it's more painful than labor
To die with your sins on your head

Does anybody love anybody as much as I love you, baby?
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