

# The Destruction Of Laurel Canyon

Youth Group

The nominated councillors had a joke,  
to build the city's foundations on smoke.  
They thought their idea so funny  
that their laughter it turned into a choke.

They started on the blueprints right away,  
tracing out the cul-de-sacs in spades.  
They went to sleep not dreaming,  
not dreaming that they never would awake.

All the Spanish Mission houses slide into the sea  
The pool cleaner he cleans the pool with its owner's SUV  
The shadow of the mountain it comes creeping across the sea  
And no-  
one would believe you if you said this is how it would be

Up in Laurel Canyon angels sing,  
while sweet Gene Autry's dealing cards to Sting.  
He's so flat he went out and traded  
\$50 for his wedding ring.

All the sullen singers they pull down on their fringe  
The French doors start to buckle and they let the waters in  
You know that these hills were built for people to be free  
And no-  
one would believe you if you said this is how it would be

The gutters become torrents and run down the graceful streets  
Like a revolutionary force stamping its foamy feet  
The elements of nature they are turned and reversed  
Land is sea, air is land, and fire its inverse  
All the marble monuments they return to the sea  
And no-  
one would believe you if you said this is how it would be