

East L.a. Breeze

Brazzaville

Winter is fading away
Mockingbirds showed up today
I smell the sea
The East L.A. breeze
The freeways are moving so smoothly

I looked in a coffeehouse door
I couldn't believe what I saw
No cigarettes
No live instruments
Lonely folks typing on laptops

One more time
Tell me it's fine
'Cause when I
When I
Feel this way
Seems like nothin's
Ever
Been OK

Gone is the city I knew
I'm 21st century blue
It all fades away
Like an old summer's day
We all drift and settle like salt spray

One more time...