

## Leaving LA

Father John Misty

I was living on the hill  
By the water tower and hiking trails  
And when the big one hit I'd have a seat  
To watch masters abandon their dogs and dogs run free  
Oh baby, it's time to leave  
Take the van and the hearse down to New Orleans  
Leave under the gaze of the billboard queens  
Five-foot chicks with parted lips selling sweatshop jeans

These L.A. phonies and their bullshit bands  
That sound like dollar signs and Amy Grant  
So reads the pulled quote from my last cover piece  
Entitled "The Oldest Man in Folk Rock Speaks"  
You can hear it all over the airwaves  
The manufactured gasp of the final days  
Someone should tell them 'bout the time that they don't have  
To praise the glorious future and the hopeless past

A few things the songwriter needs  
Arrows of Love, a mask of Tragedy  
But if you want ecstasy or birth control  
Just run the tap until the water's cold  
Anything else you can get online  
A creation myth or a .45  
You're going to need one or the other to survive  
Where only the armed or the funny make it out alive

Mara taunts me 'neath the tree  
She's like, "Oh great, that's just what we all need  
Another white guy in 2017  
Who takes himself so goddamn seriously."  
She's not far off, the strange thing is  
That's pretty much what I thought when I started this  
It took me my whole life to learn to play the G  
But the role of Oedipus was a total breeze

Still I dreamt of garnering all rave reviews  
Just believably a little north of God's own truth  
He's a national treasure now, and here's the proof  
In the form of his major label debut  
A little less human with each release  
Closing the gap between the mask and me  
I swear I'll never do this, but is it okay?  
Don't want to be that guy but it's my birthday  
If everything ends with the photo then I'm on my way

Ohhh-ho-o-oh oh-ho-ho-ho-oh

I watched my old gods all collapse  
Were way more violent than my cartoon past  
It's like my father said before he croaked  
"Son, you're killing me, and that's all folks."  
So why is it I'm so distraught  
That what I'm selling is getting bought  
At some point you just can't control  
What people use your fake name for

So I never learned to play the lead guitar  
I always more preferred the speaking parts  
Besides there's always someone willing to  
Fill up the spaces that I couldn't use  
Nonetheless, I've been practicing my whole life  
Washing dishes, playing drums, and getting by  
Until I figured, if I'm here then I just might  
Conceal my lack of skill here in the spotlights  
Maya, the mother of illusions, a beard, and I

2000 years or so since Ovid taught  
Night-blooming, teenage rosebuds, dirty talk  
And I'm merely a minor fascination to  
Manic virginal lust and college dudes  
I'm beginning to begin to see the end  
Of how it all goes down between me and them  
Some 10-verse chorus-less diatribe  
Plays as they all jump ship, "I used to like this guy  
This new shit really kinda makes me wanna die"

Ohhh-ho-oh-oh oh-ho-ho-ho-oh  
Ohhh-ho-oh-oh oh-ho-ho-ho-oh

My first memory of music's from  
The time at JCPenney's with my mom  
The watermelon candy I was choking on  
Barbara screaming, "Someone help my son!"  
I relive it most times the radio's on  
That "tell me lies, sweet little white lies" song  
That's when I first saw the comedy won't stop for  
Even little boys dying in the department store

So we leave town in total silence  
New Year's Day, it's 6 o'clock AM  
I've never seen Sunset this abandoned  
Reminds me predictably of the world's end  
It'll be good to get more space  
God knows what all these suckers paid  
I can stop drinking and you can write your script  
But what we both think now is...