

Birthday in Los Angeles

The Maine

L.A. pick up the phone
I need to talk to you
Stop sleeping with my new friends
And all the old ones too
Remember when we met?
I thought you thought I was boring
Then you called me on the phone
To arrange my birthday party

Well this ain't a scripted movie
I don't drive a fancy car
Those flashing lights don't mean a thing to me
Goodbye L.A.

You showed me round the house
Took me by the wrist
Introduced me to your pals
The Scientologists
We cut the cake and sang
And I tried to fake a smile
Then I drank and drank and drank
Cuz I felt so out of style

But this ain't my birthday party
Oh it's just a fashion show
Yeah this is something, it just isn't me
So long L.A.

So long L.A.

Adieu Ms. Hollywood
Enjoy the hazy city
I'm sure you're feeling good
But soon enough you'll miss me

Well I ain't got too much money
And nobody knows my name
But here is something I have to say
Fuck you L.A.