Los Angeles Is Burning

Bad Religion

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue St. Anne's skirts are billowing But down here in the city of the lime lights The fans of santa ana are withering And you can't deny that living is easy If you never look behind the scenery It's showtime for dry climes And bedlam is dreaming of rain

When the hills of los angeles are burning Palm trees are candles in the murder wind So many lives are on the breeze Even the stars are ill at ease And los angeles is burning

This is not a test Of the emergency broadcast system Where malibu fires and radio towers Conspire to dance again And I cannot believe the media Mecca They're only trying to peddle reality, Catch it on prime time, story at nine The whole world is going insane

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A placard reads "the end of days" Jacaranda boughs are bending in the haze

More a question than a curse How could hell be any worse?

The flames are stunning The cameras running So take warning

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