

Too many people born and die
Everyday for anyone to care
Mourn behind a cigarette
Get dressed and comb your hair
Welcome to LA

Everybody thinks they're a somebody
But that can't be the case
Cos if everybody were a somebody
Then there'd be no nobodies in this place
And all I know are losers

LA, LA, when will you give back to me?
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you
LA, LA, I thought you were the place to be
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you

Everybody says they can make you a star
But no one returns your calls
I can't wait for the day to come when they call me
And I can tell them all to fuck off

Hipsters they don't care about you
And wish they were somewhere else
As they stare you down in the bank teller lines
Deposit their parents checks
Oh, the troubled artist lives they lead

LA, LA, when will you give back to me?
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you
LA, LA, I thought you were the place to be
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you

Every time I close my eyes
I wish that I were somewhere else
Then I drive by the Hollywood sign
And I'm reminded that I'm
Back in Hell On Earth

I moved to this city cos I had a dream to fill
5 years later I'm wondering what the fuck
I'm doing here still
I don't remember the last time I was happy

Seven million people here and all I want is one
Who will love me for the person I am
And not for what I've done
But those girls never left Indiana

LA, when will you give back to me?
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you
LA, I thought you were the place to be
I love you hate you, but I mostly hate you
I love you hate you, I can't live without you