

## L.A. (Looking Alive)

Madison Cunningham

Taking a walk down Eagle Rock, wandering  
Where the men wear their jeans tight as a bulldog's skin  
Listening to the way people talk and the way people worry  
Turn themselves blonde when they get that sick feeling they're  
aging

Well I've got a face he has a hard time remembering  
And every time that we've met he'll ask  
Sorry what's your name again?  
Well the way people talk and the way people hurry  
To reach for a card when they think that you might be  
Wasting their time

Wide-eyed, looking for something  
There's bound to be something to let you down  
Wide-eyed, are you sleep deprived?  
Well, if you want to be something, you're looking alive

Taking a drive down the five, I'm a different man  
The drivers have a way of taking the last bit of goodness I had  
There's always something to wake you when you're caught in a dream  
Flashing lights in your rearview, the hollowing scream of your  
own voice  
Was that my voice?

Might I suggest something?  
There's bound to be something  
To let you down  
Wide eyed are you sleep deprived  
If you want to be something then  
Hey! Look alive  
Look alive  
Look alive  
Look alive  
Look alive  
Look alive

Well I left for the city with the strength and the will to compete  
How quickly you forget that just anyone can fill your seat  
Doesn't it feel good to laugh at yourself  
Turn your back on the business and leave it to sell its own worry, its own worry

I've been looking alive  
I've been looking alive  
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