Sunset Blvd.

Make Out Monday

Through the sunglasses the palm trees look like ladders to heaven
But the scars on the pavement are proof of fallen angels
And all of her mixtapes are empty, she hasn't found the life songs yet
She reaches her porcelain fingers out, leans forward and counts to ten

Singing lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
It can't be far to California
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Wake me up when the sun sets over
(Wake me up in... wake me up in California)
Well there aren't enough facades
To cover the bloody backlots
Well if she tries she knows she'll find the...
Sweet in the cigarette

Let me tell her her smile is so bright
Gonna tell her body's alright
So she holds on a little longer
To the drink and the lullaby

Singing lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
It can't be far to California
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Wake me up when the sun sets over
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
No, it can't be far to California
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Wake me up when the dream is over
When the dream is over

Now she hides on the subway lines
'Cause her parents never call at night
She finally found a song to sing
But it isn't what she likes
'Cause they nailed her eyelids to the bed
And force fed her sugar and ripped off the dress
Sing lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Do you feel beautiful yet?
Do you feel beautiful yet?
(Do you feel) Do you feel, do you feel beautiful yet?

Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
We're not that far from California
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Wake me up when the sun sets over
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
No it can't be far to California
Lala-lalala-lalala-lalalala
Wake me up when the dream is over
Can't be far from California
Wake me up when the sun sets over
Wake me up in, wake me up in California

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