

This Is L.A.

Marina & the Diamonds

White white teeth, dark dark skin
Long blond hair, Botox grin
This is what you need to be
'Cause this what is real beauty

It's all about her, 'cause she's an out out sell
She'll trade her soul for a burning hell
Perfect plastic nails shall melt
On the fingers of the hand she delt
'Cause what she's got just ain't enough
Oh life's a catwalk, life is tough

Yeah...

This is LA, this is LA, LA
The achromatic city, where the people are so gray
LA, this is LA, this is LA

Why don't you try to shout out loud
That personal faults are quite allowed
It's pudding proof that we are real
And she's a hamster on their wheel

Yet who am I and who are you
We were so empty, almost see-through
White white teeth are such a must
But sweetheart you can't dazzle us
With smiles that always remind me
Of fallen flowers and rising weeds

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Yeah...

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Come come flash your clean clean cash
Gleaming on the outside but your teeming with decay
Please don't make me stay, don't make me stay
Please don't make me stay another day