

Los Angeles

Murray Head

Leave your passport, and deposit,
With the man behind the desk,
In a motel on the boulevard
of no fixed address.

In this smoothest, saccharine city
Where the sun always shines,
While it roasts its turkeys slowly,
On a never ending line.

Oh, Los Angeles with your ivy-mantled lawns,
Oh, Los Angeles with your candy coated homes.
I'll try the phone just one more time.
Answering service comes on the line
Take my name, hotel room number,
As I add my birthdate & sign.

Will my credentials give me a start
And will they warm somebody's heart?
Or if I make a sudden movement,
Will it all crack wide apart?

Oh Los Angeles
In the end do your prisoners fail?
City of the sirens,
How your guardian angels wail!
Oh Los Angeles
How does your garden grow?
Old gold, Los Angeles
Your wrinkles barely show.