

Doo-doodoo-doo
Doo-doodoo-doo
Let's go for a ride

Let's drive out to the westside you and me
It's a long trip but the crass dries into the sea
The city it seems meaningless and vague
But I'm gitty and I'm feeling it just like a wave

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The GPS will tell us we've arrived
But all I want to do today is drive, drive, drive
Down Beverly, down Sunset, till the end
Down Venice, down Sepulveda, down Mulholland

They say the smog makes the sunset look the way they do
Like the sun is getting undress right before the moon
(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 40
5)

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(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 40
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Like the sun is getting undress right before the moon

(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 40
5)

Doo-doodoo-doo
Doo-doodoo-doo
405

(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 40
5)

Doo-doodoo-doo
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405

This town is like an animal curled up at our feet
It's full of intangibles and friends I've yet to meet
From up here on the canyon, all the cars
On the freeway, through the city, flow like veins and stars

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