

LA

Teddy Thompson

Let's blow this taco stand
This cultural wasteland
L.A., I've taken all I can
Your sunshine burns me
Your traffic drives me
Crazy
You beautiful women
All legs and silicone
They're custom-built for sin

Every day at the gym,
Work out, stay thin
Oh my, just
Look at the shape you're in
Never mind about the nights out drinking
The cocaine binging
The lack of thinking
Whoa, my brain is shrinking,
Everyday

Surfer boy rock out
But the witch I can do without
This is no place for me,
There's no doubt

Pale skin and good taste
My mind is a shame to waste
Oh Lord, there must be a better place
Where the streets ain't paved with gold
Where twenty-five ain't considered too old
Where they've got weather that's hot and cold
Whoa, L.A. getting old (4x)