

Rot In The Sun

The 6ths

something about the absence of any seasons
of any sense of time going by
something in the endless procession of palm trees
don't fall in love and you'll never die

you get signed to a major top 40 label
blow david geffen, blow seymour stein
you can make an atrocious top 40 record
no one will know in two weeks time

let ending begin
rot in the wind
the end has begun
rot in the sun

you can find your own love
and a place to stay
even in new york, new york
but not in l.a.
be a movie star or a runaway
somebody will love you anyhow
but not in l.a.
not in l.a.

let ending begin
rot in the wind
the end has begun
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