

California

The Airborne Toxic Event

Someday they're going to write about us, living here in the shadow of this gathering dust,
As the waves build up and drown the light, while we're hanging from buildings on a Saturday night.

And the words she said... I could barely hear over the blare of the speakers and the smell of beer,
As she got up to speak, she lifted her dress. I remember her face but I forget the rest.

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Just a name and a number, a face on a tumblr.
Here in California, we're all stuck in the same scene,
All nightmares and daydreams
In California.

She said, "I got money, but I got no friends," as we drove through the valley in her daddy's Benz.
She said, "These pills wear off, but the pain don't end. I never thought it would matter so much to pretend."

And the thing about her that haunts me still: as her hands fell down to the steering wheel,
And a shock of light fell across her face, she said there's only two ways out of this place.

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And oh, I hope it's clear: there's no room for us anymore in the atmosphere,
But darling I always liked the desperation in your eyes,
The way you'd dance in the glow of the Hollywood Freeway lights
.

Someday they're gonna forget about us and we'll wonder if we were ever good enough.
It hit me last night, in this song I heard, I remember the feeling but forget all the words.

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