

La Jolla

Wilbur Soot

You know it takes a lot to move me
So if you figure it out, tell me
I trace figures on your smile lines
Work a formula to cure me?

And I'm lonely
There I said it
Nine million people
I always seem to add them up

I could go away
I could pack my things and be gone before you wake
You know I've tried hard to love me too
It always seems to fall in through

Maybe one day I'll live in La Jolla
Drinking cocktails out over the water
My own personal sunset
To give each day its own diploma
And you know it's funny
Amid my backseat taxi jaunts
I'm trying to ignore the skyline
So I don't figure out where you