

Youth Group

"Destruction Of Laurel Canyon, The"

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The nominated councilors had a joke
To build the city's foundations on smoke
They thought their idea so funny
That their laughter it turned into a choke

They started on the blueprints right away
Tracing out the cul-de-sacs in spades
They went to sleep not dreaming
Not dreaming that they never would awake

All the Spanish Mission houses slide into the sea
The pool cleaner he cleans the pool with its owner's
SUV
The shadow of the mountain it comes creeping across
the sea
And no one would believe you if you said this is how it
would be

Up in Laurel Canyon angels sing
While sweet Gene Autry's dealing cards to Sting
He's so flat he went out and traded
50 dollar for his wedding ring

All the sullen singers they pull down on their fringe
The French doors start to buckle and they let the waters
in
You know that these hills were built for people to be
free
And no one would believe you if you said this is how it
would be

The gutters become torrents and run down the
graceful streets
Like a revolutionary force stamping its foamy feet
The elements of nature they are turned and reversed
Land is sea, air is land, and fire its inverse

All the marble monuments they return to the sea
And no one would believe you if you said this is how it
would be

