

Youth Group

"The Destruction Of Laurel Canyon"

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The nominated councillors 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 it's 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 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 it's foamy feet
The elements of nature they are turned and reversed
Land is sea, air is land, and fire it's 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

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