

Brazzaville "Londres"

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Juan says she's a funny kind of girl
Who sits on rooftops to escape the world
She smokes her cigarettes and keeps a journal
Dreaming of the day she'll fly to Londres

She lives with her folks in East L.A.
She goes up to Hollywood to hear bands play
She listens to Smiths cassettes and
Robos with her friends on Friday nights
Killin' time 'til the big flight

And she'll leave all the smog behind
As the 747 starts to climb away
In the big sky
And the Virgin Atlantic life
Will banish all the fear and all the strife
As it takes her to Londres

Some cholos shot Flaco yesterday
His wife has a little baby on the way
Last night she heard helicopters
It seems she hears them
Every other day
C'est muy mala suerte

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