

## J Church "L.A."

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When the sun burns it's not out of revenge,  
Merely an assertion of dominance,  
Or maybe definition through omnipresence,  
This city has it's own life in a literal sense,  
The Industry, the Industry,  
Talk to me please,  
You've surely seen the movies of the people on their  
knees,  
The imitation of life exacted on a screen,  
It's no surprise as Hollywood controls all of the means

Cruising in the afternoon in your rented car,  
We're taking it past Western on the Boulevard,  
We're gonna sip our sodas with the posers on Vermont,  
But I don't give a shit,  
It's on another plane I'm on,  
I don't give a shit,  
It answers why I'm here,  
Nothing as contrived as culture or career,  
We're living in the limbo that's become the DMZ,  
Where voices of the future call the voice of history

Cruising in the afternoon, indulging in the signs,  
I'm burning every strip mall in places in my mind,  
The crippling visions,  
So easy comes the hate,  
Rice and beans and sour cream are blurring on my  
plate,  
Stagger down Pico,  
Step on every crack,  
Sweat and smog concoction glues my shirt to my back,  
7-11s help to keep my mind clear,  
I have to admit I don't really hate it here

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