

Jude "Out Of L. A."

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This town's got to shake down to its roots
An' I don't know if that's the sands or the tropical fruits
I don't believe all the things I see
But I'm still betting on you and me
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

I met a girl who looked like a movie star
She was going for a ride and I don't mean in a car
Had a brain about the size of a frozen pea
And on a scale of one to ten she was twenty-three
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

A big fat man's gonna make me a king
He got a see-through tan and a pinky diamond ring
Slicked-back hair, shirt to his thigh
Import silk slave, labor dyed
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

Hey hey baby, we've gotta go get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

A tattoo is a popular accoutrement
They come in red and in blues and it says anything you
want
And some folks say you gonna regret
But the 'some days' haven't come around just yet
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

Hey hey baby, we've gotta go get out of L.A.
Hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

The boy whores sell their souls on the boulevard
And that's a shirt-free store where they don't take
credit cards
From the hills to the chills it's a quick fall down
It's a great big city, it's a real small town
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

Hey hey baby, we've gotta go get out of L.A.
Hey hey baby, we've gotta go get out of
Hey hey baby, we've gotta get out of L.A.

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