

Loudon Wainwright Iii

"Grey in L.A"

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When it's grey in L.A. I sure like it that way,
Cause there's way too much sunshine round here...
I don't know about you, I get so sick of blue skies
Whenever they always appear.

And I sure love the sound of the rain pouring down,
On my carport roof made out of tin,
If there's a flood, then there's gonna be mudslides--
We all have to pay for our sin!

And I suppose that they'll close canyon roads,
And the freeways will all start to clog.
And the waters will rise and you won't be surprised
When your whole house smells like your wet dog...

When it's grey in L.A. it's much better that way,
It reminds you that this town's so cruel.
Yeah it might feel like fun when you're sporting
sunglasses--
But really, you're just one more fool!

I'm just a chump,
This whole town's a dump,
We came out here to dump all our dreams
Of making it big, but we're stuck in a sig alert
nightmare--
That's just how it seems.

And I suppose, Laurie David sure knows
All those cars we drive heat up our earth;
And sea temperatures rise, and those constant blue
skies
And brush fires can sure curb your mirth!

Brad Grey's in L.A. yeah okay! I should stay here
There's no place that's better I know,
For a wannabe star, stuck in a car
On a freeway with nowhere to go...

When it's grey in L.A. I sure like it that way,
Cause there's way too much sunshine round here...

I don't know about you, I get so sick of blue skies
Whenever they always appear!

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