

## Madeleine Peyroux

### "Desperados Under The Eaves"

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I was sitting in the Hollywood Hawaiian Hotel  
I was staring in my empty coffee cup  
I was thinking that the gypsy wasn't lying  
And all the salty margaritas in L.A.  
I'm gonna drink 'em up

And if California slides into the ocean  
Like the mystics and statistics say it will  
I predict this motel will be standing till I pay my bill

Don't the sun look angry through the trees?  
Don't the trees look like crucified thieves?  
Don't you feel like desperados under the eaves?  
Heaven help the one who leaves

Still waking up in the morning with shaking hands  
And trying to find a boy who understands me  
Except in dreams, you're never really free  
Don't the sun look angry at me?

I was sitting in the Hollywood Hawaiian Hotel  
I was listening to the air conditioner hum  
It went  
Look away down Gower Avenue, look away down  
Look away down Gower Avenue, look away down

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