

Sam Kinison

"Why You'd Want To Live Here"

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I'm in Los Angeles Today: It Smells Like An Airport
Runway.
Jet Fuel Stenches in the Cabin and Lights Flickering At
Random.
I'm in Los Angeles Today:
Garbage Cans Comprise the Medians of Freeways
Always Creeping
Even When the Population's Sleeping.
And I Can't See Why You'd Want to Live Here.

I'm in Los Angeles Today:
Asked a Gas Station Employee If He Ever Had Trouble
Breathing
And He Said, "It Varies From Season to Season, Kid."
It's Where Our Best Are On Display:
Motion Picture Actors' Houses Maps Are Never Ever
Current,
So Save Your Film and Fifteen Dollars.
And I Can't See Why You'd Want to Live Here,
Billboards Reach Past the Tallest Buildings,
"We Are Not Perfect
But We Sure Try" As Uv Rays "Degradate" Our Youth
With Time.
The Vessel Keeps Pump Us Through This Entropic Place
In the Belly of the Beast That Is Californ-i-a,
I Drank From the Faucet and I Kept My Receipt
For When They Weigh Me On the Way Out (Here
Nothing Is For Free).
The Greyhounds Keep Coming Dumping Locusts Into
the Street
Until the Gutters Overflow and Los Angeles Thinks,
"I Might Explode...someday Soon."

It's a Lovely Summer's Day,
I Can Almost See a Skyline Through a Thickening
Shroud of Egos.
Is This the City of Angels Or Demons?
Here the Names Are What Remain: Stars Encapsulate
the Gold Lame
And They Need Constant Cleaning For When the
Tourists Begin Salivating.
And I Can't See Why You'd Want to Live Here.

Billboards Reach Past the Tallest Buildings,
You Can't Swim in a Town This Shallow
Because You Will Most Assuredly Drown Tomorrow.

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