

## **The Decemberists**

### **"Los Angeles, I'm Yours"**

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There is a city by the sea  
A gentle company  
I don't suppose you want to  
And as it tells its sorry tale  
In harrowing detail  
Its hollowness will haunt you  
Its streets and boulevards  
Orphans and oligarchs it hears  
A plaintive melody  
Truncated symphony  
An ocean's garbled vomit on the shore,  
Los Angeles, I'm yours

Oh ladies, pleasant and demure  
Sallow-cheeked and sure  
I can see your undies  
And all the boys you drag about  
An empty fellow found  
From Saturdays to Mondays  
You hill and valley crowd  
Hanging your trousers down at heel  
This is the realest thing  
As ancient choirs sing  
A dozen blushing cherubs wheel above  
Los Angeles I love

Oh what a rush of wry belan (?)  
Languor on divans  
Dalliant and dainty  
But oh, the smell of burnt cocaine  
The dolor and decay  
It only makes me cranky  
Oh great calamity,  
Ditch of iniquity and tears  
How I abhor this place  
Its sweet and bitter taste  
Has left me wretched, retching on all fours  
Los Angeles, I'm yours

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