

Whiskey Saints

"Under Los Angeles"

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I still think I'm due
For my dark-haired girl of the Avenues
Do they still think of me
Stranded on their 12th floor balconies
And it's news when these old fears arise
My blues, they turn to look away
Now walls are collapsing and time is elapsing
I'm stuck in the same strange place
Under LA

When money is spent
Why try to live like you mean it
And I wanted to quit
But it becomes easier the more you forget
'Bout the news when these old fears arise
My blues, they turn to look away
Now walls are collapsing and time is elapsing
I'm stuck in the same damn place
Under LA

Now I see them dancing
Drinking their glasses of wine

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