

Jay Malinowski

"Santa Monica"

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Well, I remember you used to say that you want
A revolution, someday.
It's funny how you forget...
'Cause I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

And I was this bad boy who never listened,
Well, no one hurts more than the man who won't
believe it,
And you go down, after all this,
Well I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

Santa Monica, put up your hands!
We've surrounded your promised land
The British army, waiting for command,
Santa Monica, you've got no chance

And the day was, a blood red.
After all these men go to their beds
And you wish it back, well...
I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

(Chorus)

And the day ends, with sound,
All horizons go out, with the ground,
And you wish it back well,
I remembered you'd be tied down and screaming...

(Chorus)

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