

Saint Etienne "Woodcabin"

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A redwood tree
The radio
They moved them down the hall
A beauty queen from Idaho
Was broken in the fall

Never write a love song
Never write a trip hop
Never write a ballad
Got to get a grip now
'Cause nothing ever matters
If you hide away from it all

In twenty years this place will be
Just like L.A. today

Never write a love song
Never write a trip hop
Never write a ballad
Got to get a grip now
Cause nothing ever matters
If you hide away from it all

Never write a love song

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