

Decemberists, The

"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
And here's a plaintive melody
A truncated symphony.
An ocean's garbled vomit on the shore:
Los Angeles, I'm yours.

O ladies, pleasant and demure
Sallow cheek'd and sure
(I can see your undies)
And all the boys you drag about
An empty, fallow found
From Saturdays to Mondays.

You hill and valley crowd
Hanging your trousers down at heel.
This is the realest thing
As anchient choirs sing
A dozen blushing cherubs squeal above
Los Angeles, my love

O, what a rush of ripe elan!
Languor on divans
Dalliance and dainty!

But oh the smell of burnt cocaine,
The dollar and decay
It only makes me cranky.

O, great calamity
Dish of inequity and tears
How I abhor this place!
Its sweet and bitter taste

Has left me wreched, retching on all fours
Los Angeles, I'm yours.

Los Angeles, I'm yours.

Los Angeles, I'm yours.

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