

Garden Savage

"Santa Monica"

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Verse 1)

In Santa Monica, in the wintertime,

the lazy streets so undemanding I walk into the crowd

In Santa Monica, you get your coffee from the coolest
places on the promenade

Where people dress just so Beauty so unavoidable,
everywhere you turn it's there.

I sit and wonder what am I doing here?

(Chorus)

But on the telephone line I am anyone, I am anything I
want to be.

I could be a super model or Norman Mailer

And you wouldn't know the difference Or would you?

(Verse 2)

In Santa Monica, all the people got modern names like
Jake or Mandy

And modern bodies too

In Santa Monica, on the boulevard, you'll have to dodge
those in-line skaters

Or they'll knock you down

I never felt so lonely Never felt so out of place

I never wanted something more than this

(Chorus)

But on the telephone line I am anyone, I am anything I
want to be

I could be a super model or Norman Mailer

And you wouldn't know the difference

On the telephone line I am any height, I am any age I
want to be

I could be a caped crusader, or space invader

And you wouldn't know the difference Or would you

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