

## **Teddy Thompson**

### **"L.A."**

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Let's blow this taco stand  
This cultural wasteland  
L.A., I've taken all I can  
Your sunshine burns me  
Your traffic drives me  
Crazy  
You beautiful women  
All legs and silicone  
They're custom-built for sin

Every day at the gym,  
Work out, stay thin  
Oh my, just  
Look at the shape you're in  
Never mind about the nights out drinking  
The cocaine binging  
The lack of thinking  
Whoa, my brain is shrinking,  
Everyday

Surfer boy rock out  
But the witch I can do without  
This is no place for me,  
There's no doubt

Pale skin and good taste  
My mind is a shame to waste  
Oh Lord, there must be a better place  
Where the streets ain't paved with gold  
Where twenty-five ain't considered too old  
Where they've got weather that's hot and cold  
Whoa, L.A. getting old (x4)

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