

The Distillers

"City Of Angels"

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It's going down tonight in this town
'Cause they stare and growl
They all stare and growl
I take a scar every time I cry

'Cause it ain't my style, no, it ain't my style
Going down to the gravel head to the barrel
Take this life and end this struggle
Los Angeles, come, scam me, please

Emptiness never sleeps at Clifton, 6 am
With your bag lady friend and your mind descending
Stripped of the right to be a human in control
It's warmer in hell so down we go

They say, this is the city
The city of angels
All I see is dead wings
All I see is dead wings

It's a ghost town rabid underworld
Dionysian night vitriolic twilight
A mirage comes up it never ends
Once you get born you're never the same

Left behind, erased from time
Ain't no decency in being boxed up alive
Look around, ain't no R.I.P. signs here
We don't rest in peace, we just disappear

So here we are, Los Angeles
No angels singing in your valley of unease
I watch the sun roll down the pacific
Over hookered sunset strip

They say, this is the city
The city of angels
All I see is dead wings
All I see is dead wings

There's a black moon tonight
Shining down on the Western neon lights

Shining down on the Western neon lights

They say this is this is the city
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All I see is dead wings

All I see is dead wings
All I see is dead wings
All I see is dead wings

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