

## **Tim Easton**

### **"Poor, Poor LA"**

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I've seen your imagination  
High above the halfway station  
Always working, always making  
Something for the pile

Then you set it all on fire  
You can learn to make something real  
That comes from the heel of your life  
I'm still trying

You don't have to break  
Your mama's heart  
To change the world

Mama's boy's daddy  
Is in the crack house again  
Watching car crash shows  
With the pipe in

A pack of dull monkeys  
Could write circles around  
That fourth grade, mumbly slang  
Stream of consciousness  
Jive that you call a song  
Is that going to be your story?

Child, you don't have to break  
Your mama's heart  
To change the world

You're never gonna change your mind  
Don't just rearrange the lies  
Into a straighter line  
Not too many years ago  
There was hippies killing people  
A mile away from the Marlboro Man

Now there's sandpaper pants  
On the gutter punks  
And low riders with their heads  
In the trunks

Or walking in fours  
And kicking in doors  
Cutting it up  
And filling their cup

You don't have to break  
Your mama's heart  
To change the world

Said you don't have to break  
Your mama's heart  
To change the world  
Change the world

Poor, poor LA  
Poor, poor LA  
Poor, poor LA

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