

Lopez On The Runway

"Dead Leaves In The Clouds"

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So we set sail
For California
No worries now
Frequent flier miles
Too much of a hassle
Dead leaves in the clouds

We sold our clothes to the bureaucrats
They were naked in the truth
We were as clothed as they come and we yelled
'I wish, I wish I had never met you at all
I wish, I wish you weren't so predicatable'

We sold our hair to the ladies everywhere
They were jealous of our beauty
We were jealous of their valor, they yelled
'We don't care about your curly locks
We just care about our cancer'

I said I know who I am to where I'm going to
But you saw right through the masquerade
All painted white to conceal my face at night
As I crept through the orchard to appeal to the
magistrate
I think I do

We sold our eyes to the state
We were tired of people shouting
People screamin, they were yellin'
'We don't care about your pinstriped suits
We just care about our taxes'

We sold our heart to the country with no name
A reputation preceding,
Unwanted fame and they yelled
'I wish, I wish I had never met you at all
I wish, I wish you weren't so predicatable'

I said I know who I am to where I'm going to

But you saw right through the masquerade
All painted white to conceal my face at night
As I crept through the orchard to appeal to the
magistrate
I think I do

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