

# Frank Black, Los Angeles

I met a man  
He was a good man  
Sailing and shoring  
Dancing the beta can-can  
Making me foreign  
Oh yeah

I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
No, not the one in South California  
They got one in South Patagonia  
I want to love in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
They got a bunch down in Moleville  
They got a bunch more still  
I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
They got one in twenty-five to five  
Works just like a beehive  
I want to live in Los Angeles  
Not the one in Los Angeles  
Counting helicopters on Saturday night  
The symphony of the fair light  
I hear them saying Los Angeles  
In all the black and white movies  
And if you think they star-spangled us  
How come we say Los Angeleez?

I'll wait in Los Angeles  
I'll wait in the pouring sun  
No way  
For not anyone  
No way  
I met a man  
He was a good man  
Sailing and shoring  
He got a betatron, man  
Talking that foreign  
Oh yeah

I'll wait in Los Angeles  
I'll wait in the pouring sun  
No way  
For not anyone  
No way