

Fall 2009

A Day in L.A.

Everett Hunt

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Recommended Citation

Hunt, Everett (2009) "A Day in L.A.," *The Platypus*: Vol. 2, Article 4.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/platypus/vol2/iss1/4>

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Knowms

Everett Hunt

Strung out pouting in the yard, like a lawn gnome
Wishing I had a guitar and I was back home
Sitting in the hotel room, waiting for a snow brush and broom
Could I be the lonely man that couldn't sing too soon?

The audience is filled with strangers to themselves
They want to know all the gnomes, but don't know they are the elves
So they ignore all the simple things that are
They're commodity fetishists that go out to buy big brand new cars
They wish that they had known themselves before the sky was blue
But it seems to me that knowing themselves is nothing I should do.

A Day In L.A.

Everett Hunt

In this vicinity, I can hardly see
In this smog where I can barely breathe
But what I do to you is what you do to me
You do it out of pain
I do it out of play
You say you want to stay
But we're freezing in the rain
I know what you are saying
But it isn't making sense
As I look at you, you shiver
As you stop to catch your breath
If we stay this way forever
We will surely meet our deaths