A Day in L.A.

Everett Hunt
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