

The Distillers - City of Angels

Tom: A Intro:

Verso 1

Its going down tonight in this town
Cause they stare and growl
They all stare and growl
I take a scar everytime i cry
Cause it aint my style no it aint my style
Going down to the gravel head to the barrel
Take this life and end this struggle
Los Angeles come scam me please
Emptiness never sleeps at Cliftons 6 am
With your bag lady friend and your mind descending
Stripped of the right to be a human in control
Its warmer in hell so down we go

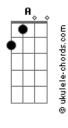
Refrão

They say this is the city The city of angels All i see is dead wings [x2]

Verso 2

Its a ghost town rabid underworld Dionysian night vitriolic twilight

Acordes



A mirage comes up it never ends Once you get burnt youre never the same Left behind erased from time Aint no decency in being boxed up alive Look around aint no R.I.P. signs here We dont rest in peace We just disappear

So here we are Los Angeles No angels singing in your valley of unease I watch the sun roll down the pacific Over hookered sunset strip

Refrão

They say this is the city The city of angels All i see is dead wings [x2]

Theres a black moon tonight
Aint shining down on the western neon lights

Refrão

They say this is the city The city of angels All i see is dead wings [x4]