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

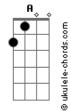
Refrão

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]