

Pete Townshend, Exquisitely Bored

The tissue box is empty
No coffee for my cream
Dogs howl in the alley
Crazy women scream
Some kids shout from there pick up truck
There stoned on life and beer
Fifty radios playing in this street
But I'm still hardly here

Exquisitely bored in California
We take our trouble to the Crest
Exquisitely bored in California
Exquisitely bored, Just like all the rest

When the sun shines things'll get moving,
You feel close to the stars.
There are good times walking in Laguna,
But it rains in my heart

The peasants here are starving
They look out there barrels out in space
Pray TV looks like pay TV to me
It's just a curse on the human race
I take a drive up to L.A.
In my gas guzzling limousine
There's a whole lot of crazy people up there
Living out a life in sweet ennui

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