

Bad Religion, Los Angeles Is Burning

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue
St. Anne's skirts are billowing
But down here in the city of limelights
The fans of Santa Anna are withering
And you can't deny that living is easy
If you never look behind the scenery
It's showtime for dry climes
And bedlam is dreaming of rain
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And Los Angeles is burning
This is not a test
Of the emergency broadcast system
Where Malibu fires and radio towers
Conspire to dance again
And I cannot believe the media Mecca
They're only trying to peddle reality
Catch it on prime time, story at nine
The whole world is going insane
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And Los Angeles is burning
A placard reads "The end of days"
Jacaranda boughs are bending in the haze
More a question than a curse
How could hell be any worse?
The flames are stunning
The cameras running
So take warning
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And Los Angeles is burning