

Los Angeles Im Yours
The Decemberists

Cadd2: x 3 0 0 1 0
Dmadd2: x x 0 0 3 1
Fadd2: 1 3 3 0 1 1

C C C C Cadd2 C (x2)

C **Cadd2 C** **Cadd2 Am**
There is a city by the sea, a gentle com - pa - ny,
Asus2 Em F F G G
I don t suppose you want to

And as it tells its sorry tale, in harrowing detail
Its hollowness will haunt you

Dm **Dmadd2 F** **Fadd2 Am** **Asus2**
Its streets and boulevards, orphans and oligarchs it hears
F **Fadd2 Dm** **Dmadd2**
A plaintive melody, truncated symphony
F **Fadd2 G**
An ocean s garbled vomit on the shore,
F F G G C
Los Angeles, I m yours

C C C C Cadd2 C (x4) F F G G

Oh ladies pleasant and demure, sallow-cheeked and sure
I can see your undies
And all the boys you drag about, an empty fallow fount
From Saturdays to Mondays
You hill and valley crowd, hanging your trousers down at heel
This is the realest thing, as ancient choirs sing
A dozen blushing cherubs wheel above
Los Angeles my love

C C C C Cadd2 C (x2)

C C# Dmaj7 C#m Dmaj7 C#m C#m D# E . . . (solos)

D **D** **Bm** **Bsus2** **F#m** **G G A A**
Oh what a rush of ripe Ælan, languor on divans, dalliant and dainty
D **Dsus2 D** **Dsus2 Bm**
But oh the smell of burnt cocaine, the dolor and decay
Bsus2 F#m G G A A
It only makes me cranky
Dm **Dmadd2 F** **Fsus2 Am** **Asus2 Am**
Oh great calamity, ditch of iniquity and tears
F **Fsus2 Dm** **Dmadd2**

How I abhor this place, its sweet and bitter taste

F Fsus2 G

Has left me wretched, retching on all fours

F F G G C

Los Angeles, I m yours

Los Angeles, I m yours

Los Angeles, I m yours

F F G G C

F F G G C