

# Santa Monica

## Savage Garden

In Santa Monica, in the wintertime,  
the lazy streets so undemanding  
I walk into the crowd  
In Santa Monica, you get your coffee from  
the coolest places on the promenade  
Where people dress just so  
Beauty so unavoidable,  
everywhere you turn it's there.  
I sit and wonder what am I doing here  
But on the telephone line I am anyone,  
I am anything I want to be.  
I could be a super model or Norman Mailer  
And you wouldn't know the difference  
Would you? In Santa Monica,  
all the people got  
modern names like Jake or Mandy  
And modern bodies too  
In Santa Monica,  
on the boulevard,  
you'll have to dodge those in-line skaters  
Or they'll knock you down I never felt so lonely  
Never felt so out of place  
I never wanted something more than this  
But on the telephone line I am anyone,  
I am anything I want to be  
I could be a super model or Norman Mailer  
And you wouldn't know the difference  
On the telephone line I am any height,  
I am any age I want to be  
I could be a caped crusader, or space invader  
And you wouldn't know the difference  
Or would you? Or would you? (repeat 1 till end)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>