

405 (feat. YACHT)

RAC

Doo-doodoo-doo
Doo-doodoo-doo
Let's go for a ride Let's drive out to the westside you and me
It's a long trip but the crass dries into the sea
The city it seems meaningless and vague
But I'm gitty and I'm feeling it just like a wave Doo-doodoo-doo
Doo-doodoo-doo
Let's go for a ride
The GPS will tell us we've arrived
But all I want to do today is drive, drive, drive
Down Beverly, down Sunset, till the end
Down Venice, down [?], down [?] They say the smog makes the sunset look the way they do
Like the sun is getting undress right before the moon
(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 405)
They say the smog makes the sunset look the way they do
(I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, about the 405)
Like the sun is getting undress right before the moon (I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, I
don't give a damn, about the 405)
Doo-doodoo-doo
Doo-doodoo-doo
405
This town is like an animal curled up at our feet
It's full of intangibles and friends I've yet to meet
From up here on the canyon, all the cars
On the freeway, through the city, flow like veins and stars (I don't give a damn, I don't give a
damn, I don't give a damn, about the 405)

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