

Life Beyond L.A.

Ambrosia

Sometimes I think about the only way
That I'll ever see life beyond l.a. is dying
I sit in the corner of a hotel room
With a room service menu and I'm looking at the moon,
I'm crying

I'm out here waiting, praying, trying to keep from sayin'
That I don't miss you, though I do
You've got me shaking, praying, trying to keep from sayin'
That I don't miss you, though I do,
You know I do...

Livin' out here you soon come to know
That it ain't how good you are as much as who you know and how
you fake it
Working this dive it's a matter of time
'Cause I'm a good lead player got a way with a line
And I can make it

And when the day breaks dawn
Something is in my room
When all my faith is gone
Something begets my gloom

I'm out here waiting, praying, trying to keep from sayin'
That I don't miss you, though I do

You've got me shaking, playing, trying to keep from sayin'
That I don't miss you, though I do
Well, you know I do.
Yes. I do

Sometimes I think about the only time
That I'll ever be happy in my own mind is dying...