

Los Angeles

Anya Marina

Trees trees look at me
When am I ever gonna be alright?

Please please think of me
When am I ever gonna see your face?

Los Angeles, Los Angeles

Please please think of me
Please please think of me

Trees, trees look at me,
Can you see it written it all over my face?
Rain rain, here to stay,
Carry me to some old other lonely place

Los Angeles, Los Angeles

What's it gonna be? And will it be long?
Where you wanna meet? and will I belong?

Los Angeles, Los Angeles, I'll miss your face
Los Angeles, Los Angeles, I know the way
Los Angeles, Los Angeles, I'll miss your face
Los Angeles, Los Angeles, I know the way
Los Angeles, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, Los Angeles
Los Angeles

Please please think of me