

LA Song

Beth Hart

She hangs around the boulevard
She's a local girl with local scars
She got home late
She got home late
She drank so hard the bottle ached
And she tried
And she tried
And she tried
And she tried
but nothin's clear in a bar full a lies
So she takes
And she takes
And she takes
And she takes
She understands when she gives it away
She says

Man I gotta get outta this town
Man I gotta get outta this pain
Man I gotta get outta this town
Outta this town and out of L.A.

She's gotta gun
She's got a gun
She got a gun she calls the lucky one
She left a note right by the phone
Don't leave a message 'cause this ain't no home
And she cried
And she cried
And sue cried
And she cried
She cried so long her tears ran dry
Then she laughed
And she laughed
She laughed
And she laughed
'Cause she knew she was never comin' back
She said

Man I'm gonna get outta this town
Man I'm gonna get outta this pain
Man I'm gonna get outta this town
Outta this town and out of L.A.

It's all she loves It's all she hates It's all too much for her
to take she can't be sure just where it ends or where
the good life begins

So she took a train
She took a train
to a little old town without a name

She met a man he took her in
but fed her all the same bullshit again
'Cause he lied
And he lied
And he lied

And he lied
he lied like a salesman sellin' flies
So she screamed
And she screamed
And she screamed screamed
And she screamed
it's a different place
but the same old thing
It's all I love It's all I hate It's all too much for me to take
I can't be sure where it begins or if the good life lies within
So she said

Man I gotta get out of this town
Yeah now I gotta get back on that train
Man I gotta get out of this town
I'm outta my pain
So I'm goin' back to L.A.