

# My Heart Is Lost

Blackbear

Gold hair shinin in the sun in the back of a Cadillac,  
Ripped jeans pullin you tight,  
How does it feel bout the Angelo playin on the radio,  
Glass cold, gripped in your hand,  
And a bottle of cognac,  
Up late, howlin at the moon in the heart of Los Angeles,

Oh, yeah,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
If it ain't me,  
If it ain't me,  
If it ain't me,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,

I fall in love the more you ignore me,  
Conversation gets stale, conversation gets boring,  
Missed calls, and unread texts,  
But none of them are important, none of them are from you,

Yeah,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
If it ain't me,

Tattoos fadin in the sun in the back of a Cadillac,  
Up late, high on cocaine in the heart of Los Angeles,

And I wonder, and I wonder,  
Who you're under,  
Does he do it like me,  
He don't do it like me,

Oh, yeah,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
If it ain't me,  
If it ain't me,  
If it ain't me,  
I wonder who is gonna love you,  
If it ain't me,

Yeah,  
In the heart of Los Angeles,  
My heart is lost, my heart is lost,  
In the heart of Los Angeles,  
My heart is lost, my heart is lost,

In the heart of Los Angeles,  
My heart is lost, my heart is lost,  
In the heart of Los Angeles,  
My heart is lost, my heart is lost