

## L.A. Plane

Cher

Seven thousand miles to Paris  
Nine hundred miles to Rome  
And I'm goin' every mile to find  
My piece of mind at home  
This infatuation is driving me insane  
To make my reservation  
On the next L.A. plane  
Make me high, make me sane  
Get me aboard that L.A. plane  
I'm tired of the pouring rain  
Get me safe, get me warm  
Get me a Southern California morning  
Where I was born, boy I'm coming  
I'm coming home to you  
He look so fine in Europe  
On all the posters and the brochures  
I thought they promised something more  
Than what was mine and yours  
Well I was looking for excitement  
On every boat and train  
But all I saw were unfamiliar faces in the rain  
Get me high, get me sane  
Get me aboard that L.A. plane  
I'm tired of this pouring rain  
I'm tired of just passing through  
Get me safe, get me warm  
Get me a Southern California morning  
Where I was born, babe I'm coming  
I'm coming home to you  
And now nothing look better in my mind  
Than your warm and loving face  
And all these miles have taught me  
That your loved can't be replaced  
Get me high, get me sane  
Get me aboard that L.A. plane  
I'm tired of this pouring rain  
I'm tired of just passing through  
Get me safe, get me warm  
Get me a Southern California morning  
Where I was born, babe I'm coming  
I'm coming home to you