

The L.A. Song

Dave Barnes

She drives down on Sunset
With the windows down
Just so she can let it in
She knows he's far-gone now
But there still are pieces
Pieces there still left of him
He uses love like a bullet from a gun
She's careful like a surgeon
Everywhere he goes they all know to run
But she can't help but love him
Love him
There is a picture sitting by her bed
Her reflection in his face
She has been meaning, meaning to move it
But it's always been his place
He uses love like a bullet from a gun
She's careful like a surgeon
Everywhere he goes they all know to run
But she can't help but love him
Love him
City of angels, everyone is sleeping
4 am and she's awake
She is moving, moving that picture
Someone else will fill that space
Someone else will fill that space