

Time Spent In Los Angeles

Dawes

These days my friends don't seem to know me
Without my suitcase in my hand
Where I am standing still
I seem to disappear
But maybe that's how I found you
Maybe that's taught me exactly what I want
Maybe meeting you so far away from home
Is what makes it all so clear

But you got that special kind of sadness
You got that tragic set of charms
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms

When people ask me where I come from
To see what that says about man
I only end up giving bad directions
That never lead them there at all
It's something written in the head lights
Is something swimming in my drink
And if I were the moon
It would be exactly where I fall

Cause you got that special kind of sadness
You got that tragic set of charms
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms

I used to think someone would love me
For places I have been
And the dirt I have been gathering
Deep beneath my nails
But now I know what I've been missing
And I'm going home to make it mine
And I'll be battening the hatches and pulling in the sails.

But you got that special kind of sadness
You got that tragic set of charms (2x)
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms