

# LAX

Jake Owen

City of angels, city of stars  
Well, she shined brightest on that boulevard  
She introduced me to Jackson Brown  
Convertible rode me all over that town  
Oh, my LAX

She always carried a Polaroid camera  
She always had that Kodak glamour  
Well, she moved out there to chase her dream  
To be an actress on that silver screen  
Oh, my LAX

Well, dear seventy degrees and sunny  
Please hold tight to my California honey  
Make her famous with lots of money  
And tell her I wish her all the best  
Oh, my LAX

Nag Champa and marijuana  
I close my eyes and I can smell it on her  
Boarding a plane back to Tennessee  
I wonder if she's ever gonna think about me

Well, dear palm trees and palm readers  
Tattoo artist and make believers  
Please tell her next time you see her  
That I sure wish her all the best  
Oh, my LAX  
Oh, my LAX