

# Los Angeles

Mat Kearney

Well, I pulled outta Nashville  
With the sun on my windshield  
Black 4Runner in the summer like a big deal  
Apron at Starbucks  
What you gonna miss, B  
Nah, I smiled out, over the Mississippi  
Got a friend out west  
With a little studio time  
Futon in the valley  
And the dream gone wild  
Ralph's turkey in the pouch  
And Ramen in the cup  
Check the funds in the account  
When the pennies add up

Well, this fire in my chest weighs more like gold  
I'm try my best, Lord to let it unfold  
For all on the quest  
Let the story be told  
Right from the soul

Los Angeles  
Hit me at the heart of this  
Driving the 101  
My dream down to the bone  
Your smile, your kiss  
Every little part I miss  
Baby, I'm trying to find a place where we belong

I got a buddy name Shawn  
And a minivan too  
CDs at our feet  
How to tour no clue  
Thousand cap room  
And only eight people came  
And five on the guest list were under my name  
But I slayed every one from the bottom of my heart  
Maybe there'll be sixteen here next time we start  
So move with the wind  
Fifty dollars in my pocket  
Wait for the sun  
That silver-lining rocket  
Two traveling souls  
Living on the road  
To wayward kids livin' how they don't know  
So we put it with the wind  
We let it all unfold  
Straight from the soul

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I got a lone baby darling and the world's on fire  
Twenty K to make a record, now we're walking on a wire  
Every favor that I got, I'm cashing in to use  
Judson, JoJo, Sy, Lindsey, Robert;  
Thank You  
So, Bullet was made  
And I'm scared out my brain  
And the song's getting played  
And everythin' starts to change  
People showing up singing along to what I say  
And It feels like we might just be on our way  
I think that's Letterman; he just said my name  
Check the crowd at the House of Blues,  
like they're cardboard fakes  
Everyone's livin out loud  
And down their mistakes  
And these schizophrenic records that I love to make

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