

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 schizophrenicc records that I love to make

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