Beth Hart
"L.A. Song"

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She hangs around the boulevard
She's a local girl with local scars.
She got home late, she got home late
She drank so hard the bottle ached.

And she tried and she tried, she tried and she tried,
But nothing's clear in a bar full of flies.
So she takes and she takes, she takes and she takes,
She understands when she gives it away,

She says, man I gotta get out of this town
Man I gotta get out of this pain.
Man I gotta get out of this town,
Out of this town, and out of LA.

She's got a gun; she's got a gun,
She got a gun she called the lucky one.
She left a note, by the phone,
Don't leave a message cause this ain't no home.

And she cried and she cried, and she cried and she
cried,
She cried so long her tears ran dry.
And she laughed and she laughed, she laughed and
she laughed,
Cause she knew she was never comin back.

She said, man I'm gonna get out of this town
Man I'm gonna get out of this pain.
Man I'm gonna get out of this town,
Out of this town, and out of LA.

It's all she loves, Its all she hates,
It's all to much for her to take
She can't be sure, just where it ends,
Or where the good life begins.

So she took a train, she took a train,
To a little old town without a name.
She met a man, he took her in,
But fed her all the same bullshit again.

'Cause he lied and he lied, he lied and he lied,
He lied like a salesman sellin flies.
So she screamed and she screamed, she screamed
and she screamed,
It's a different place but the same old thing.

It's all I love, Its all I hate,
It's all to much for me to take
I can't be sure where it begins,
Or if the good life lies within.

She says, man I gotta get out of this town
Now I gotta get back on that train.
Man I gotta get out of this town,
I'm out of my pain, so I'm goin back to L.A.
Back to L.A
Back to L.A
I'm goin back to L.A.
I'm goin back to L.A

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