

James Taylor

"Honey Don't Leave L. a."

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That Limousine
In which you made the scene
Suits you to a 'T'
If all that you want to be
Is somebody that don't never walk nothin'

That big chateau
Where you wanna go
In the south of France
Gonna end our big romance
Don't you do it

Honey, don't leave L.A.
That Riviera is so far away
Begging you s'il vous plait, s'il vous plait, baby
They don't know nothin' down in St. Tropez
But I say, baby, don't you leave L.A., hey, hey

I heard it said that you had it made
With your movie star
But, oh, how right you are
If that's really 'bout the best you can do it, come on

You moved my soul
So I played the role of your back door man
Guess and now I can't really complain
'Cause I love you

Honey, don't leave L.A.
That Riviera is so far away
Begging you s'il vous plait, begging you, baby
They don't know nothin' down in St. Tropez
[Foreign content] mama, don't you leave L.A.

No, no, no, no
Mama, don't you drop out of sight on me now
That Riviera is so far away
Begging you s'il vous plait, say a prayer, baby
They don't know nothin' down in St. Tropez
But I mean, mama, don't you leave
Baby, don't you leave L.A.

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