

The Maine

"Birthday In Los Angeles"

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Oh L.A. pick up the phone
I need to talk to you
Stop sleeping with my new friends,
And all the old ones too
Remember when we met, I thought you thought I was
boring
You called me on the phone, to arrange my birthday
party
Well this ain't a scripted movie
I don't drive a fancy car
Those flashing lights don't mean a thing to me
Goodbye L.A.

You showed me around the house
You took me by the wrist
You introduced me to your pals, the scientologists
We cut the cake inside,
Then I tried to fake a smile
And I drank, and drank, and drank, 'cause I felt so out
of style

Oh, this ain't my birthday —arty
No, it's just a fashion show
Yeah this is something, it just isn't me
So long L.A.

Well I do miss Hollywood, enjoy the hazy city
I'm sure you're feeling good
But soon enough you'll miss me
But I ain't got so much money
And nobody knows my name
But here is something I just have to say
F*ck you L.A.

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