

The Wilkinsons

"L.A."

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All the hunnies in the bathroom stalls
Drawing their lips and making business calls
All the apathetic trust fund boys
Making the rounds in their expensive toys

I don't wanna lose you to L.A.
I don't wanna lose you tonight
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the bright lights, oh, all of the bright lights
You can hang under the prada sign
While you're walking your dog on Rodeo drive
You can surgically remove your soul
While you dream of your leading role

I don't wanna lose you to L.A.
I don't wanna lose you in the sun
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the big fun, oh, all of the big fun
Oh, how it starts irritate
Yeah, oh, that's okay 'cause the weather is great
Oh everyday, yeah

You might need a lawyer for your friends
Hit all the spots 'cause he can get you in
Introduce yourself to glam rock stars
Give 'em a ride in your electric car

I don't wanna lose you to L.A.
I don't wanna lose you in the sun
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the big fun
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.
I don't wanna lose you tonight
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

To L.A. and all of the bright lights
Oh, all of the bright lights
All the hunnies in the bathroom stalls
And all the apathetic trust fund boys

In L.A., L.A., la la, la la

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