

Tom T. Hall

"L. A. Blues"

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I got off the airplane 'long about 7:30 in L.A.
What a drag to realize that everything's so different
and so same
All my California friends are searchin' for their minds
And it's been right there in their heads all the time

L.A. Blues, L.A. Blues
You want me to be like you
Well, there ain't no way

California Charlie met me
At my room when I got in
We toasted country pickin' and the health
Of all our good and mutual friends

Before the mornin' came we put a handle
On the world and decided that we'd give it to the
squirrels

L.A. Blues, L.A. Blues
You want me to be like you
Well, there ain't no way

Soakin' up that sunshine an' eatin' eggs
And bacon over light
Sleepin' through the daytime
An' contemplatin' sin throughout the night

Please hand me my hat
And darlin' give me back my things
Ol' T's got a bunch o' songs to sing

L.A. Blues, L.A. Blues
You want me to be like you
Well, there ain't no way

I like California
I wouldn't put it down, no way
But I heard what you're thinkin'
And it ain't exactly what I want to say

Some day California I'll come roarin' back to you

If you don't fall in the ocean 'fore I do

L.A. Blues, L.A. Blues

You want me to be like you

Well, there ain't no way

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