

# LA Song

Beth Hart

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  
And she tried  
But nothing's dear in a bar full of flies  
So she takes  
So she takes  
So she takes  
She understands when she gives it away  
She says  
Man I gotta get outta this town  
Man I gotta get outta this pain  
Man I gotta get outta this town  
Outta this town and outta L.A. She's gotta gun  
She's gotta gun  
Shes got a gun she calls the lucky one  
She left a note right bye the phone  
Don't leave no message cause this ain't no home  
And she cried  
And she cried  
And she cried  
She cried so long her tears ran dry  
Then she laughed  
Then she laughed  
Then she laughed  
'Cause she knew she was never comin' back  
She said  
Man I'm gonna get outta this town  
Man I'm gonna get outta this pain  
Man I'm gonna get out of this town  
Outta this town and outta L.A. It's all she loves  
It's all she hates its all too 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  
So she took a train  
To a little old town without a name  
She met a man he took her in  
Then fed her all the same bullshit again

'Cause he lied  
'Cause he lied  
'Cause he lied  
He lied like a salesman sellin' flies  
So she screamed  
So she screamed  
So she screamed  
It's a different place  
But the same old thang  
It's all I love It's all I hate It's all too much for me to take  
I can't be sure where it bein' or if the good life lies within  
So she said Man I gotta get out of this town  
Yeah I gotta get back on that train  
Man I gotta get out of this town  
I'm outta my pain  
So I'm goin' back to L.A.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>