

# Drunk In LA

## Beach House

Can't help seeking corners  
Of dark and dead end rooms  
Where the drinks keep pouring down  
And the candles keep me warm Isolation tenders  
Something fragile coming soon  
Skinny angels making eyes at cameras perched in every room I had a good run playing horses in  
my mind  
Left my heart out somewhere running  
Wanting strangers to be mine  
Memory's a sacred meat that's drying all the time  
On a hillside I remember I am loving losing life  
Strawberries in springtime  
Pretty happy accidents  
My awareness that I'm lucky  
Rolling clouds over cement Maybe there's a screenplay  
Or a bathroom I can hide  
Down the hallways of a high school  
And the dances left behind  
I had a good run playing horses in my mind  
Left my heart out somewhere running  
Wanting strangers to be mine  
I would climb the Eiffel Tower  
Write letters on the sky  
How many turns it took to reach you I had a good run playing horses in my mind  
On a hillside I remember I am loving losing life

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