

I like to watch the waves crashin' on the beach  
And walkin' the strand in that evening breeze  
That old ferris wheel down on the pier in Santa Monica  
Looks like it does in the movies

I don't mind the traffic on the 405  
In fact that's where I met a good friend of mine  
All gridlocked, stopped, and stuck there killin' time  
Long way from home but that's alright

I guess I'm gettin' used to the faster pace  
And seein' stars on the boulevard every night and day  
But all this cool and crazy beautiful takes second place  
'Cause the thing that I love most about L.A.  
Is you

The city of angels, ain't that the truth  
'Cause heaven don't feel far away when I'm holdin' on to you  
And how you fell for a boy in faded jeans and cowboy boots  
Girl, I still ain't got a clue

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But all this cool and crazy beautiful takes second place  
'Cause the thing that I love most about L.A.  
And the only reason that I'm gonna stay  
Girl, is you