

# Jesus In LA

**Alec Benjamin**

Well, I shook hands with the devil  
Down on the south side  
And he bought us both a drink  
With a pad and a pencil sat by his side  
I said, "Tell me what you think"

I've been looking for my savior, looking for my truth  
I even asked my shrink  
He brought me down to his level  
Said, "Son, you're not special  
You won't find him where you think"

You won't find him down on Sunset  
Or at a party in the hills  
At the bottom of the bottle  
Or when you're tripping on some pills  
When they sold you the dream you were just 16  
Packed a bag and ran away  
And it's a crying shame you came all this way  
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA  
And it's a crying shame you came all this way  
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA

Took a sip of his whiskey  
Said, "Now that you're with me  
Well, I think that you should stay"  
Yeah, I know you've been busy  
Searching through the city  
So let me share the way

I know I'm not your savior  
Know I'm not your truth  
But I think we could be friends  
He said "Come down to my level  
Hang out with the devil  
Let me tell you, in the end..."

You won't find him down on sunset  
Or at a party in the hills  
At the bottom of the bottle  
Or when you're tripping on some pills  
When they sold you the dream you were just 16  
Packed a bag and ran away  
And it's a crying shame you came all this way  
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA  
And it's a crying shame you came all this way  
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA"

And that is when I knew that it was time to go home  
And that is when I realized that I was alone  
And all the vibrant colors from the lights fade away  
And I don't care what they say

You won't find him down on sunset  
Or at a party in the hills  
At the bottom of the bottle  
Or when you're tripping on some pills

When they sold you the dream you were just 16  
Packed a bag and ran away  
And it's a crying shame you came all this way  
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA  
I won't find him down on sunset  
Or at a party in the hills  
At the bottom of the bottle  
Or when I'm tripping on some pills  
When they sold me the dream I was just 16  
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