

## 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  
And she tried  
but nothin's clear in a bar full a lies  
So she takes  
And she takes  
And she takes  
And 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 out of L.A.

She's gotta gun  
She's got a gun  
She got a gun she calls the lucky one  
She left a note right by the phone  
Don't leave a message 'cause this ain't no home  
And she cried  
And she cried  
And sue cried  
And she cried  
She cried so long her tears ran dry  
Then she laughed  
And she laughed  
She laughed  
And 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 outta this town  
Outta this town and out of L.A.

It's all she loves It's all she hates It's 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  
She took a train  
to a little old town without a name

She met a man he took her in  
but fed her all the same bullshit again  
'Cause he lied  
And he lied  
And he lied

And he lied  
he lied like a salesman sellin' flies  
So she screamed  
And she screamed  
And she screamed screamed  
And she screamed  
it's a different place  
but the same old thing  
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 begins or if the good life lies within  
So she said

Man I gotta get out of this town  
Yeah now 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.