

King Of California

Dasha

That hot Sunday in Texas where I ate my tears for breakfast and drove
out
Your silence really said it as I took that final exit out of town

Every once in a while through those Northern pines
See the light that I turned off come on again

'Cause I've been born in the orange
With the king of California, but no
Not even the sun compares to you
I've been drowned in the sound of
The Carolina mountains, but no
Not even the rain hits like you do

So what's the use?
Can't change it now
But the should've, would've, could've gets so loud
So what's the use?
I've kissed around
Oh, I've tried and I've tried but the flame just won't go out
It won't go out

Left my heart there on the concrete
There with all your dirty laundry and where were you?
Where were you?
I never did recover, I just painted all those days in shades of blue
And where were you?

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So where do I
Do I go now?
Will I hate myself for not tracking you down?
Oh, we're not kids
We're all grown now
Sure the closest thing to Heaven that I found
So don't you let this flame burn out

Well, I think I might've lost it
'Cause I just touched down in Austin on a one way, mhh
And I bet that you're out drinking in the bar you used to live in
Let's see if this thing's burning, first round's on me