Palm Trees

Gnash

Palm trees burning in the breeze
And even when it rains, it's seventy degrees
You can hike to the Hollywood sign if that's where you wanna be
Things you take for granted when you grow up by the beach
I thought I'd never wanna leave

But I'd lived a life in traffic on the 10 and 405
Makes me wanna die
Maybe LA lost its magic but not every death is tragic
It can make you feel alive
Wishing this car could fly away from here
Higher than the palm trees

They say everybody's beautiful and everyone's dumb here
They say everything's expensive and everyone's fake
So every time I tell someone that I'm from here
They look at me like I said it by mistake
I say I'm twenty-eight

Spending another night in traffic on the 10 and 405
Makes me wanna cry
It's hard to imagine but not every death is tragic
It can make you feel alive
Don't you know that angels can fly away from here?
Higher than the palm trees

So tonight I'll get high one more time
And sit outside at night on Melrose and Vine
Where the stars in the sky are the city lights
And I'll be safe as long as I'm home by nine
From the day that I was five
To the day that Kobe died
I been here my whole life
So maybe it's time
To say goodbye to the palm trees

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