

LAX

Jake Owen

City of angels, city of stars
Well, she shined brightest on that boulevard
She introduced me to Jackson Brown
Convertible rode me all over that town
Oh, my LAX

She always carried a Polaroid camera
She always had that Kodak glamour
Well, she moved out there to chase her dream
To be an actress on that silver screen
Oh, my LAX

Well, dear seventy degrees and sunny
Please hold tight to my California honey
Make her famous with lots of money
And tell her I wish her all the best
Oh, my LAX

Nag Champa and marijuana
I close my eyes and I can smell it on her
Boarding a plane back to Tennessee
I wonder if she's ever gonna think about me

Well, dear palm trees and palm readers
Tattoo artist and make believers
Please tell her next time you see her
That I sure wish her all the best
Oh, my LAX
Oh, my LAX