

Santa Barbara

Nick Jonas

I wish that I could hold my tongue
'Cause even when I'm right I'm wrong
I wish that I could pull this scab
And bleed you out
And there's no one
No one like you

My coffee's got a bitter taste
I wish that I was in that place
But New York City
Is so far from Santa Barbara
Barbara
And there's no one
No one like you

Oh ah oh
Oh oh oh
Oh ah oh
Ohh
Oh ah oh
Oh oh oh
Oh ah oh
Ohh

The summer days are so long
It's hard to hide in the light
So afraid,
Of what you'll see
On the other side of the light
The light
And there's no one
No one like you.

I guess I used to love this place
([Spoken:] "You see all this talk about finding yourself... ")
Feeling that I know it's fate
("You lost yourself")
Why is New York City
("But God says... ")
So far, so far from Santa Barbara
("You could travel to the end of the earth... ")
Barbara
("But you can always come back home")
And there's no one, no one like you.

Oh ah oh
Oh oh oh
Oh ah oh
Ohh
Oh ah oh
Oh oh oh
Oh ah oh
Ohh