

No Love

Olivia O'Brien

I hate going out, I hate coming home
I hate how you're never pickin up your phone, yeah
Just pick up your phone, yeah
I hate faking like, like we get along
I hate how everybody wanna do me wrong, yeah
Ain't even like mine songs, yeah

You act like you did it yourself
But you're just taking credit for somebody else, yeah
You're somebody else, yeah
You look like you're nice, but you're not
And if anyone likes you, it's just cause you're hot, yeah
And you think you're hot, yeah

Love ain't a thing in L.A
Ain't no love in L.A
Love ain't a thing in L.A
Ain't no love in L.A
But nothin' is real anyway

Say you needed me, but I guess you don't
Cause you met somebody better now you're out the door, yeah
Now you're out the door, yeah
Think you traded up, but in the end you lost
Guess you gained a little fame, but baby what's the cost, yeah
Tell me, what's the cost, yeah

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Why you over there looking like you lost some
Why you over there looking like you want something
I know you want something
Why you even here if you ain't gon' do some
Why you sittin' there showing off your new some
You just sit and stare, nothing in your mind runnin'
(Nothing in your mind runnin', nothing in your mind runnin')

Love ain't a thing in LA
Ain't no love in LA
Love ain't a thing in L.A
Ain't no love in L.A, oh
Ooh, and nothin' is real anyway