

Jackson Browne

Sarah Klang

Every time the sun hits my face
When I'm in a car, I squeeze my eyes
And pretend I'm in LA
I don't know what is with this place
I was in a car and I squeezed my eyes
Pretended I was in a bitter place

Mm-mm-mm

Mm-mm-mm

Mm-mm-mm

He taught me how to listen to Jackson Browne
We were in a car and he played a song
On the stereo, on the 101
I closed my eyes and tears were streaming down

I was in a car but my heart
It was back
In my heart, I talk

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