

Last days in LA you saved me baby from  
Strange times  
You catch me cooking in the kitchen, looking in  
To the fire  
Love will probably bake the burning at the stake, a step with me  
Under the last palm tree and  
Sip a little water from the dirty fountain, this'll be  
The sum of it all

Oh, oh, oh  
Keep me on the tip of your tongue  
Oh (oh) oh  
It's 103 in the sun

You don't know what you got  
Or what you want but LA's hotter  
Since you made me so damn low  
You don't know what you want  
Or how to stop when LA's not  
What you've seen in me before

But I, I  
Blame it on the summer  
Yeah I, I  
Blame it on the summer

These nights we've been tearing are temporary, but  
Spit shines  
Surfing the current on an eighty-proof serpent, your  
Red eyes  
Love above the radar heart, riding soaked up to the nines  
Sitting on blocks and  
Every elevator in the city says it's going up  
When it's on the rocks and

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Oh (oh) oh  
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