

# Ambrosia, Life Beyond L.A.

(Pack - Drummond)

Sometimes I think about the only way  
That I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying  
I sit in the corner of a hotel room  
With a room service menu and I'm looking at the moon,  
I'm crying

I'm out here waiting, praying, trying to keep from sayin'  
That I don't miss you, though I do  
You've got me shaking, praying, trying to keep from sayin'  
That I don't miss you, though I do,  
You know I do...

Livin' out here you soon come to know  
That it ain't how good you are as much as who you know and how you fake it  
Working this dive it's a matter of time  
'Cause I'm a good lead player got a way with a line  
And I can make it

And when the day breaks dawn  
Something is in my room  
When all my faith is gone  
Something begets my gloom

I'm out here waiting, praying, trying to keep from sayin'  
That I don't miss you, though I do

You've got me shaking, playing, trying to keep from sayin'  
That I don't miss you, though I do  
Well, you know I do.  
Yes. I do

Sometimes I think about the only time  
That I'll ever be happy in my own mind is dying...