

Ana Johnston, L.A.

All the roads lead to L.A.,
The place to meet Jesus,
And make friends with Mary Jane.
If you've got music on your brain,
Well, here's the right place to get into the game.
'Cause we all...
Want the same,
And we all..
Want a star with our name.
Yeah, all the roads lead to L.A.
You worshippers of sunshine,
You seizers of the day.
If you got something to say,
Here's room for everyone,
Black, white, straight or gay.
(Welcome to L.A.)
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
Yeah, all the roads lead to L.A.
Let's drive into the desert,
And dance the night away.
Do you remember how to play?
Wake up the kid inside you,
And catch the next wave.
Yeah, and we all..
Want a star with our name.
(Welcome to L.A.)
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
(Welcome to L.A.)
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
(Welcome to L.A.)
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la la la, la, la, la. (Fade out)