

Beth Hart, L.A. Song

She hangs around the boulevard
She's a local girl with local scars
She got home late, she got home late
She drank so hard the bottle ached
and she tried and she tried, and she tried and she tried
but nothing's clear in a bar full of flies
So she takes and she takes, she takes and she takes
She understands when she gives it away
She says
Man I gotta get outta this town
Man I gotta get outta this pain
Man I gotta get outta this town
Outta this town & out of L.A.
She's got a gun, she's got a gun
She got a gun she calls the lucky one
She left a note right by the phone
Don't leave a message 'cause this ain't no home
and she cried and she cried, and she cried and she cried
She cried so long her tears ran dry
Then she laughed and she laughed, she laughed and she laughed
Cause she knew she was never comin' back
She said
Man I'm gonna get outta this town
Man I'm gonna get outta this pain
Man I'm gonna get outta this town
Outta this town & out of L.A.
It's all she loves It's all she hates
It's all too much for her to take
She can't be sure just where it ends
Or where the good life begins
So she took a train, she took a train
to a little old town without a name
She met a man, he took her in
but fed her all the same bullshit again
'Cause he lied and he lied, and he lied and he lied
he lied like a salesman sellin' flies
So she screamed and she screamed, and she screamed and she screamed
It's a different place but the same old thing
It's all I love It's all I hate
It's all too much for me to take
I can't be sure where it begins
Or if the good life lies within
So she said
Man I gotta get out of this town
Yeah and now I gotta get back on that train
Man I gotta get out of this town
I'm outta my pain
So I'm goin' back to L.A.