

# 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.