

Cher, L.A. Plane

Seven thousand miles to Paris
Nine hundred more to Rome
And I'm gone every mile
To find peace of mind of home
This infatuation is driving me insane
Make my reservation
On the next L.A. by plane

[Chorus:]

Get me high, get me sane
Get me aboard that L.A. plane
I'm tired of this pouring rain
I'm tire of just passing through
Get me safe, get me warm
Get me a southern California morning
Where I was born
Babe, I'm coming
I'm coming home to you

He looked so fine in Europe
On all the posters and brochures
I thought the promises of some more
Then what was yours and mine
Well I was looking for excitement
On every boat and train
But all I fought were
All unfamiliar faces in the rain

[Chorus]

And now nothing looks better in my mind
But you warm and loving face
All these miles have taught me
That your love can't be replace

[Chorus x2]

[Fade]