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 & amp; 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 & amp; 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.