

# LAX

## Jake Owen

City of angels, city of stars  
She shine brightest stone on that boulevard  
She introduced me to Jackson Brown  
Convertible rode me all over that town  
Oh, my LAXShe always carried a Polaroid camera  
She always had that cold act glamour  
Well, she moved out there to chase her dream  
To be an actress on that silver screen  
Oh, my LAXDear seventeen degrees and sunny  
Please hold tight to my California honey  
Make her famous with lots of money  
And tell her I wish her all the best  
Oh, my LAXNight trampoline and marijuana  
I close my eyes and I can smell it on her  
Boarded in a plane back to Tennessee  
I wonder if she's ever gonna think about me

Songwriters

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