Ticket to L.A.

Brett Young

Gate 22, two hour delay
She was waitin on a plane to L.A.
I didn't see the harm in sittin down
At the wrong gateShe said "Hello"
"Where you headed to?"
I didn't lie, but I bent the truth
Said "I'd go anywhere with you"And before long
It was midnight in the middle of JFK
Tryna take my mind off the fallin rain
I was sayin anything to make her laugh
Never wanted anything so bad
She got me wishin that she could stay
She doesn't even know that I missed my plane
Now there, aint a single thing I wouldn't trade
For a ticket to L.A.
A ticket to L.A.
She opened up, after a drink
Said she started law school in the Spring
And by the time that she had three
I knew almost everythingLightning flashed, across the sky
I said it probably wasn't safe to fly
Secretly I hoped that she'd be stuck with me all nightNow its midnight in the middle of JFK
Tryna take my mind off the fallin rain
I was sayin anything to make her laugh
Never wanted anything so bad
She got me wishin that she could stay
She doesn't even know that I missed my plane
Now there, aint a single thing I wouldn't trade
For a ticket to L.A.Now gate 22 is calling out her name
She wrote her number on my hand and walked away
Alone here in the middle of JFK
Sittin at a bar at an empty gate
I'd do anything to bring her back
Never wanted anything so bad
She got me wishin that she could stay
She doesn't even know that I missed my plane
Now there, aint a single thing I wouldn't trade
For a ticket to L.A.
A ticket to L.A.A ticket to L.A.

A ticket to L.A.
A ticket to L.A.A ticket to L.A.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/