

# L.a. Song

Beth Hart

She hangs around the boulevard  
She's a local girl with local scars  
She got home late  
She drank so hard the bottle ached  
And she tried  
But nothin's clear in a bar full a flies  
So 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 gotta 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  
She cried so long her tears ran dry  
Then 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  
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  
He lied like a salesman sellin' flies  
So she screamed  
It's a different place  
But the same old thang  
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 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.

Songwriters

Hart, BethPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>