L.A.

Ellie Lawson

Flying into Heathrow, I know,
I've got a lot to think about
Let's write off the day
And go chill back at mine for a while

Walking through the high street, my god
Why do I feel so vulnerable
The cars and the posters
The people all look so different here
From two weeks ago

I'm under the spell of LA
And I don't want to be here
I'm under the spell of LA
And I don't want to be home

Jumpin' in a black cab, it's raining
Watching the lights turn red again
My driver he's seen New York
But LA is one of them way distant dreams
I close my eyes
I never shoulda said goodbye

I'm under the spell of LA
And I don't want to be here
I'm under the spell of LA
And I don't want to be home

(La la la la la la la la la la la)

(unde lay undlay ah ah unde lay uh ah)

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