

# Christmas In L.A. (feat. Dawes)

## The Killers

Woke up to sun streaming in my room  
Warm beachfront palm December afternoon  
You close your eyes, another year blows by  
Somewhere in the wind, just another life  
My parents sent a Christmas card and tennis shoes,  
"We understand you're staying, and we're proud of you."  
There's a well-rehearsed disinterest in the atmosphere  
I don't know if that's what this town gave me, or if it lead me here  
And I've played so many parts  
I don't know which one's really me  
Don't know if I can take  
Another Christmas in L.A.  
Another pitcher of Sangria  
In an empty beach caf    
Another Christmas in L.A.  
Hold me tighter Carmelita  
I don't know how long I can stay  
Left a girl behind in my old man's truck  
Sometimes I wonder where she ended up  
Maybe she got married, had a couple of kids  
Who do you think you're fooling man?  
Of course she did  
I'm walking in Dan Tana's Bar  
Tryin' to talk with Harry Dean  
I don't know if I can take  
Another Christmas in L.A.  
Another casting call on Thursday  
For a job that doesn't pay  
Another Christmas in L.A.  
Another burnout in a tank top  
That seems to bask in his decay  
A fat protagonist in flip-flops  
With an extensive resume  
From Echo Park to Catalina  
Dreaming of a white Christmas  
The one I used to know  
Tree tops glisten, children listen  
To sleigh bells in the snow  
Another Christmas in L.A...

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