

# 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.

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