## Los Angeles

## **Mat Kearney**

Well I pulled out of Nashville, with the sun on my windshield Black 4Runner in the summer like a big deal Apron at Starbucks, what you gonna miss me(?) Nah, I smiled out over the Mississippi Got a friend out west with a little studio time Futon in the valley and a dream gone wild Grouse turkey in the pouch, and Ramen in the cup Check the funds in the account and the pennies add up This fire in my chest weighs more like gold I'm trying my best Lord to let it unfold For all on the quest let the story be told, right from the soul Oh, oh, oh, oh Los Angeles Hit me at the heart of this Driving the 101 and my dream down to the bone Oh. oh. oh. oh Your smile, your kiss And every little part I miss Baby I'm trying to find a place where we belong Oh, oh, oh I've got a buddy named Sean and a minivan too CDs at our feet, how to tour, no clue 1,000 cap room and only eight people came and five on the guest list were under my name But I slaved everyone from the bottom of my heart Maybe there'll be 16 here next time that we start So move with the wind, \$50 in my pocket Wait for the sun, that silver lining rocket Two traveling souls, living on the road Two wayward kids, living how, they don't know So we put it with the wind, we let it all unfold Straight from the soul Oh, oh, oh, oh Los Angeles Hit me at the heart of this Driving the 101 and my dream down to the bone Oh, oh, oh, oh Your smile, your kiss And every little part I miss Baby I'm trying to find a place where we belong Oh, oh, ohOh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh

Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh, oh, ohl've got a loan baby darling and the world's on fire 20K to make a record and now we walking on a wire Every favor that I got I'm cashing in to use Judds and Joe George O'Silen and Robert (?) thank you So 'Bullet' was made and I'm scared out my brain and the songs getting played and everything starts to change People showing up, singing along to what I say And it feels like we might just be on the way God I think that's Letterman, he just said my name Check the crowd at the House of Blues like they're cardboard fakes Everyone's living out loud and downing mistakes And the schizophrenic records that I love to makeOh, oh, oh Los Angeles Hit me at the heart of this Driving the 101 and my dream down to the bone Oh, oh, oh, oh Your smile, your kiss And every little part I miss Baby I'm trying to find a place where we belong Oh, oh, ohOh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh, oh, oh, ohOh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh oh oh oh oh-oh-oh Oh, oh, oh, oh

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