

Alec Benjamin - Jesus In LA

Tom: D

m
 Down on the south side
 And he bought us both a drink
 With a pad and a pencil sat by his side
 I said "Tell me what you think"
 I've been looking for my savior, looking for my truth
 I even asked my shrink
 He brought me down to his level
 Said "Son, you're not special, you won't find him where you think"

You won't find him down on sunset
 Or at a party in the hills
 At the bottom of the bottle
 Or when you're tripping on some pills
 When they sold you the dream you were just 16
 Packed a bag and ran away
 And it's a crying shame you came all this way
 'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA
 And it's a crying shame you came all this way
 'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA

(Dm Am G Am)
 (Dm Am G Am)

Took a sip of his whiskey
 Said, "Now that you're with me, well, I think that you should stay"
 Yeah, I know you've been busy
 Searching through the city
 So let me share the way
 I know I'm not your savior
 Know I'm not your truth
 But I think we could be friends
 He said "Come down to my level, hang out with the devil
 Let me tell you, in the end"

Dm Am

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 And that is when I knew that it was time to go home
 And that is when I realized that I was alone
 And all the vibe and colors from the lights fade away
 And I don't care what they say

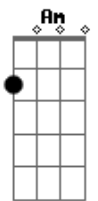
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 (One Strum)
 And it's a crying shame I came all this way
 'Cause I won't find Jesus in LA
 Fixar

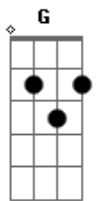
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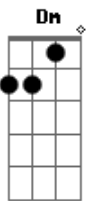
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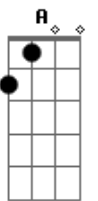
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