

The Maine - Birthday In Los Angeles

Tom: C

Oh L.A. pick up the phone
 I need to talk to you
 Stop sleeping with my new friends,
 And all the old ones too
 Remember when we met, I thought you thought I was boring
 You called me on the phone, to arrange my birthday party
 Well this ain't a scripted movie
 I don't drive a fancy car
 Those flashing lights don't mean a thing to me
 Goodbye L.A.

You showed me around the house
 You took me by the wrist
 You introduced me to your pals, the scientologists

We cut the cake inside,
 Then I tried to fake a smile
 And I drank, and drank, and drank, 'cause I felt so out of style

Oh, this ain't my birthday party
 No, it's just a fashion show
 Yeah this is something, it just isn't me
 So long L.A.

Well I do miss Hollywood, enjoy the hazy city
 I'm sure you're feeling good
 But soon enough you'll miss me
 But I ain't got so much money
 And nobody knows my name
 But here is something I just have to say
 Fck you L.A.

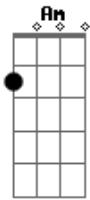
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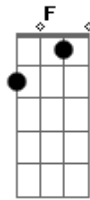
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