

## The L.A. Song

Dave Barnes

She drives down on Sunset  
With the windows down  
Just so she can let it in  
She knows he's far-gone now  
But there still are pieces  
Pieces there still left of him  
He uses love like a bullet from a gun  
She's careful like a surgeon  
Everywhere he goes they all know to run  
But she can't help but love him  
Love him  
There is a picture sitting by her bed  
Her reflection in his face  
She has been meaning, meaning to move it  
But it's always been his place  
He uses love like a bullet from a gun  
She's careful like a surgeon  
Everywhere he goes they all know to run  
But she can't help but love him  
Love him  
City of angels, everyone is sleeping  
4 am and she's awake  
She is moving, moving that picture  
Someone else will fill that space  
Someone else will fill that space