

## Time Spent In Los Angeles

Dawes

These days my friends don't seem to know me  
Without my suitcase in my hand  
Where I am standing still  
I seem to disappear  
But maybe that's how I found you  
Maybe that's taught me exactly what I want  
Maybe meeting you so far away from home  
Is what makes it all so clear

But you got that special kind of sadness  
You got that tragic set of charms  
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles  
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms

When people ask me where I come from  
To see what that says about man  
I only end up giving bad directions  
That never lead them there at all  
It's something written in the head lights  
Is something swimming in my drink  
And if I were the moon  
It would be exactly where I fall

Cause you got that special kind of sadness  
You got that tragic set of charms  
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles  
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms

I used to think someone would love me  
For places I have been  
And the dirt I have been gathering  
Deep beneath my nails  
But now I know what I've been missing  
And I'm going home to make it mine  
And I'll be battening the hatches and pulling in the sails.

But you got that special kind of sadness  
You got that tragic set of charms (2x)  
That only comes from time spent in Los Angeles  
Makes me wanna wrap you in my arms