

la

**Kelsea Ballerini**

I've got a love and hate relationship with LA  
Off the plane, paint my face in the car, park my heart at the valet  
I watch the sun sink down over Santa Monica Boulevard when I'm lonely and I'm missin'  
home But other times I feel like my blood is runnin' Cali I've got some famous friends that I  
could call  
But I don't know if I'm cool enough  
And what's worse than spendin' time alone  
Is one of them not pickin' up  
It's hard to grow and time to go  
But some days I wanna stay  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA (I've got a love and hate relationship with LA)  
I wonder if I'll get invited to the party (I wonder if I'll get invited to the party)  
Yeah and if I do, will I go If I go, will I know somebody? (Will I know somebody?)  
I'm on my third glass of wine tryin' to find conversation in a room with bigger names  
But other days I'm lookin' up the real estate Confetti's fallin', friends are callin', saw me on the  
TV  
But if I let down my hair in the ocean air, will Tennessee be mad at me?  
Yeah I know it ain't a one-way road  
But sometimes it feels that way  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA  
Yeah, oooh  
Yeah, oooh  
Sometimes it feels like it's all real but nothin' here is as it seems  
I ask myself does it feed my soul or my anxiety  
Carpet's red, ego's fed, but it's myself that I have to face  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA (I've got a love and hate relationship with LA,  
yeah, oooh)  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA, LA (Yeah, oooh)  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA, LA (Yeah, oooh)  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA, LA (Yeah, oooh)  
I've got a love and hate relationship with LA, LA

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