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Time Spent In Los Angeles
Dawes
Option: Capo 1st fret
[Intro]
D//// F \# m//// C/G//// G//// (twice)
[Verse]
                                              F#m
these days my friends don't seem to know me
          C/G
without my suitcase in my hand
                               F#m
and when I am standing still
          C/G
I seem to disappear
                                  F#m
but maybe that s how I found you
                                             G
maybe that s taught me exactly what I want
maybe meeting you so far away from home
is what makes it all so clear
[Chorus]
                 G
                                            Am7
but you got that special kind of sadness
you got that tragic set of charms
                     Em
that only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
                        G
makes me wanna wrap you in my arms
[Verse]
                                     F#m
when people ask me where I come from
                C/G
to see what that says about man
                                     F#m
I only end up giving bad directions
that never lead them there at all
it's something written in the head lights
                C/G
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it is something swimming in my drink

F#m

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and if I were the moon
                         C/G
it'd be exactly where I fall
[Chorus]
                                       Am7
you got that special kind of sadness
you got that tragic set of charms
that only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
                Α
                        G
makes me wanna wrap you in my arms
[Solo]
D F#m C/G G
 F#m C/G G
[Verse]
                                         F#m
I used to think someone would love me
for places I have been
                                      F#m
and the dirt I have been gathering
                C/G
deep beneath my nails
but now I know what I've been missing
              C/G
and \hat{\operatorname{Ia}}\in^{\mathsf{TM}} m going home to make it mine
and I ll be battening the hatches
                   C/G
and pulling in the sails.
[Chorus](repeat twice)
                                       Am7
you got that special kind of sadness
                            D
                                      Am7
you got that tragic set of charms
                       Em
that only comes from time spent in Los Angeles
                        G
                               A(first chorus) D(second chorus)
makes me wanna wrap you in my arms
[Outro]
  F#m C/G G
  F#m C/G G
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