

No Peace, Los Angeles

Mike Doughty

Ice cracking, fickle junkie
Your girl calls
Where have you been last night?
Lover boy, where you been hiding? No peace, Los Angeles
No peace, Los Angeles Coming down, Wilshire Boulevard
Blurry stream of light
Radio, road sign and you are more awake
Than is possible No peace, Los Angeles
No peace, Los Angeles And the true dope on salvation is
Two weeks in a clinic and a public testimonial
You tell them kids, tell them not to hurt themselves
Speeding fast from who you are No peace, Los Angeles
No peace, Los Angeles Do this for the remembrance of me
Do this for the remembrance of me
Do this for the remembrance of me
Do this for the remembrance of me

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