

# Dogs Of L.a.

## Liz Phair

The canyon air is like a breath of fresh L.A.

I was a Star Trek crew member

With my Beatle boots and my Super-8

And I raced you to the top

The camera gets a stuttered shot

Of me approaching a painted shrine

I kissed the Buddah and made him cry

I kissed the Buddah and made him cry

Georgie, I'm your friend

And the shit-brown reservoir

Is a testament to the dogs of L.A.

They hold the place like the mafia

And say, "Run me around again"

The sawed-off tree trunks stand among the living palms

You were beaming as I focused in and I panned along

And I raced you to the top

Kicking snakes up from dusty rocks

Young Abe Vigoda plays Frankenstein

I kissed the Buddah and made him cry

I kissed the Buddah and made him cry

Georgie, I'm your friend

And the shit-brown reservoir

Is a testament to the dogs of L.A.

They hold the place like the mafia

And say, "Run me around again, I wanna go again"

The shit-brown reservoir

Is a testament to the dogs of L.A.

They hold the place like the mafia

And say, "Run me around again"

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