

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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