

L.A. Woman

Frankie Ballard

I was midnight blowing my midwest money
At the whiskey on the Sunset Strip
Just trying to catch a buzz, listening to some Guns
You dug I wasn't trying to be hip With those Malibu eyes, Hollywood smile
You know I couldn't leave you alone
'Cause you make me feel like Beverly Hills
On the cover of Rolling Stone Oh, L.A. woman
That's gotta be the shortest dress I've ever seen
Ooh, L.A. woman
I know I've been drinking, but I'm thinking you're falling for me
Yeah
Come on Well, forget about that dude you been talking to
And just slide into my booth and sit down
Well, these drinks ain't cheap, so just dig down deep
In my pocket for another round With those Malibu eyes, Hollywood smile
You know I couldn't leave you alone
'Cause you make me feel like Beverly Hills
On the cover of Rolling Stone Ooh, L.A. woman
That's gotta be the shortest dress I've ever seen
Oh, L.A. woman
I know I've been drinking, but I'm thinking you're falling for me Malibu eyes
Yeah, your Hollywood smile
California girls
Oh, never go out of style
With those Malibu eyes
Yeah, that Hollywood smile
California girls
Oh, never go out, never go out of style Ooh, L.A. woman
That's gotta be the shortest dress I've ever seen
Oh, L.A. woman
I know I've been drinking, but I'm thinking you're falling for me Oh, L.A. woman
Oh, L.A. woman

Songwriters

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