

L.A. Woman (Đ;Đ,Đ¹/₂Đ³Đ» 2012)

The Doors

Well, I just got into town about an hour ago
Took a look around, see which way the wind blow
Where the little girls in their Hollywood bungalows
Are you a lucky little lady in the city of light
Or just another lost angel, city of night
City of night, city of night, city of night, woo, c'mon
L.A. woman, L.A. woman
L.A. woman Sunday afternoon
L.A. woman Sunday afternoon
L.A. woman Sunday afternoon
Drive through your suburbs
Into your blues, into your blues, yeah
Into your blue-blue blues
Into your blues, ohh, yeah
I see your hair is burnin'
Hills are filled with fire
If they say I never loved you
You know they are a liar
Drivin' down your freeways
Midnight alleys roam
Cops in cars, the topless bars
Never saw a woman
So alone, so alone
So alone, so alone
Motel money murder madness
Let's change the mood from glad to sadness
Mister mojo risin', mister mojo risin'
Mister mojo risin', mister mojo risin'
Got to keep on risin'
Mister mojo risin', mister mojo risin'
Mojo risin', gotta mojo risin'
Mister mojo risin', gotta keep on risin'
Risin', risin'
Gone risin', risin'
I'm gone risin', risin'
I gotta risin', risin'
Well, risin', risin'
I gotta, wooo, yeah, risin'
Woah, ohh yeah
Well, I just got into town about an hour ago
Took a look around, see which way the wind blow
Where the little girls in their Hollywood bungalows
Are you a lucky little lady in the city of light
Or just another lost angel, city of night
City of night, city of night, city of night, woah, c'mon
L.A. woman, L.A. woman
L.A. woman, your my woman

Little L.A. woman, little L.A. woman

L.A. L.A. woman woman

L.A. woman c'mon

Songwriters

JAMES Published by

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Other patents pending.

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