

After Los Angeles

Joe Firstman

I got a hair cut
A dress shirt
A St. Paulie's girl
But I don't need any of that I got a number on a napkin
A soup can to sing through
A tune in its worst mood
I got a temper like a fistfight And a tab after midnight
And a right fast woman
And there'll be hell to pay
After Los Angeles And you won't believe
What I've seen
This town is a workshop for wordsmiths
And grifters and misters and misses And cheeks full of kisses
And all of you bidders
Can't wait till I'm bitter
I've got a fever like the boulevard summer And a right fast woman
Bury me beside you when I die
When I'm dead and gone.
Mama sing me to sleep While you weep
But don't weep at all
You can find me in the back
And if you don't care Then why did you ask?

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