L.A. Woman

Doa

Well, I met a little babe an hour ago
Wonder which way the
Which way the wind blow
Another little babe in her Hollywood bungalowAre you a lucky little lady
In The City of Light?
Or just another lost angel
In the City of Night
City of Night, City of Night, oh yeah, oohL.A. woman, L.A. woman
I said L.A. woman, oh, L.A. woman
It's a L.A. woman Sunday afternoon
L.A. woman Sunday afternoonIt's a L.A. woman Sunday afternoon
I see her ride through your suburbs
Into your blue, into your blue
Into your blue blue, blue blue, yeah
Into your blue, ohh, yeahI see your hair is burnin'
Hills are filled with fire
If they say I never loved you
Well, you know they are a liarRidin' down your freeways, oh yeah
Midnight alleys roam, I've seen it
Cops in cars, the topless bars
Never saw a woman so alone, so alone
Said so alone, oh yeah, ohhYeah, baby, yeah, c'mon
L.A. woman c'mon, L.A. woman c'mon
L.A. woman c'mon, yeah
I said you're my womanAnd that's right, I said you're my woman
And that's right, I said you're my woman
And that's right, I said you're my womanI said L.A. woman
And that's right, I said you're my woman
And that's right, I said you're my woman
And that's right, I said you're my woman
I said you're my woman, yeah
I said you're my woman

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/