

L.A Woman – 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, come on
LA woman, LA woman
LA woman Sunday afternoon
LA woman Sunday afternoon
LA woman Sunday afternoon
Drive through your suburbs
Into your blues, into your blues, yeah
Into your blue-blue blues
Into your blues, oh, 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...



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych