

The Cult, L.A. Woman

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 thru 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

Midnite 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

Mr. Mojo Risin', Mr. Mojo Risin'

Mr. Mojo Risin', Mr. Mojo Risin'

Got to keep on risin'

Mr. Mojo Risin', Mr. Mojo Risin'

Mojo Risin', gotta Mojo Risin'

Mr. 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

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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