

Billy Idol

"L.A. Woman"

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Well I met a little babe
An hour ago
Wonder which way
Loved a little babe in a
Which way the wind blows
Hollywood bungalow
In the city of light
I was rockin' little lady
Yeah hea I'm just another lost angel

In the city of night
City of night
City of night
Woah yeah

L.A. woman
L.A. woman
I said L.A. woman
Yes L.A. woman sunday afternoon
Oh L.A. woman
L.A. woman sunday afternoon
Yes L.A. woman sunday afternoon
I see you ride through your suburbs
Into your blues
Into your blue
Into your blues
Into your blue blue blue blue blue yeah

I see your hair it's burning
Hills are filled with fire
If they say I never loved you
Well you know they are a liar

Hills and valleys roam baby
Drivin' down your freeway oh hear
Seen em cops in cars and topless bars
Never saw a woman ha ha ho so alone
So alone (said) so alone ah yeah woah

Wine spo-dee-o-dee
She drink my wine spo-dee-o-dee
Ah wine spo-dee-o-dee she drinkin' wine

I took my motor bike out and went for a ride
Spo-dee-o-dee all day

Slit the throat of the first babe who lied
Wine spo-dee-o-dee all right
Wine spo-dee-o-dee
See it it's twice his size ooh
Wine spo-dee-o-dee all day
Wine spo-dee-o-dee
Well she drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee
Another lost angel (angel angel)
It's good for her body
In the city of night
City of night
City of night

City of light
C'mon L.A. woman c'mon
L.A. woman c'mon
L.A. woman c'mon yeah

I said your my woman that's right
I said your my woman
I said your my woman that's right
I said L.A. woman that's right
I said your my woman
I said your my woman
I said your my woman

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