

Cobra Killer **"L.A. Shaker"**

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Four corners and a king-sized bed.
A china-lamp breaks beside my head.
All those fragments on the floor.
Who closed that curtain and the balcony-door?

The tiles were made to make me slip.
Fitted carpet takes me in sips.
I should have known in the early state:
This room was made to liquidate.

Arsenic in a four-star-meal.
The law doesn't allow to appeal.
Cyanide through the air-condition.
L.A. is shaking in its best tradition.
I drink acid out of the tab.
I carry my face in a plastic-bag.
No escape, they owe my fingertip.
I'm damned to dance on Sunset Strip.

Sidewalk-desserts, automobiles stalk.
Lights are orders: walk- don't walk.
Paramount pictures from the suicide hill.
The angels came up just to kill.

L.A. Shaker on the median-stripes.
L.A. Shaker on a video-tape.
L.A. Shaker in a sushi-bar.
L.A. Shaker with his shades on the beach

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