

Doors "L.A. Woman"

Visit "[L.A. Woman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 through 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
Midnight 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'
Ridin', ridin'
Gone ridin', ridin'
Gone ridin', ridin'
I gotta ridin', ridin'
Well, ridin', ridin'
I gotta, wooo, yeah, ridin'
Woah
Yeah

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
Woah, c'mon

L.A. Woman
L.A. Woman
L.A. Woman, you're my woman
Oh little L.A. Woman, little L.A. Woman
L.A.
Woman, woman
L.A. Woman, c'mon

Visit [Doors](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.