

Slade

"Ooh La La In L.a."

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Whiplash in the dead of night,
Down on Sunset dynamite,
Blinding lights on the Marquee shining bright.

There's George on his knees again,
On the town with Miss Zimmerman,
Alert the media and then my friend.

(Chorus) Ooh la la in L.A., Ooh la la in the U.S.A.
One night stands with a one night band is this
Ooh la la in L.A., Ooh la la in the U.S.A.
Making out every turned on a hit and miss.
You see the food and you feel the force,
B.L.T. and there ain't no sauce,
You get enough to feed a horse that's true.

Down at Barney's playing pool,
Minnesota Fats is ultra cool,
A load of balls make you look a fool then you.

(Chorus)

Runaway on the radio,
A powerplay every hour or so,
A never ending red eyed T.V. show.

(Chorus)

It's in the dead of night, And it's a dynamite,
The blinding lights are shining brighter and brighter.
He's on his knees again,
Alert the media my friend.

(Chorus)

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