

## **The Doors**

### **"L.A. Woman"**

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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

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Took a look around, see which way the wind blow  
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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

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