

## The Doors "L.A Woman"

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Well, I just got into town about an hour ago  
I took a look around, see which way the wind blow  
With a little girl in a Hollywood bungalow  
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 freeway  
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'  
Got my mojo risin'  
Mr. Mojo Risin'  
Got to keep on risin'  
Ridin', ridin'  
Goin' ridin', ridin'  
Goin' ridin', ridin'  
I got to ridin', ridin'  
Babe, ridin', ridin'  
I gotta, woo, yeah, ride, oh! Yeah

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Took a look around, see which way the wind blow  
With a little girl in a Hollywood bungalow  
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, whoa, oh!

L.A. woman, L.A. woman  
L.A. woman, you're my woman  
A little L.A. woman  
Yeah, L.A. woman  
Hey, hey, come on, oh  
L.A. woman, come on

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