

Joe Firstman "After Los Angeles"

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I got a hair cut, a dress shirt
A St. Paulie's girl
But I don't need any of that

I got a number on a napkin
A soup can to sing through
A tune in its worst mood

I got a temper like a fistfight
And a tab after midnight
And a right fast woman

And there'll be hell to pay
After Los Angeles
And you won't believe
What I've seen

This town is a workshop
For wordsmiths and grifters
And misters and misses
And cheeks full of kisses

And all of you bidders
Can't wait till I'm bitter
I've got a fever
Like the boulevard summer
And a right fast woman

And there'll be hell to pay
After Los Angeles
And you won't believe
What I've seen

Bury me beside you when I die
When I'm dead and gone
Mama, sing me to sleep while you weep
But don't weep at all

'Cause there'll be hell to pay
After Los Angeles
And you all won't believe
What I've seen

And there'll be hell to pay
After Los Angeles
And I'm just another fool along the scene

You can find me in the back
And if you don't fucking care
Then why did you ask?

You can find me in the back
And if you don't fucking care
Then why did you ask?

You can find me well, in the back
And if you don't fucking care
Then why did you ask?
Why did you ask? Why did you ask?
Why did you ask? Why did you ask?

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