

America

"Three Roses / Comin' Into Los Angeles"

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Sitting by the fireside with a book in your hand
Two lazy dogs sittin' watchin' your man
Three roses were bought with you in mind
Three roses were bought with you in mind

I gotta stop and see what I'm on about
Stop and feel what I want I gotta
Stop and see what I'm on about
Stop and feel what I want with you
Ah

Walking through a wonderland, I got you by the hand
Every move we made, just as if it were planned
Three roses were bought with you in mind
Three roses were bought with you in mind

I gotta stop and see what I'm on about
Stop and feel what I want I gotta
Stop and see what I'm on about
Stop and feel what I want with you
Ah

Coming in from london from over the pole
Flying in a big airliner
Chicken flying everywhere around the plane
Could we ever feel much finer

Coming into los angeles
Bringing in a couple of keys
Don't touch my bags if you please
Mister customs man, man

There's a guy with a ticket to mexico
Could he ever look much stranger
Walking in the hall with his things and all
Smiling, said he was the lone ranger

Coming into los angeles,
Bringing in a couple of keys
Don't touch my bags if you please
Mister customs man, man

Hip woman walking on a moving floor

Tripping on the escalator
There's a man in the line, and she's blowing his mind
Thinking that he's already made her

Coming into los angeles,
Bringing in a couple of keys
Don't touch my bags if you please
Mister customs man, man

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