

Doors, The

"LA 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.

Whoo! C'mon!

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman. Sunday afternoon.

L.A. Woman. Sunday afternoon.

L.A. Woman. Sunday afternoon.

Drive thru your suburbs

Into your blues.

Into your blues.

Yeah, yeah.

Into your blues.

Into your blues.

Oh!

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'.

Gotta keep on risin'.

Mr. Mojo Risin'.

Mr. Mojo Risin'.

Mr. Mojo Risin'.

Mr. Mojo Risin'.

Mr. Mojo Risin'.

Gotta keep on risin'.

Risin', risin'.

Risin', risin'.

Risin', risin'.

Risin', risin'.

Risin', risin'.

Risin', risin'.

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City of Night.

City of Night.

City of Night.

City of Night.

Oh! Oh!

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman.

L.A. Woman

