

Phair Liz

"The Dogs Of L A"

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The canyon air is like a breath of fresh L.A.

I was a Star Trek crew member with my Beatle boots
and my

Super-8

And I raced you to the top,

The camera gets a stuttered shot of

Me approaching the sacred shrine

Where I kissed the Buddha and made him cry

I kissed the Buddha and made him cry,

"Georgie, I'm your friend!"

And the shit brown reservoir

Is a testament to the dogs of L.A.

They hold the place like the Mafia and say,

"Run me round again."

The sawed off tree-trunks stand among the living
palms

You were beaming as I focused in and I panned along
and I

Raced you to the top

Kicking snakes up from dusty rocks

Young Abe Vagoda plays Frankenstein

I kissed the Buddha and made him cry

I kissed the Buddha and made him cry,

"Georgie, I'm your friend!"

And the shit brown reservoir is a

Testament to the dogs of L.A., they

Hold the place like the Mafia and say,

"Run me round again.

I wanna go again."

And the shit brown reservoir is a testament to the dogs
of L.A.

They hold the place like the Mafia and say, "Run me
round again

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