

# Billy Idol, L.A. Woman

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, 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 thru 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 freeways  
Midnite 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', gotta Mojo Risin'  
Mr. Mojo Risin', gotta keep on risin'  
Risin', risin'  
Gone risin', risin'  
I'm gone risin', risin'  
I gotta risin', risin'  
Well, risin', risin'  
I gotta, woo, yeah, risin'  
Woah, ohh yeah

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woah, c'mon

L.A. Woman, L.A. Woman  
L.A. Woman, your my woman  
Little L.A. Woman, Little L.A. Woman  
L.A. L.A. Woman Woman  
L.A. Woman c'mon