

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Bella

She wants to live in LA
Come put your ash in my tray

Once upon a funky crime
We were standing in the line
And now, we're walking Melrose down to Vine

I was asking her to live on my farm
And she was telling me no not today
I was telling her to do no harm
And she was telling me she could not stay

She'd rather live in LA
Down in Marina Del Rey

I love her, I need her
Can't stop until I feed her
I want her so badly
Hell no my name ain't Bradley

I'd wash her and clean her
Please tell me, have you seen her?
Outlast her, drive past her
Margarita gonna be my master

Bella cries and that's alright, she's
Weeping on my shoulder again, well
Bella lies and that's my type, I
Wish that I could hold her
Bella cries and that's alright, she's
Leaking on my shoulder again, well
Bella lies and that's my type, I
Wish that I could hold

She wants to live in LA
Where every dog has her day

Flip flops in the toaster now
Scotch tape on this broken vow
And wow, it's time to live without my puppy's chow

I was asking her to live in the sticks
And she was telling me there is no way
The cheeky monkey was an anarchist
And she was telling me she could not stay

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Out on the country road, I sold my 40

This comeback episode, hold on shorty
Yes, Frank Sinatra knows
The summer wind will blow
And skinny mornings drop below

Sold my 40
To Northern Jordie
I'll tell you when I move
To hell and then I'll prove
The violin said, oh, woah, woah
And now the moment
The one we notice

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Leaking on my shoulder again, well
Bella lies and that's my type, I
Wish that I could hold Bella
Leaking on my shoulder again, that Bella
Baby girl is on my team now, Bella
Weeping on my shoulder again, well, Bella