

Queen of the Westside

Brett Dennen

Where is my shit?
oh
you know it

She's making love for breakfast
in Venice
In the little white house with rent control
She's got
Turquoise tiles on the counter in the kitchen
she cooks she listens to Nina Simone

and all the hipsters on the east side
they think they're too cool for school
but they don't know
She's the queen of the west side
and she rocks me to my soul
she rocks me to my soul

She's sunbathing in her bare skin
I'm jealous of the light shining on her back
"Where is my shit?"
Well, I'm walking down Montana and I'm singing I'm in heaven
Hoping that she asks me to come back

All the know it alls on the Northside
They think they know
They dont know
What I know

She's the Queen of the Westside
yes she is
she rocks me to my soul
she rocks me to my soul
she rocks me to my soul