

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