

## Dogs of L.A.

Liz Phair

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 painted shrine.

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 Vigoda 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.