

No Peace, Los Angeles

Mike Doughty

Ice cracking, fickle junkie
Your girl calls
Where have you been last night?
Lover boy, where you been hiding?

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Coming down, Wilshire Boulevard
Blurry stream of light
Radio, road sign and you are more awake
Than is possible

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And the true dope on salvation is
Two weeks in a clinic and a public testimonial
You tell them kids, tell them not to hurt themselves
Speeding fast from who you are

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Do this for the remembrance of me
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