

# 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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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 Bella  
Leaking on my shoulder again, that Bella  
Baby girl is on my team now, Bella  
Weeping on my shoulder again, well, Bella