

# 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