

Reed Cale

"Starlight"

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Starlight open wide, starlight open up your door
This is New York calling with movies from the street
Movies with real people, what you get is what you see
Starlight open wide, Andy's Cecil B. DeMille
Come on L. A. give us a call
We've got superstars who talk, they'll do anything at all
Ingrid, Viva, Little Joe, Baby Jane, and Edie S.
But you better call us soon before we talk ourselves to death
Starlight open wide everybody is a star
Split screen 8-hour movies
We've got color we've got sound
Won't you recognize us, we're everything you hate
Andy loves old Hollywood movies, he'll scare you hypocrites
to death
You know that shooting up's for real
That person who's screaming, that's the way he really feels
We're all improvising, five movies in a week
If Hollywood doesn't call us - we'll be sick
Starlight open wide

Do to movies what you did to art

Can you see beauty in ugliness, or is it playing in the dirt

There are stars out on the New York streets

We want to capture them on film

But if no one wants to see them

We'll make another and another

Starlight let us in that magic room

We've all dreamt of Hollywood, it can't happen too soon

Won't you give us a million dollars the rent is due

Andy will give you 2 movies and a painting

Starlight open wide

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