

## City Boy

### "Sunset Boulevard"

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No... No golden mile  
Or flashing cameras, the ritzy style

Just ... just scrap book smiles.  
There's no need to hurry, when all she has is time

She, she, she, she's going home  
Between the pagodas and always alone

Down on Sunset Boulevard, you'd sell your soul before  
your car is paid for.  
The only laughing sound you hear, from blind men  
cause they hold no fear of darkness  
With every flashing theatre light, a startled welcome  
through the night is glowing.  
But every mother's son is dead, they choked upon the  
daily bread they prayed for.

Friends... friends pass on by.  
She gives a performance, they call it a lie.

Only ... only late at night.  
She still sees the traces of the city lights

Sun... Sun ... Sun ... Sunset Boulevard, the devil can  
take her, she's been there before  
By the broken ballustrade, an idol from another age is  
swaying  
Softly singing Gershwin songs, but every other note is  
wrong and straining.  
And once again her glass is dry, the bedroom mirror  
cannot lie forever  
For down on Sunset Boulevard they've lived too long  
and laughed too hard to love her

The telephone is ringing ... but there's no reply  
A gramophone is singing ... sweetly out of time.  
And in the hall, screaming for the final scene ...  
Passing through their eyes, peering for the view.  
With her name in lights, The lady's news.

And in her sleep they call her... loving every smile  
Lining every street to see her . . . starry eyed and wild.  
Again she wakes, screaming for the final scene.  
Passing through their eyes, peering for the view.  
With her name in lights, The lady's news.

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