

Josh Rouse **"Hollywood Bass Player"**

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Let me tell you a little story
Of how I got my attitude
When I moved to Manhattan
I hadn't even finished school

I was working so hard
Just to pay those bills and stay there
I have my own chamber
No one even merely cared

Time goes running out
I had to make a move
So I picked up the bass guitar
And I played it cool, I played it cool

Then a couple of years later
I'm living in Paris banks
Hanging out with DJs
Following the latest bands

I was working so hard
Just to figure out the close in the hand
Tried so hard not to show it
I walked with my nose in the air

The French didn't want me around
They didn't like my groove
So I my packed up my bass guitar
I moved to Hollywood, I moved to Hollywood

I had one last chance
It was all there waiting for me
Honey, so sunny, Hollywood

Let me tell you little secret
I'll tell you a little secret now
Let me tell you little secret
I'll tell you little story now

Time was running out
I had to make a move
So I picked up my bass guitar

And I played it cool

The French didn't want me around
They didn't like my groove
So I my packed up my bass guitar
I moved to Hollywood, I moved to Hollywood

So let me tell you little secret
I'll tell you little stupid thing
And let me tell you a little secret
I'll tell you little stupid thing

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