

Runaways "Hollywood Crusin'"

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(Kim Fowley/Jackie Fox/Joan Jett)

Hey foxy' come here
He's too old, Jackie
Probably doesn't know what it's like anymore
Hey Lita, I feel so, um, you know
I know
Let's go to Hollywood and party all night
Really, it's Saturday night
We'll park at 7-Eleven and walk down the street
And look for some beef
Hollywood, it felt so good
Oh look at this guy coming down here
All right
Two of 'em
Hollywood it felt so good
One for you and one for me
Oh, oh
My God look at that turkey, he's wearin' a
Just look at him
Oh no
He's comin' this way
Hey
Come on sweetie
(verbal exchange)
No, no, no, no you're too old
Yeah you're too old, too old
Bye, bye
Hey, you have an extra cigarette?
(All out)
Oh well
He stunk like alcohol
Yeah I know
Where are all the guys tonight?
I don't know
Sure wasn't like this in Cleveland
I know
Remember those guys in Scotland?
What about New York?
Boston?
Oh, look at this guy
I know

(Hi girls, what's happening?)
Not you!
Well
Hey dog get away from me
Oh yuck
Ooh
Hey Lita what time is it?
Oh, ah... quarter to three
Guess I should go home
I gotta get up early, photo session
Photo session?
God I hate 'em
I wanna go do something, ya know
I still feel like doing something
Why don't we go over to Phreddie's house and watch
TV with him?
What, Mary Hartman?
Oh yeah
That was on four hours ago
We can tell our mother
We can tell our mother
We're gonna stay at Joan's
Yeah
I want some beer

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