

## **Reed Lou "Starlight"**

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Starlight open wide, starlight open up you door  
This is New York calling with movies on 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 Eddie 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  
And will give you 2 movies and a painting  
Starlight open wide !

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