

# The 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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