

Coachmen

"Hollywood"

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How can it be that I could be lost againâ€”
Here in a town of yesterday's desperate men â€”
All dressed up to go for the final scene â€”
Here comes the dread, they fed you in last night's
dream â€”â€”

She's got too much class for the likes of me
[I'll stay but don't make me nervous]
Lost in the haze of yesterday's memory
[Don't think that you don't deserve it]
Crying all the way to the bank on the bullet train
[But crying don't get you nowhere]
I must be the only man that they couldn't frame â€”â€”

I couldn't see the enemy till he was close behind
Waltzing blind, through my mind
And if the lights should freeze, oh please
don't make it him or me, then we'll see

This city is a monument to bad taste and vain
[Hooray for Hollywood, break out the search lights
above]
But I couldn't tear myself away so I can't complain
[Send out the substitutes, tonight we'll be making love]
Crawling in deaf and dumb for the loser's ball
[Keys to the house on the hill and the thrill of it all]
Sinking in a tidal wave of alcohol

How could I miss it's come to this Hollywood's final
scene
Make it clean
And if the lights should freeze, oh please
don't make it him or me, then we'll see

I couldn't see the enemy till he was close behind
Waltzing blind, through my mind
Look out below this heart will blow in Hollywood style
tonight
It don't seem right
And if the lights should freeze, don't make it him or
me, then we'll see

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