

The Dictators

"Dark Hollywood"

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Dark deep in the trenches
Along in the alley jumpin fences
Hard rain fall bangs a beat on tin roof
Black brick from wall to wall
Wet reflection makes the streetlights fall
Cast comfort on a sprawlin spook
Dark deep a man of the street
Calls the neon city his home
Place without sequence
Make my brother squeamish
Looming urban towers
Electrical post pumping power

Steady beat falling deep in the city streets
Black midnight puts up a fight against the break of day
Sunrise knocks out night with an uppercut
And the sun sucks up soaked streets while the clouds
fly away

The starless sky is dark
And the Hollywood streets are dark
And it's dark in the Hollywood hills
As the late grey night moves on...

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