

# Somewhere In Hollywood

10cc

Down on the casting couch  
A star is gonna be born  
A star with the stature of a Harlow  
Who's doomed  
And groomed to enrapture  
All her co-stars, and stuntmen, the co-stars  
Oh, let there be lights, action, sound  
Lights, action, sound - Roll 'em! Out in the mezzanine  
On the arm of a dumb marine  
Her beauty looks out like a trailer  
Norman Mailer  
Waits to nail her  
He's under the bed  
And he's waiting for her to be dead  
He's out on the patio  
With his polaroid and scenario  
And he's armed and he's dangerously... Close was the weather  
When I was a kid  
She gave me a feather from her gown  
To cool me down, to cool me down  
And I was the galley slave  
Who lost his heart when the ship went down Lights, action, sound  
Roll 'em! I had a part in the talkies  
When you were a little girl  
I've taken Lassie for walkies  
When she was the pup that Vaudeville threw up  
And destiny lead her  
Hand in paw to somewhere  
In Hollywood That's crazy, a dog up in Beverly Hills  
Crazy, crazy La, la, la, la... (You better lie low)

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