Sunset Boulevard

City Boy

Broughton-Mason-ThomasNo... No golden mile
Or flashing cameras, the ritzy style
Just ... just scrap book smiles.
There's no need to hurry, when all she has is time
She, she, she, she's going home
Between the pagodas and always aloneDown on Sunset Boulevard, you'd sell your soul before your car is paid for.
The only laughing sound you hear, from blind men cause they hold no fear of darkness
With every flashing theatre light, a startled welcome through the night is glowing.
But every mother's son is dead, they choked upon the daily bread they prayed for.
Friends... friends pass on by.
She gives a performance, they call it a lie.
Only ... only late at night.
She still sees the traces of the city lightsSun Sun ... Sun ... Sunset Boulevard, the devil can take her, she's been there before
By the broken ballistrade, an idol from another age is swaying
Softly singing Gershwin songs, but every other note is wrong and straining.
And once again her glass is dry, the bedroom mirror cannot lie forever
For down on Sunset Boulevard they've lived too long and laughed too hard to love herThe telephone is ringing ... but there's no reply
A gramophone is singing ... sweetly out of time.
And in the hall, screaming for the final scene ...
Passing through their eyes, peering for the view.
With her name in lights, The lady's news.
And in her sleep they call her... loving every smile
Lining every street to see her . . . starry eyed and wild.
Again she wakes, screaming for the final scene.
Passing through their eyes, peering for the view.
With her name in lights, The lady's news.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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