

Sedona

Houndmouth

Red sandstone it fell,
Right smack on top of Sedona Arabella
When John Ford said won't you hop on in,
And the stagecoach baby gonna take you for a spin, oh oh...oh ohHey Little Hollywood
You're gone but you're not forgotten...
You got the cash but your credit's no good
You flipped the script, and shot the plot
I remember I remember when your neon used to burn so bright and pink
A Saturday night kind of pinkThe black list and its hosts
Came down so swift, and you drove'em to the coast
We're going California but we're all out of work
I guess that's better than a grave and a hearse, oh oh...oh ohHey Little Hollywood
You're gone but you're not forgotten
You got the cash but your credit's no good
You flipped the script, and shot the plot
I remember, I remember when your neon used to burn so bright and pink
A Saturday night kind of pinkThere'll be devils in a rush
His duct tape makes you hush
Hey there Sedona let me cut you a deal,
I'm a little hung over and I may have to steal your soul oh oh...oh ohHey Little Hollywood
You're gone but you're not forgotten
You got the cash but your credit's no good
You flipped the script, and shot the plot
I remember, I remember when your neon used to burn so bright and pink
A Saturday night kind of pink

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