

Hollywood Crusin'

The Runaways

(Kim Fowley/Jackie Fox/Joan Jett)

Hey foxy' come here

He's too old, Jackie

Probably doesn't know what it's like anymore

Hey Lita, I feel so, um, you know

I know

Let's go to Hollywood and party all night

Really, it's Saturday night

We'll park at 7-Eleven and walk down the street

And look for some beef

Hollywood, it felt so good

Oh look at this guy coming down here

All right

Two of 'em

Hollywood it felt so good

One for you and one for me

Oh, oh

My God look at that turkey, he's wearin' a

Just look at him

Oh no

He's comin' this way

Hey

Come on sweetie

(verbal exchange)

No, no, no, no you're too old

Yeah you're too old, too old

Bye, bye

Hey, you have an extra cigarette?

(All out)

Oh well

He stunk like alcohol

Yeah I know

Where are all the guys tonight?

I don't know

Sure wasn't like this in Cleveland

I know

Remember those guys in Scotland?

What about New York?

Boston?
Oh, look at this guy
I know
(Hi girls, what's happening?)
Not you!
Well
Hey dog get away from me
Oh yuck
Ooh
Hey Lita what time is it?
Oh, ah... quarter to three
Guess I should go home
I gotta get up early, photo session
Photo session?
God I hate 'em
I wanna go do something, ya know
I still feel like doing something
Why don't we go over to Phreddie's house and watch TV with him?
What, Mary Hartman?
Oh yeah
That was on four hours ago
We can tell our mother
We can tell our mother
We're gonna stay at Joan's
Yeah
I want some beer

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