

# Hollywood

## Satchel

Whenever I  
Walk on your breath  
I'd hope you'd remember  
    Every word I said  
Yea, some by the way have died  
    And that's trouble with art  
    Playin' in affairs of the heart  
    And Hollywood  
Is so temperamental, my dear  
    Where are they now?  
All of your friends have fallen by the wayside, my dear  
    They've all gone home  
    Whenever I lay down  
    Hoping to remember anything  
To prove that she was ever around  
    I feel that I would fall into  
    A failed haze, for all  
    But out here they don't want me  
    Back at home they don't want you  
    Out here I have found  
    Where the trees are green  
(Tell you what we've seen in the meantimeâ€¦)

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