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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