

Camera One

Josh Joplin Group

The sandy-haired son of Hollywood
Lost his faith in all that's good
Closed the curtain, unplugged the clock
Hung his clothes on the shower rod
But he never got undressed
And no, he never made a mess It's funny how life turns out
The odds of faith in the face of doubt
Camera One closes in
The soundtrack starts, the scene begins You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
Take a bow, take a bow The trophy wife from Palisades
Whose yearbook beauty never fades
Sits and watches the sea fold in
And wonders what might have been
If she could ever have the chance
Would she do it all again? It's funny how life turns out
The odds of faith in the face of doubt
Camera One closes in
The soundtrack starts, the scene begins You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now
Take a bow, take a bow On the corner by his streets
He sits in his lawn chair in the heat
Sightseers see what they want
He's selling star-maps to the sun The sandy-haired son of Hollywood
Lost his faith in all that's good
Closed the curtain, unplugged the clock
Hung his clothes on the shower rod
But he didn't get undressed
And no, he didn't seem depressed It's funny how life turns out
The odds of faith in the face of doubt
Camera One closes in
The soundtrack starts, the scene begins You're playing you now
You're playing you now

You're playing you now
You're playing you now
You're playing you now You're playing you now
You're playing you now
Take a bow, take a bow
Take a bow, take a bow

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