

# Eric Dill, Postcards From Hollywood

I'm all alone somewhere in Hollywood  
The dream's alive and doing well  
It's a little skinny but it sure looks good  
Sometimes your dreams are hard to sell  
And it's hard to breathe when you're out of air  
It's hard to think when you just don't care  
The lights are bright in Hollywood  
They shine out somewhere, not right here  
I left my heart somewhere in Hollywood  
And that's okay, I won't need it anyway  
We don't get too close out here, that's understood  
And I kinda like it, I might stay  
But it's hard to breathe when you're out of air  
And it's hard to think when you just don't care  
And the lights are bright in Hollywood  
They shine out somewhere, but not right here  
I'm sending postcards home from Hollywood  
I'll be fine, yeah it's all good  
'Cause you learn to breathe when you're out of air  
And you learn to think when no one cares  
And the lights are bright in Hollywood  
They shine out somewhere, right here  
Right here