## Josh Jopling Group, Camera One

The sandy haired son of hollywood Lost his faith in all thats 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

Its funny how life turns out

The odds of faith in the face of doubt

Camera one closes in

The soundtrack starts

The scene begins

Youre 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?

Its funny how life turns out

The odds of faith in the face of doubt

Camera one closes in

The soundtrack starts

The scene begins

Youre playing you now

Take a bow

Take a bow

On the corner

By his streets

He sits in his lawnchair

In the heat

Sightseers see

What they want

Theyre selling star-maps

To the sun

The sunny-haired son of hollywood

Lost his faith in all thats good

Closed the curtain, unplugged the clock

Hung his clothes on the shower rod

But he didnt get undressed

And no, he didnt seem depressed

Its funny how life turns out

The odds of faith in the face of doubt

Camera one closes in

The soundtrack starts

The scene begins

Youre playing you now

Youre playing you now Youre playing you now

Take a bow

Take a bow

Take a bow Take a bow