

10CC, Somewhere In Hollywood

Down on the casting couch
A star is gonna be born
A star with the stature of a Harlow
Who's doomed
And groomed to enrapture
All her co-stars, and stuntmen, the co-stars
Oh, let there be lights, action, sound
Lights, action, sound - Roll 'em!

Out in the mezzanine
On the arm of a dumb marine
Her beauty looks out like a trailer
Norman Mailer
Waits to nail her
He's under the bed
And he's waiting for her to be dead
He's out on the patio
With his polaroid and scenario
And he's armed and he's dangerously....

Close was the weather
When I was a kid
She gave me a feather from her gown
To cool me down, to cool me down
And I was the galley slave
Who lost his heart when the ship went down

Lights, action, sound
Roll 'em

I had a part in the talkies
When you were a little girl
I've taken Lassie for walkies
When she was the pup that Vaudeville threw up
And destiny lead her
Hand in paw to somewhere
In Hollywood

That's crazy, a dog up in Beverly Hills
Crazy, crazy

La, la, la, la, la.... (You better lie low)