## Lou Reed, Starlight

Starlight open wide, starlight open up you door This is New York calling with movies on the street Movies with real people, what you get is what you see Starlight open wide, Andy's Cecil B. DeMille

Come on L.A. give us a call We've got superstars who talk, they'll do anything at all Ingrid, Viva, Little Joe, Baby Jane, and Eddie S. But you better call us soon before we talk ourselves to death

Starlight open wide everybody is a star Split screen 8-hour movies, we've got color, we've got sound Won't you recognize us, we're everything you hate Andy loves old Hollywood movies, he'll scare you hypocrites to death

You know that shooting up's for real That person who's screaming, that's the way he really feels We're all improvising, five movies in a week If Hollywood doesn't call us, we'll be sick

Starlight open wide, do to movies what you did to art Can you see beauty in ugliness, or is it playing in the dirt There are stars out on the New York streets, we want to capture them on film But if no one wants to see them, we'll make another and another

Starlight let us in that magic room We've all dreamt of Hollywood, it can't happen too soon Won't you give us a million dollars the rent is due And will give you 2 movies and a painting Starlight open wide!