

Manfred Mann, Hollywood Town

Down, down in Hollywood town,
The lost and found come to find their way,
Walking outside, feelings they hide,
Putting their pride through well known paces,
Stepping on stars and shining on cars,
Passing by, their heads are high,
But their hearts are low down,
Dragging as they go,
Reaching out to those other faces.

Down, down in Hollywood town,
The good time sounds are heard all day,
But the night time's coming, you're on your own,
Looking for a place someone to share with,
Waiting in queues to hear the blues,
To find a way from the emptiness,
To be found inside of those who try,
To climb to the image of the TV good guy.

Stranger I know you,
We learned to walk together,
Lovers, wondering whether we really are.
I'd like to show you images of sister brother
Standing off from one another but not very far.

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