

# Sunday's Best, Our Left Coast Ambitions

Sell off your fables, stitch on their labels, I don't mind.

Hooray for Hollywood,  
The drinks are free and the handshakes mean your good. Hooray  
Parade around the room,  
where finger-points mean your singing the same tune.  
You've impressed all the suits.

You can re-shoot these scenes,  
rewrite the place and time.  
Did you forget the things?  
They're always on my mind.  
Give it time.

Hooray for the brand new you,  
just another fool who lines the avenue. Hooray for gratitude....  
Now you're nobody's news,  
came all this way and no closer to the truth. Hooray for attitude...