

The Wallflowers, Hollywood

You talk so loud, you talk so much and you talk so funny,
But honey, what are you talkin' about ?
Something 'bout being, being reimbursed
For every unregistered virus.

Drainpipes are filled up with dirty rain,
And the leisure train is speeding in the diamond lane.
With electricity shut off again
Leaving the night-life only for the madmen.

Oh my God
They've sold Hollywood,
Burned down my neighborhood,
Even shot Robin Hood.

An' oh my God,
I guess it was never understood,
To understand brotherhood
Right from wrong
And the bad from the good.

Well, everybody's got their own smoke-screens
With personal armies for everyone in between.
With plastic rifles given to every team
What a beautiful dream, even bullets have guarantees.

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There's the sweetest evil image detector
As sweet as nectar, an overrated candy dispenser.
She don't give food to eat or anybody, anyplace to sleep,
But she can tell you, what you can and what you can't create.

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