

Starlight

John Cale

Starlight open wide
Starlight open up your 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 got superstars who talk, they'll do anything at all
Ingrid, Viva, Little Joe, Baby Jane, and Eddie S.
But you'd better call us soon before we talk ourselves to death

Starlight open wide
Everybody is a star
Split screen eight hour movies
We got color, we got sound
Won't you recognize us?
We're everything you hate
And he 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 playin' in the dirt?
There are stars out on the New York streets
We wanna capture them on film
But if no one wants to see 'em
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's due
Andy will give you two movies and a painting
Starlight open wide!