

Old Hollywood

Julian Casablancas

In old Hollywood, proud and gray
All of the ghosts gathered 'round the TV

We can argue all that you like
We can argue until we fight
But the loser may have been right

Glamorous, black and white
Zoning out, most the night

Why do we end up imitating
All the ones that we once were hating?
Men are clumsy, violent fools
Women are a delicate pool of flowers and cobras

Short story long
I put it in a song
As the TV was shouting on

Because being quiet can sometimes
Be more powerful than being right
You could try it

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