Hollywood

Michael Nesmith

The sun that's falling from the Southwestern sky
Tells me that I must depart
So by sundown today, I'll be on my way
But I'll be leaving my heart

It's not the countryside that appealed to my heart
It's the spirit and it captured my mind
But the things I tried to be made a wreck out of me
Now a different road I must find

These things I think are new
I guess they're really old
It seems I've done 'em once before
Now to go back to that fork in the road
Takes all the strength of my soul and more

Oh, good-bye, good-bye you cruel town
You've been a fair-weather friend
Now I will go to someplaces that I know
Where things don't start just to end

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