

## DANGEROUS TOWN

Seventeen, junior prom queen, slips out the backdoor, carefully closing the screen.  
All she owns, in a brown paper bag...rolled up with a curling iron, and some trash

Hollywood rag.

Takes a Greyhound, Chicago to L.A. She knows that she's a star... not just another  
runaway...

But, what you gonna do when the sun goes down?  
Hasn't anyone told you it's a dangerous town at night?  
Who you gonna see when the morning comes?  
You can't chase a dream when you're on the run, from your life.

Now she's a major film star, of the Polaroid set.  
Another pretty face, they'll soon forget.  
Dancing in the clubs and posing for these men.  
Til the agency calls. It's just a means to an end.

But, what you gonna do when the sun goes down?  
Hasn't anyone told you it's a dangerous town at night?  
Who you gonna see when the morning comes?  
You can't chase a dream when you're on the run for your life.

Now it's four in the morning, should have listened to the warning...  
That voice inside your head...

Now she's not too aware of the perils of the street.  
A little too trusting of everyone she meets.  
On Sunset Boulevard, or the Walkway of the Stars...  
Wondering who's behind the wheels of those window tinted cars.  
It's a place where dreams are broken, it's a place where they are made.  
And now your success is measured by how much you got paid, today.  
(There's got to be a better way.)

Manager says, he's got no money to lend.  
But, it's worth a hundred and fifty, "if you entertain my friend."  
"He's just like you, he's from out of town. "  
"And needs a little company, someone to show him around."

What you gonna do when the lights go out?  
Will anyone hear when you scream and shout?  
Run from a knife, don't argue with a gun.  
Life on the street's not too much fun anymore.

What you gonna do when the sun goes down?  
Hasn't anyone told you it's a dangerous town at night?

Who you gonna see when the morning comes?  
You can't chase a dream when your on the run for your life.

And it's four in the morning, should have listened to the warning...  
That voice inside your head...That voice inside your head.  
And the morning papers read...  
A yound girl was found dead.....

Words & Music by Bobby Brennan ©2006 all rights reserved