

Long Way To Hollywood

Hank Williams Jr.

Oh babe, I hate to leave you here
Down in this one horse town
Where the train runs through
Your early mornin' dreams
Just to leave that ol' wailin' sound

Oh, but I'm comin' back, I will return
Now woman, you wait for me
I'm bound to travel the U.S.A.
From the desert unto the sea

I've got another song about the South
You know it's white now and it's black
There ain't no banjo on my knee
But that song is still on my back

It's a long, long way to Hollywood
And it's a short, short chance for fame
All them slicks people talkin' back home
But I'll make it just the same
Oh, I'll make it just the same

I've got a new song for all them old people
Hoverin' down in the Georgia night
Lord, I know their wings are heavy now
'Coz they been on a lonesome flight

All them poor old depression people, babe
You know they took a might heavy load
All the children, kinfolks, cousins too
Still walkin' down Tobacco Road

Well, if you'll tell me about Hank Williams, Lord
They're clingin' onto his fame
I'm of the same race, I'm from the same place
Got the same lonesome blood in my veins

It's a long, long way to Hollywood
And it's a short, short chance for fame
All them slicks people talkin' down home
But I'll make it just the same
Oh, I'll make it just the same

It's a long, long way to Hollywood
And it's a short, short chance for fame