

Hollywood

Lee Ann Womack

Morning cup of coffee
Not a single word
And if you do say something
It's only about work

Every time I ask you
You just say, "we're good"
Either I'm a fool for asking
Or you belong in Hollywood

5 o'clock martinis
Watch the sun go down (sun go down)
Ice in crystal glasses
That's the only sound

I say, "let's get away"
You just smile and say, "we should"
Well, either I'm a fool for asking
Or you belong in Hollywood

Like the silver screen
It's a technicolor dream
We pretend it's real
But it's only make-believe

Lying in our bed
In the middle of Act Two
We say, "goodnight, I love you"
We never miss our cue

I ask you if you mean it (you mean it)
You say, "Yes", I knew you would
Well, either I'm a fool for asking
Or you belong in Hollywood

Either I'm a fool for asking
Or you belong in Hollywood