

# Hotel Of The White Locust

Glassjaw

Welcome to Hollywood Girl  
My dance has passed

Welcome to Hollywood girl  
Wake the fuck up in Hollywood whore  
Combine the throbbin' in my head  
With the rhythm of my fucking feet

Say a novena for all those lost  
And read the bloodstains on the sheets  
I've whored myself for less than this  
And I've prayed to appear to fed

As I knelt on my pillow God  
I clenched the fucking fists  
And banged my head

Who could ever, who the fuck could ever  
Take the place of me?  
Who could ever, who the fuck could ever  
Take the place of me?

Now I kiss up to God my fists  
And I pray to keep my head  
Though I like your pretty eyes better blackened  
And my fists all fucking red

Through sickness and health  
I've kissed up to God two years, I have focused  
On the cameos made by the tiger  
In the valley of the fucking locust

Who could ever, who the fuck could ever  
Take the place of me?  
Who could ever, who the fuck could ever  
No one can the place of me?

Wipe, wipe off your mouth  
Get up off your knees and make me your God  
Who could ever, who the fuck could ever?  
It's sexual debauchery you fucking cunt  
You fucking whore, you cost what you're worth

Followed by a boy like this  
Reignited by all your visits  
As long as your mouth is shut  
You'll still be fuckin' beautiful

Pack your shit and leave  
And take my memories of her with you  
(I don't need to know)  
Pack your shit and leave  
And take my memories of her with you  
(I don't need to know)

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(I don't need to know)  
Pack your shit and leave  
And take my memories of her with you  
(I don't need to know)  
And take her fucking with you