

# Hollywood

Lucy Pearl

Hollywood, I don't agree  
Well what you want me to be  
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Well what you want me to be

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What you want me to be

Where is the money, honey?  
I swear I've asked that question a thousand times  
They use ya, rip through your soul  
While they funk with your mind anxious

For the fame that you dream all about, fool ya  
Fame is gone ain't no one to be found

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Like a cheating man's mission  
They take you out commission  
Suck you dry and then move onto the next  
Fill your head with stardom promises

Make their money then they leave you for dead  
Still believing the ones who are deceiving  
Got ya starvin' while they already ate  
Sign your life on the dotted line  
'Stead of giving all the money they make

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Hollywood  
Hollywood  
Hollywood

Hollywood just, it's a place for me  
Hollywood just, it's a place for me  
Hollywood just, it's a place for me  
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