

Hollywood

Lucy Pearl

Hollywood, I don't agree
Well what you want me to be
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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 just, it's a place for me
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