

Hollywood Whore

Papa Roach

Hollywood whore
Passed out on the floor
I'm sorry but the party's over

Cocaine nose and trendy clothes
Gotta send her to rehab
She found out she's got no soul
But it really doesn't bother her

White trash queen, American dream
Oh what a role model
Throwing a fit, making a scene
Like no tomorrow

Hollywood whore
Passed out on the floor
Can't take it no more
I'm sorry but the party's over

The talk of the town
And she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over
No-o-ow

Awake by noon, drunk by four
Sucked up in the showbiz
Your so lame, your such a bore
I wanna kick your teeth in

Plastic smile to match your style
We can tell you got a face lift
You're so vain, you're so vile
You're a number one hit

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The talk of the town,
And she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over

The cameras are gone
And nobody screams
She couldn't survive her fifteen minutes of fame

Her friends are all gone,
She's going insane
She'll never survive without the money and fame

It's all going down the drain

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Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
No-o-ow

Ha-ha-ha
Don't let the door hit ya where the good lord split ya honey
Ha-ha-ha