

# Hollywood Ending

Sleater-Kinney

You stay until you're good and raw  
Back and forth a little see-saw  
Hoping that this ride will end  
When it does you go again

Can't get that monster out of my mind  
She's got my hair and she's got my eyes  
She follows me wherever I go  
Speaking for me and wearing my clothes

You hang until your hands are sore  
Blistering you still want more  
You think there's something here for you  
Go out and buy yourself a clue

Can't get that monster out of my mind  
She's got my hair and she's got my eyes  
She follows me wherever I go  
Speaking for me and wearing my clothes

In Hollywood where all the lights are low  
And the truth is as rare and as the winter snow  
She wanted a place arid as her soul  
Where the only job was never to grow old

When the lights are shining will you see my skin?  
Or just the shell that I'm packaged in  
I've held my tongue and I've, I've hid my sores  
If I'm less of myself will you love me more?

In Hollywood where all the lights are low lights

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She wanted a place arid as her soul  
Come on now let's go