

Hollywood (Remastered)

Shooting Star

She grew up reading every magazine
Of rags to riches worlds
She lost her heart to do the American dream
Of HollywoodShe used to dream about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stageShe left the boring world she knew at home
And made her star struck way
But something there was lost along the road
To HollywoodShe used to dream about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stageBut these days she hits the strip tonight
All the names in lights, and the games to play
She speeds around and drives uptown
And pulls out all the stops, she'll hit the top someday
Loves New York and California nights
And the glamor life of the celluloid stageShe takes advantage of her long blond hair
Lord I know it's so damn true
We used to sit and talk she'd hold my hand
She'd hold my handShe used to love me
I used to love her gentle waysBut these days she hits the strip at night
All the names in lights, and the games to play
She speeds around and drives uptown
And pulls out all the stops
She'll hit the top someday, someday
She's got the face and the lips and the legs
That fit mid-America's apple pie ways
Sells herself to the producer's couch
Feeling down and out on the streets of L.A.
And while she's down she's fun to walk on
Until she's dead, they all wonder why
The applause is not for her but for the silver screen
And manufactured dreams to make you cry
So come on give us one more, come on, one more time
Before the hitting the bars on the boulevardAnd never fear everyone's a star in HollywoodShe used to dream
about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stage

Songwriters

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