

Burn, Hollywood, Burn

Exodus

Land of enchantment and fake reality
Where they put in vitro breeding machines
On the cover of a magazine
Trailer trash and human freaks
They grab their minute of fame
And still the puppets watch
And everybody knows the names
That's why I say Burn, Hollywood, burn
When it's dead and gone we'll never miss a thing
Burn, Hollywood, burn
No more rotten to the core little sweet sixteens
Burn. Hollywood, burn
Time's running out on their minute of fame
Let's douse the fire by pissing on the flames So young, bitch and famous
Hotel heiress, glamor queen
The only reason we know your name
Is bad night vision pornography
From the "real" housewives of Botox hills
To the cunts of Bel-Aire
You can't look away from the cathode ray
Why does anybody fucking care Burn, Hollywood, burn
When it's dead and gone we'll never miss a thing
Burn, Hollywood, burn
No more rotten to the core little sweet sixteens
Burn. Hollywood, burn
Time's running out on their minute of fame
Let's douse the fire by pissing on the flames

Songwriters

GARY HOLT Published by

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