

Hollywood Whore

Papa Roach

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 is she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over now Awake by noon, drunk by four, sucked up in the showbiz
You're so lame, you're such a bore I wanna kick your teeth in
Plastic smile to match your style, we can tell you've got a face lift
You're so vain, oh so vile, you're a number one hit 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 is 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
Down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain Hollywood whore passed out on the floor
I'm sorry but the party's over
The talk of the town is she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over Hollywood whore passed out on the floor
I'm sorry but the party's over
The talk of the town is she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over now Don't let the door hit ya where the good lord split ya, honey

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>