

# Hollywood

## Junkyard

See the boy on the corner,  
He's only twelve years old.  
Every night he's out there doin' his best,  
To get his goodies sold.  
Cause he's gotta feed his momma,  
Gotta beat off a couple a dads.  
They just come around,  
When they feel like bangin' in the bag, yea...

(Chorus)

Aww, that's life,  
In Hollywood.  
Where what's bad,  
Just seemed to be good.  
That's life,  
In Hollywood.  
I love the place,  
Am I misunderstood?

Livin' in a junkyard,  
Livin' like a couple a thieves.  
Well I can't go to my homeboys place,  
Cause I got no gasoline.  
But if you say you're buyin',  
Then I'll have another round.  
And if you've got the money honey,  
Well I'll drink you down, yea...

(Chorus)

(Solo)

Got shootings down the freeway,  
Shootings down my street.  
Fine lookin' lady on the corner says,  
"Hey boy, I'll sell you a treat".  
Well that's my lovely city,  
That's my neighborhood.  
I live like I want to,

Not like I should, yea...

Yea... yea... yea...

(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by Kevin Fallwell.

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