

Hollywood Whore

Papa Roach

Hollywood whore passed out on the floor
I'm sorry but the party's overCocaine 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 tomorrowHollywood 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 nowAwake 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 hitHollywood 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 overThe 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 fameIt's all going down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drainHollywood 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 overHollywood 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 overWake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over nowDon't let the door hit ya where the good lord split ya, honey

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