

Eric Martin

"Hollywood Ending"

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You stay on til you're good and raw
Go back and forth, a little see saw
Praying that this ride will end
But when it does you go again

Cant get that monster
Out of my mind
Shes got my hair and
Shes got my eyes
She follows me wherever I go
Speaking for me and
Wearing my clothes

You hang on til your hands are sore
Blistering but you still want more
You think there's something here for you
Go out and buy yourself a clue

In Hollywood where all the lights are low
And truths as rare as the winter snow
She wanted a place arid as her soul
Where her only job was never to grow old

When the lights are shining
Will you see my skin
Or just the shell that
Im packaged in
Ive held my tongue
And Ive hid my sores
If Im less of myself
Will you love me more

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