

## Lamyia

# "Hollywood's Dead"

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Our kind of love,  
It was once in a lifetime.  
It couldn't last,  
It was doomed from the first time.

And you were 50's cool,  
In blue suede shoes,  
But it was a cover for,  
All of the trouble,  
You got into.

I always fall for the wrong guy,  
Things that are bad always taste nice,  
That's what girls like me do, lose you.

Don't tell me it's over!  
Don't tell me it's over!

Hollywood's dead,  
Elvis is crying,  
Vicious in flames,  
Roland is dying.

And in the light, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.  
Say goodbye, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.

This kind of life,  
Wasn't meant for the good girl.  
Try as I might,  
In the end it's a cruel world.

And you are living proof,  
Sinatra aloof,  
That you were an actor,  
Who only went after,  
The ones who swooned.

I always fall for the same type,  
Gangsters in Vegas on game night,

That's what girls like me like,  
The limelight.

Don't tell me it's over!  
Don't tell me it's over!

Hollywood's dead,  
Elvis is crying,  
Marilyn's sad,  
Hendrix is lying there.

In the light, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.  
Say goodbye, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.

If you should go,  
Before me then know,  
That I always loved you,  
There's no one above you, baby.

Don't tell me it's over!  
Don't tell me it's over!

Hollywood's dead,  
Elvis is crying,  
Lennon wake up,  
Cobain stop lying there.

In the light, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.  
Say goodbye, you're,  
Sickeningly beautiful.

Say goodnight, you're,  
So beautiful!

Hollywood's dead,  
Hollywood's dead,  
Hollywood's dead, yeah.  
Hollywood's dead,  
Hollywood's dead,  
Hollywood's dead, yeah.

(Cut)!

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