

Connie Francis "Hollywood"

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Whose jalopy is covered with junk
But don't have any money for lunch?
It's Hollywood, it's Hollywood

Who's the local star
With the big, fine car?
It's Hollywood

Who wears the shady glasses after dark?
Who tries to talk the little girlie's into parking?
It's Hollywood, Hollywood

Who's the local yokel with
The horn rimmed bifocals?
It's Hollywood
Go, go, go

Who else would hold a cigarette like that?
Who else would wear a little Frenchy's hat?
No one but Hollywood, Hollywood

Who thinks he's been around
But ain't never been out of town?
It's Hollywood

I'll give you just one little guess
At who old Hollywood's trying to impress
You're right, it's Hollywood, Hollywood

Who's that farmer
Who think he's a charmer?
It's Hollywood

Yeah, it's Hollywood all right
Here Hollywood, here's a quarter
Go buy yourself some, ah, continental pants
Ascot, cigarette holder etc, etc

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