

Papa Roach "Hollywood Whore"

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Hollywood whore, passed out on the floor
I'm sorry but the party's over

Cocaine 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 tomorrow

Hollywood 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 now!

Awake by noon, drunk by four
Sucked up in the showbiz
Your so lame, your such a bore
I wanna kick your teeth in
Plastic smile to match your style
We can tell you got a face lift
Your so vein, oh so vile
Your a number one hit

Hollywood 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,
And she's going down
I'm sorry but the party's over

The 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 fame
It's all going down the drain... (down the drain... down
the drain... down the drain... down the drain)

Hollywood 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 over

Hollywood 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 over

Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over
Wake up, the party's over now

(Hahaha!) don't let the door hit ya where the
Good lord split ya honey! (hahahaha!)

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