

Shooting Star "Hollywood"

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She grew up reading every magazine
Of rags to riches worlds
She lost her heart to do
The American dream of Hollywood

She used to dream about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stage

She left the boring world she knew at home
And made her star struck way
But something there
Was lost along the road to Hollywood

She used to dream about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stage

But these days she hits the strip tonight
All the names in lights and the games to play
She speeds around and drives uptown
And pulls out all the stops, she'll hit the top someday

Loves New York and California nights
And the glamor life of the celluloid stage

She takes advantage of her long blonde hair
Lord I know it's so damn true
We used to sit and talk she'd hold my hand
She'd hold my hand

She used to love me
I used to love her gentle ways

But these days she hits the strip at night
All the names in lights, and the games to play
She speeds around and drives uptown
And pulls out all the stops

She'll hit the top someday, someday
She's got the face and the lips and the legs
That fit mid-America's apple pie ways
Sells herself to the producer's couch

Feeling down and out on the streets of L.A.
And while she's down she's fun to walk on
Until she's dead, they all wonder why
The applause is not for her but for the silver screen

And manufactured dreams to make you cry
So come on give us one more, come on, one more time
Before the hitting the bars on the boulevard
And never fear everyone's a star in Hollywood

She used to dream about love
Her youth was lived out like on a stage

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