

# Hollywood Whore

Papa Roach

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  
And she's going down  
I'm sorry but the party's over  
No-o-ow

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  
You're so vain, you're so vile  
You're 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

Hollywood whore  
Passed out on the floor  
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

Hollywood whore  
Passed out on the floor  
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

Wake up, the party's over  
Wake up, the party's over  
Wake up, the party's over  
Wake up, the party's over  
No-o-ow

Ha-ha-ha  
Don't let the door hit ya where the good lord split ya honey  
Ha-ha-ha