

Hollywood

Ruston Kelly

I hate this bar, I hate this town
I always find you in this crowd
Whiskey double, ginger back
Numb me up before I crack
The day's been just a losing fight
Drunk in Hollywood tonight
You got me in the palm of your hands
And maybe I will lose who I am
'Cause they're only hanging on by a string
You ain't ready to cut me free
Got me in the palm of your hands

Baby, all your words, they kill
And I've run out of all these pills
I'm getting thinner, getting tired
I give an inch, you take a mile
And I can't keep going back and forth
Real love ain't no swingin' door
You got me in the palm of your hands
And maybe I will lose who I am
'Cause they're only hanging on by a string
You ain't ready to cut me free
Got me in the palm of your hands

You shot this plane, it's goin' down
I hate this bar, I hate this town