

# Bruce Springsteen, Hollywood Kids

They're the Hollywood kids each and every one  
With a high class smile and a little baby's tongue  
Lonely hard head losers dressed in the tinsel of the times  
And learn all the latest lines and the order in which they come  
So perfumed sweet and so obscene  
Like the fancy dancers of our dirty green  
Oh they knew hello and good bye but not what goes in between  
Yea and its such a scene on Saturday night

Fifth avenue freaks strait off the racks  
They swear you can buy and sell your soul on a good dat outside

They're the Hollywood kids each and everyone  
And on Sunday back into their holes they run  
And on Monday here I stand alone on this littered stage like an animal who  
forgot he was in a cage  
Just a restless soul  
Just waiting for 'em to come  
They're Hollywood kids each and everyone