

# Papa Roach, Hollywood Whore

Hollywood whore  
passed out on the floor  
I'm sorry but the party's over  
Cocain nose, trendy clothes  
Gotta send her to rehab  
She found out she's got no soul  
But it really doesn't bother her  
White dress queen  
American dream  
Or won her own medal?  
Thowing 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 now  
Right bout noon  
Sucked up into showbiz  
Your so late  
Your such a whore  
I wanna get your ticket

Plastic smile to match your style  
We can tell you got a face lift  
Your so vain, 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 partys over

The cameras all gone  
And nobody screams  
She couldn't survive her 15 minutes of fame  
Her friends are all gone  
She's going insane  
She'll never survive all 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 partys 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 parties over  
Wake up!  
The party's over  
Wake Up!  
The party's over

Wake Up!  
The party's over now!