

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!