

Chaka Khan, Hollywood

He's on his way
He's goin' to hollywood
He's bussin' it to hollywood
Show him the way
He's movin' to hollywood
He's hoppin' it to hollywood

(where you goin' child?)
(where you goin' now)

He's waited at bus stops all his life
He's been in and out of those spaces
Seein' eyes that spoke to him
From sad and gifted places
Sad and gifted places

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(where you goin' now)
(what'cha doin' child?)
(where you goin' now?)

You know he's gonna be dressed to kill
He's gonna find some brand new thrills
Whatever he's been looking for
Tell him that there's so much more
In hollywood, hollywood

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(where you goin' now)
(what'cha doin' child?)
(where you goin' yeah)

Painted faces, sunburnt skin
Fixed expressions, smiles worn thin
Caught in the blink of neon of hollywood
Bending battles, maneuvering schemes
False expressions, washed up dreams
Everybody makes believe
In hollywood, hollywood

(oh child what'cha doin'?)
(what'cha doin' now?)
(what'cha been' doin'?)

I say, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Uh huh, I say, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Hollywood, uh huh, uh, in hollywood
Uh huh, hollywood, hollywood, hollywood yeah yeah
Uh huh, hollywood, hollywood, yeah yeah yeah yeah
Oh oh, that boy say,

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yea, yeah