

Dolly Parton, Hollywood Potters

(Dolly Parton)

Mother's hold on to your sons and you daughters
Should Hollywood claim them, you'll hold then no more
Cause they'll become claimed to the Hollywood potters
And there's no escape once they walk through that door

Hollywood, Hollywood Dungeon of Drama
Center of sorrow, city of schemes
Hollywood, Hollywood Terrace of Trauma
Palace of promises, dealer in dreams

Some, they go hungry and some go insane
Some go to the bottle and some to the vains
Some become users and some become used
And some even make it, but most never do

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You spin them around like a merry-go-round
You mold them and shape them and then throw them down
All of your glitter and all of your gold
Is that what you give in exchange for a soul
Cause they sell their soles for the likes of you
While you chew up and spit out what you cannot use

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