

Doris Day, Hooray For Hollywood

Hooray for Hollywood
That screwy, ballyhooey Hollywood
Where any office boy or young mechanic
Can be a panic, with just a goodlooking pan
Where any barmaid can be a star maid
If she dances with or without a fan
Hooray for Hollywood
Where you're terrific, if you're even good
Where anyone at all from TV's Lassie
To Monroe's chassis is equally understood
Go out and try your luck, you might be Donald Duck
Hooray for Hollywood
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That phoney, super coney Hollywood
They come from Chillicothes and Padukahs
With their bazookas to get their names up in lights
All armed with photos from local rotos
With their hair in ribbons and legs in tights
Hooray for Hollywood
You may be homely in your neighborhood
But if you think that you can an actor
See Mr. Factor, he'd make a monkey look good
With a half an hour, you'll look like Tyrone Power
Hooray for Hollywood