

Doris Day, Hooray For Hollywood

Hooray for Hollywood

That screwy, ballyhooley 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

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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

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