

# Heather Myles, Nashville's Gone Hollywood

I was raised on country: a steady dose of Haggard an' Jones.  
Conway and Loretta, were always on the radio.  
But everythin' has changed since then, they say it's for the good.  
But I think it's a cryin' shame Nashville's gone Hollywood.

You won't need a steel guitar in your watered down rock 'n roll.  
An' you might even find yourself on the cover of The Rolling Stone.  
You'll be lookin' mighty fine in your designer clothes.  
An' you won't need the Opry; you'll be singin' on Jay Leno.

They'll put you in the movies,  
You'll have your video.  
An' if you're young an' sexy,  
You'll be rollin' in the dough.  
You'll sell a million records,  
Oh, that must mean you're good.  
Move on over, Ernest Tubb,  
Nashville's gone Hollywood.

I'm still giggin' on Broadway, makin' rounds on Music Row.  
Hopin', maybe someday, I'll hear my song on the radio.  
But they say I'm too country: I wouldn't change it if I could.  
'Cause I think it's a cryin' shame Nashville's gone Hollywood.

They'll put you in the movies,  
You'll have your video.  
An' if you're young an' sexy,  
You'll be rollin' in the dough.  
You'll sell a million records,  
Oh, that must mean you're good.  
Move on over, Ernest Tubb,  
Nashville's gone Hollywood.

Yeah, move on over, Ernest Tubb,  
Nashville's gone Hollywood.