Silverchair, Hollywood

In the middle of the side of the road
I'm a cynical baby
So your god fell in love with the war
Well he's only your god
I'm the first male lesbian
I feel less being jaded
The gayest straight boy that you'll ever meet
And I meet everyone only not in the flesh
Easy, hopeless admiration of a Hollywood home
Easy, hopeless admiration...
We're living in, we're living in a Hollywood home
We're living in, we're living in a Hollywood hole
We're living in, we're living in a Hollywood home
We're living in...
In the middle of the side of the road
I'm a cynical baby
So your god fell on love with the war
Well he's only your god (and you're new)
Heads tied to a rolling sculpture
Limp feet proceede to hold me up
We're living in, we're living in a Hollywood home
We're living in, we're living in a Hollywood hole
Now that you've come home