The Pink Spiders, Hollywood Fix

Back in Hollywood today Technicolor turned to gray Altered senses were the primary impulse Drinking whiskey every day Smoking second thoughts away A skipping record was a secondary pulse

And I'm tired but, I'm not sleeping 'Cause there's so much noise, and binge drinking But they all came back like we knew they would You gotta get your fix down in Hollywood

Near the dancing silhouettes
Aaron stole some cigarettes
Everybody knew, but no one had the proof
And as the sun was coming up
In a sea of empty cups
White suburban kids were all raising the roof

And I'm tired but, I'm not sleeping
As we chain smoke cigarettes, without thinking
And they all came back like we knew they would
You gotta get your fix down in Hollywood

Gotta love it, it's so, so dangerous Gotta love it, it's so, so scandalous Gotta love it, it's so, so infectious

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