

Hollywood  
By Owen Danoff

Everyone I know is such a goddamn liar, saying, "follow your heart"  
'Cause mine's been used up, bruised up, broken, stolen, and scarred  
So when the movie scenes and the pretty things, like puppet strings, came pulling me  
along  
I couldn't tell the right from wrong  
On this lonely Los Angeles night,  
I'll see my name on a star when I close my eyes

I'm in love with Hollywood, it's just a different state of mind  
I'm in love with Hollywood, but good love is hard to find  
'Cause it's all I want and want to be, but I try and get nowhere  
Yeah, I'm in love, but I can see, Hollywood doesn't care about me

Never in my life have I felt desire like I'm feeling it now  
If it earned me fame, I would crawl through fire, get your lighters out  
Because instead of dating an actress, or working on set, I'm awake on a mattress that's  
covered in sweat  
From the nightmares and doubts  
On this lonely Los Angeles night  
Am I living in Hell or paradise?

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Writing a screenplay while I'm working at the Exxon station  
It's about a young man in a battle with his desperation  
And there's a girl, but I still have to figure out the ending

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