

Hollywood

Car Seat Headrest

I'm sick of violence
Sick of money
Sick of drinking
Sick of drugs
Sick of fucking
Sick of staring at the ads on the bus

Hollywood makes me wanna puke
Hollywood makes me want to-

You got a face that you think
Will last as long as the sphinx
But the poster's painted over in a week if it stinks
So let the people decide
On a metro ride
Because everyone's an artist but
No one has the time, yeah

Everywhere I go I'm oppressed by these energies
Like it? Yes I love it
I hear music in my head
Is that a gun?
(You stepped in his gum)
Are my earbuds on the fritz?
There's a hiss on the bus
And it goes round

Hollywood makes me wanna puke
Hollywood makes me wanna puke
Hollywood
Hollywood
Hollywood
Hollywood

Faces form faces
Phrases come in phases
Take me to the palace
Make me think I'm famous

Okay
Hop inside!
(Come see my movie!)
Hop inside!
(Come see my movie!)
Hop inside!
(Come see my movie!)
(Catch a ride)
It's kinda groovy

You can't disengage with one single aspect
Watching from the sidelines
Supervising lines
Why don't you take what you can get?
No disruptions on the set
You're gonna wind up back home
Where your fear splits in two like Moses

Into Mansons and Monroeses
Logic and hypnosis
Good and evil
Only people
They don't talk about the
12 year olds on pills waking up in beds with big producers
I can make you famous
I can make you something

Don't go back to Oklahoma
What's in Oklahoma?
You know this is not for
Public consumption
You know nothing
This is nothing
That's the slogan
If you're suffering
If you're hungry for something
It's nothing
Don't you watch the news or even movies?
You do?
Me too