

Bruce Springsteen, Hollywood Kids

They're the Hollywood kids each and every one
With a high class smile and a little baby's tongue
Lonely hard head losers dressed in the tinsel of the times
And learn all the latest lines and the order in which they come
So perfumed sweet and so obscene
Like the fancy dancers of our dirty green
Oh they knew hello and good bye but not what goes in between
Yea and its such a scene on Saturday night

Fifth avenue freaks strait off the racks
They swear you can buy and sell your soul on a good dat outside

They're the Hollywood kids each and everyone
And on Sunday back into their holes they run
And on Monday here I stand alone on this littered stage like an animal who
forgot he was in a cage
Just a restless soul
Just waiting for 'em to come
They're Hollywood kids each and everyone