Pretenders, The "Popstar"

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So your girlfriend wants to be a popstar And beat the charts out of me She wants to move a million units man Probably just to prove she can

And after a couple of hits She'll be buying a new pair of mitts I can see just where she's heading She's as predictable as Armageddon

Oh, they don't make 'em like they used to They don't make 'em like they used to No, they don't make 'em like they used to You should have just stuck with me

Your girlfriend wants to be a popstar And live in primrose hell Well, she'll join the meritocracy Get to meet all of rocks aristocracy

And be someone everyone knows
Who all the designers send all their new clothes
When she starts to look like Kylie Minogue
She might even get her picture in Vogue

Baby, they don't make 'em like they used to They don't make 'em like they used to No, they don't make 'em like they used to You should have just stuck with me

Your baby wants to be a popstar Probably just to spite me Well, she thinks it's so easy to get to the top But a girl like that, she won't know where to stop

And when her most recent therapist
Suggests that may be she become a Buddhist
She might even consider giving up red meat
Man, you're gonna look back to when your life was so
sweet

You know, they just don't make 'em like they used to No, they don't make 'em like they used to, baby They just don't make 'em like they used to Yeah, you should have just stuck with me You should have just stuck with me, baby

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