

Stones Rolling

"Star Star"

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Baby, baby, I've been so sad since you've been gone
way back to New York City
where you do belong
Honey, I missed your two tongue kisses,
legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to Fun City, girl,
I'm gonna make you scream all night.

Honey, honey, call me on the telephone,
I know you're movin' out to Hollywood
with your can of tasty foam
All those beat up friends of mine
got to get you in their books
And lead guitars and movie stars
get their toes beneath your hook.

Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
fucker, star
yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
fucker, star,
a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star.

Yeah, I heard about you Polaroid's,
now that's what I call obscene,
your tricks with fruit was kind a cute,
I bet you keep your pussy clean.
Honey, I miss your two tone kisses,
legs wrapped around me tight.
If I ever get back to New York, girl,
gonna make you scream all night.

Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
fucker, star
yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
fucker, star,
a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star.

Yeah, Ali McGraw got mad with you
for givin' head to Steve McQueen,
yeah, and me we made a pretty pair,
fallin' through the Silver Screen.

Honey, I'm open to anything
I don't know where to draw the line.
Yeah, I'm makin' bets that you gonna get
(you man) before he dies.
(John Wayne)

Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
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yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
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