

## Streets, The "When You Wasn't Famous"

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Ah, see, right see the thing  
That's got it all fucked up now is camera phones  
How the hell am I supposed to be able to do a line  
In front of complete strangers  
When I know they've all got cameras?

When you're a famous boy  
It gets really easy to get girls  
It's all so easy, you get a bit spoilt  
So when you try to pull a girl  
Who is also famous too  
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

The celebrity pages in papers don't tell tales  
That are always to the line of the truth  
It's till a line at which most likely you'll have the time  
Or enough finance to sue

Which is why it's so frightening buying papers in the  
morning  
Fearing the next Mike Skinner scoop  
'Cause I used to believe what I read  
So now I know that others will believe that it's true

But I realized with you the truth can be  
A whole lot worse than the flack  
My whole life I never thought I'd see  
A pop star smoke crack

And I must admit I was quite shocked  
With that thing you did with me on my back  
But outside in the lobby, I shouldn't have laughed  
When you slapped that man

When you're a famous boy  
It gets really easy to get girls  
It's all so easy you get a bit spoilt  
So when you try to pull a girl  
Who is also famous too  
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

You were so much fun  
I really got to like you more than you liked me  
I really hoped that you'd stay  
Considering the amount of prang you'd done  
You looked amazing on CD UK

You learn dances, do promo, cameras flashing  
Get in the van an' zoom away  
I wake up high, dizzy feel, hung over  
And sorry for my doomed day

But I know I got a bit close to you  
And that you found it fucking boring  
You taught me so much about  
How to deal with the fire I'd fallen in

And what version of a rumor  
Would be next day everyone's story of me  
You taught me all the realities  
And turn the page and ignore 'em

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Anyway I had to rest my beer hat  
Delete my dealer's number and unroll my bank notes  
And we were on borrowed time anyway  
What with the daily toilet papers not knowin'

And I knew that when the people who thought they  
knew you  
When they found out, I would've been mocked  
Which is ironic, 'cause in reality  
Standing next to you I look fucking soft

Whenever I see you on MTV  
I can't stop my big wide smile  
And past the children's appeal  
I see the darkness behind

We both know the scratches on my back  
Much better than the alludes and lies  
I miss the bitchin' and shoutin'  
But I'm glad I got out in time

When you're a famous boy  
It gets really easy to get girls

It's all so easy you get a bit spoilt  
So when you try to pull a girl  
Who is also famous too  
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

You can't keep fucking popstars  
We've got a fucking business to run  
There are industry repercussions, Michael  
I know

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