

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts "Star, Star"

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(Mick Jagger/Keith Richards)

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 your 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 gir,
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
Your man before he dies
John Wayne

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

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