Rolling Stones "Star Star"

Visit "Star Star" on MotoLyrics.com

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, sta

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 fucker, star Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker star Yes you are, yes you are

Yeah, Ali McGraw got mad with you For givin' head to Steve McQueen Yeah, you and me we made a pretty pair Fallin' through the silver screen Honey, I'm open to anythin'
I don't know where to draw the line
Yeah, I'm makin' bets that you gonna get
John Wayne before he dies

Yeah, you're a star fucker, sta

Yeah you are, a star fucker, st

Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker Star fucker, star fucker

Visit Rolling Stones page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.