

The Cult

"Dirty Little Rock Star"

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So you be a dirty little rock star
Blood stained sleeve your Slimane Dior
You live a lie, sold your soul for the paper
You be a slave, be a media whore

Snake skin heal and a cold black coal man
A shootin' sapphires up a dead man's arm
Hyena lurk outside your door
You're passed out on the bathroom floor

Bite your lip, baby
Shake your hip, baby
Taste the whip, baby, come on

You wanna be a dirty little rock star
I don't see no dirty little rock star

Chaos breeds under heaven's skyline
Young hearts are melting, only phoenix survive
Stay in the game, you sick little hipster
You get it all, you get it ahead

You shake your hip, baby
Bite you lip, baby
Back the whip, baby, come on

You wanna be a dirty little rock star
I don't believe no dirty little rock star
You wanna be a dirty little rock star
You know we need no dirty little rock star
You know we need no dirty little rock star

You wanna be a dirty little rock star
You wanna be a dirty little rock star
You wanna be a dirty little rock star
I don't see no dirty little rock star

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