

Now That's What I Call Music!

"All Star"

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Somebody once told me the world is gonna roll me
I ain't the sharpest tool in the shed
She was lookin' kinda dumb with her finger
And her thumb in the shape of an L on her forehead

Well the years start coming, and they don't stop
coming
Fed to the rules and I hit the ground running
Didn't make sense not to live for fun
Your brain gets smart but your head gets dumb

So much to do, so much to see
So what's wrong with taking The Backstreet?
You'll never know if you don't go
You'll never shine if you don't glow

Hey now, you're an all star get your game on, go play
Hey now, you're a rock star get the show on, get paid
And all that glitters is gold
Only shooting stars break the mold

It's a cool place and they say it gets colder
You're bundled up now wait till you get older
But the meteor men beg to differ
Judging by the hole in the satellite picture

The ice we skate is getting pretty thin
The water's getting warm so you might as well swim
My world's on fire, how about your's?
That's the way I like it and I'll never get bored

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Somebody once asked could I spare some change for

gas
I need to get myself away from this place
I said, "Yep, what a concept I could use a little fuel
myself
And we could all use a little change"

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