

# Rockstar

## "Rockstar"

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I'm through with standing in line  
To clubs we'll never get in  
It's like the bottom of the ninth  
And I'm never gonna win  
This life hasn't turned out  
Quite the way I want it to be

(Tell me what you want)

I want a brand new house  
On an episode of Crips  
And a bathroom I can play baseball in  
And a king size tub big enough  
For ten plus me

(So what you need?)

I'll need a credit card that's got no limit  
And a big black jet with a bedroom in it  
Gonna join the mile high club  
At thirty-seven thousand feet

(Been there, done that)

I want a new tour bus full of old guitars  
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard  
Somewhere between Cher and  
James Dean is fine for me

(So how you gonna do it?)

I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame  
I'd even cut my hair and change my name

[Chorus:]

'Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars  
And live in hilltop houses driving fifteen cars  
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap  
We'll all stay skinny 'cause we just won't eat  
And we'll hang out in the coolest bars  
In the VIP with the movie stars

Every good gold digger's  
Gonna wind up there  
Every Playboy bunny  
With her bleach blond hair

Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar  
Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar

I wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels  
Hire eight body guards that love to beat up assholes  
Sign a couple autographs  
So I can eat my meals for free  
(I'll have the quesadilla on the house)  
I'm gonna dress my ass  
With the latest fashion  
Get a front door key to the Playboy mansion  
Gonna date a centerfold that loves to  
Blow my money for me  
(So how you gonna do it?)  
I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame  
I'd even cut my hair and change my name

[Chorus]

And we'll hide out in the private rooms  
With the latest dictionary and today's who's who  
They'll get you anything with that evil smile  
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial, well

Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar

I'm gonna sing those songs  
That offend the censors  
Gonna pop my pills from a pez dispenser

I'll get washed-up singers writing all my songs  
lip sync 'em every night so I don't get 'em wrong

[Chorus]

And we'll hide out in the private rooms  
With the latest dictionary and today's who's who  
They'll get you anything with that evil smile  
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial

Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar  
Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar

