

Streets

"When You Wasn't Famous"

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Ah, see, right see the thing
That's got it all fucked up now is camera phones
How the hell am I supposed to be able to do a line
In front of complete strangers
When I know they've all got cameras?

When you're a famous boy
It gets really easy to get girls
It's all so easy, you get a bit spoilt
So when you try to pull a girl
Who is also famous too
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

The celebrity pages in papers don't tell tales
That are always to the line of the truth
It's till a line at which most likely you'll have the time
Or enough finance to sue

Which is why it's so frightening buying papers in the
morning
Fearing the next Mike Skinner scoop
'Cause I used to believe what I read
So now I know that others will believe that it's true

But I realized with you the truth can be
A whole lot worse than the flack
My whole life I never thought I'd see
A pop star smoke crack

And I must admit I was quite shocked
With that thing you did with me on my back
But outside in the lobby, I shouldn't have laughed
When you slapped that man

When you're a famous boy
It gets really easy to get girls
It's all so easy you get a bit spoilt
So when you try to pull a girl
Who is also famous too
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

You were so much fun

I really got to like you more than you liked me
I really hoped that you'd stay
Considering the amount of prang you'd done
You looked amazing on CD UK

You learn dances, do promo, cameras flashing
Get in the van an' zoom away
I wake up high, dizzy feel, hung over
And sorry for my doomed day

But I know I got a bit close to you
And that you found it fucking boring
You taught me so much about
How to deal with the fire I'd fallen in

And what version of a rumor
Would be next day everyone's story of me
You taught me all the realities
And turn the page and ignore 'em

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Anyway I had to rest my beer hat
Delete my dealer's number and unroll my bank notes
And we were on borrowed time anyway
What with the daily toilet papers not knowin'

And I knew that when the people who thought they
knew you
When they found out, I would've been mocked
Which is ironic, 'cause in reality
Standing next to you I look fucking soft

Whenever I see you on MTV
I can't stop my big wide smile
And past the children's appeal
I see the darkness behind

We both know the scratches on my back
Much better than the alludes and lies
I miss the bitchin' and shoutin'
But I'm glad I got out in time

When you're a famous boy
It gets really easy to get girls
It's all so easy you get a bit spoilt

So when you try to pull a girl
Who is also famous too
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

You can't keep fucking popstars
We've got a fucking business to run
There are industry repercussions, Michael
I know

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