

# Rockstar (Version 2)

## Nickelback

I'm through with standin' in lines to clubs I'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  
(Yeah, so what you need?) I 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 'Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars  
And live in hilltop houses, drivin' 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 And well, 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, ha, ha) 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  
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I'd even cut my hair  
And change my name 'Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars  
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With the latest dictionary of today's who's who  
They'll get you anything with that evil smile  
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dialWell, hey, hey, I wanna be a rockstarI'm gonna sing those songs  
that offend the censors  
Gonna pop my pills from a Pez dispenser  
Get washed-up singers writin' all my songs  
Lipsync 'em every night so I don't get 'em wrongWell, we all just wanna be big rockstars  
And live in hilltop houses, drivin' fifteen cars  
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Hey, hey, I wanna be a rockstar

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