Rockstar

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 Cribs
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 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?)
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For fortune and fame
I'd even cut my hair
And change my name
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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 we'll hide out in the private rooms
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 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
Get washed-up singers writin' all my songs
Lipsynk 'em every night so I don't get 'em wrong
Well, 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
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