I Want to Be a Popstar

Jamie Cullum

Why is it all these fakers
Seem to make the morning papers?
They're selling records by the million
Seems so easy in my opinionLook at the Jazz Star
He really needs some guts
Playing from seven to midnight
Surviving on peanutsSelling records by the dozen
Probably sold his tenor to make 'em
With artwork designed by his brother
And liner notes by his motherTold what to do, miming to a tape
While a team of experts make sure you're looking great
Taking a limo to your own private bar
My God, I want to be a popstarGoing to get on the TV
And go on dates with only the pretty
Maybe next year I'll pretend to be gay
I'll sell some more records in a flash that wayMakes no difference if I look like a nut
Every kid in the world is going to copy my haircut
I'll advertise some trainers, maybe even a car
Shrewd product placement will guarantee I'm a starAn ugly guy will write my songs
Surely there is nothing wrong
Retiring when I'm 22
With a house a car and nothing to doInstantaneous satisfaction it will be
Got no need for artistic credibility
With this attitude, I'm pretty sure to go far
My God, I want to be a popstarMaybe it's too easy, to move so quickly so far
I want to be a popstarWhere's the middle ground?
It's hard to make a living with you own true sound
What road am I going to tread?
What the hell would I do instead?There may be no tours in Roma
Or a drug-induced designer coma
No teenage girls when show is over
I prefer my women olderMaybe I don't know what I'm talking about
Sometimes it would be nice to play a place and sell out
Driving to a gig in my brand new sports car
My God, I want to be a popstar, I want to be a popstarMaybe it's too easy, to move so quickly so far
Who wants to be a popstar?

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