The Rise And Fall Of OOO Mau

Primitive Radio Gods

Future star, red guitar
You're gonna go far if you find a right producer
The world's your toy, super boy
The girls all faint and you start a new religionFour-star media whore
Back door encounters with Madonna
Sales fall, lose it all
The crowd moves on and you can't afford a limoPout and cry, fake suicide
Then write a book about a past addiction
Tombstone all your own
Twenty years and no one will remember

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