

# Rockstar (2005)

## 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 eatAnd 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 hairAnd well, hey, hey, I wanna be a rockstar

    Hey, hey, I wanna be a rockstarI 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

    For fortune and fame

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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 eatAnd 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 hairAnd 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 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  
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap  
We'll all stay skinny 'cause we just won't eatAnd we'll hang out in the coolest bars  
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Hey, hey, I wanna be a rockstar

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