

Rockstar

Emily Kinney

I'm gonna marry a rockstar
Gonna move downtown
Loft a bed above his practice space
Guitars hanging all around
He'll wake up while I'm whispering "Babe, It's almost noon."
But we could kiss all day, in this tiny room
We like walking, wearing black matching Converse shoes
Instead of diamond rings we get new tattoos
Instead of walking down the isle it's a back yard gig
Just an ice cream cake and the people we dig
Oh yeah, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

I'm gonna marry a rockstar
Go to every last show
Nod my head to the bass drum
From the very front row
I help my baby move his gear
To the stage from the van
I take pictures on his phone for his Instagram
He's gonna make it big
He's gonna sell so many tracks
And through the ups and downs
I'll be the lover that lasts
Oh yeah, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

I don't mind picking up the bill
It won't be long until
A studio in the hills receives a mixing board
Sometimes he lets me record the little poems I write
Then we go out at night to The Satellite
He plays his guitar for so many bands
He's got those talented, rough, rock 'n' roll type hands
And I feel 'em on my back, on my neck, on my face
Every chord progression make my heart just race
When he sees me in the crowd, points and blows me a kiss
Don't really know how life can get much better than this
Oh yeah, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

I'm gonna marry a rockstar
And when he's touring around the world
I send him unreleased Walking Dead episodes
So in the plane he's not bored
He sends a picture of the buildings in each new city
He texts me every afternoon just to say "you're pretty"•
And before I go to bed "miss you, baby. Goodnight. *kissy heart emoji*"
Do you need sexy FaceTime?•
Never worry about a local groupie trying to take my man
My lover only like ladies twitter verified, like me
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Gonna marry this rockstar
We got a love you can't doubt
Wrinkle right up next to each other
We'll get old but stay loud
Oh yeah, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

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