

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 religion
Four-star media whore
Back door encounters with Madonna
Sales fall, lose it all
The crowd moves on and you can't afford a limo
Pout and cry, fake suicide
Then write a book about a past addiction
Tombstone all your own
Twenty years and no one will remember

Lyrics provided by

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