Radio Star

Martha Wainwright

I tell you my story on VH1
And all of my personal hell
And how my dad beat me and how much he drank
Do you think it'll help my records sell?
'Cause I'm the radio star with the cars and the clothes
The fancy guitars and the spoon in my nose
You know in my world now anything goes
And you all want to be me, and I'll be gone in a week
I'll hang out with Britney and Fred Durst
Arrive in a Limo, I'll leave in a Hearse
And I can't decide now which part is worse
Losing my life to the game, or losing the fortune and fame
'Cause I'm the radio star with the cars and the clothes
The fancy guitars and the spoon in my nose
You know in my world now anything goes
And you all want to be me, and I'll be gone in a week
You put me on TV with all the cool stars
Like Letterman, Conan and Jay
'Cause we're all experts at the art of PR
And nobody knows that I'm gay, oh well, I'm a gay
I'm the radio star with the cars and the clothes
The fancy guitars and the spoon in my nose
You know in my world now anything goes
And you all want to be me, and I'll be gone in a week, yeah
I'm the radio star
I'm the radio star
I'm the radio star
I'm the radio star, yeah

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