

Nickelback - Rockstar

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Tom: C
                                                                I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame,
I'm through with standing in line to clubs we'll never get in, I'd even cut my hair and change my name.
It's like the bottom of the ninth and I'm never gonna win,
                                                                'Cause we all just want to be big Rockstars,
This life hasn't turned out quite the way I want it to be.
                                                                And live in Hilltop Houses drivin' fifteen cars
I want a brand new house on an episode of Cribs,
                                                                The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap,
                                                                We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat,
And a bathroom I can play baseball in,
And a king size tub big enough for ten plus me.
                                                                And we'll hang out in the coolest bars,
                                                                In the VIP with the movie stars,
I'll need a credit card that's got no limit,
                                                                Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there,
And a big black jet with a bedroom in it,
                                                                Every playboy bunny with their bleach blonde hair,
Gonna join the mile-high club at thirty-seven thousand feet.
                                                                And we'll hide out in the private rooms,
I want a new tour bus full of old guitars,
                                                                With the latest dictionary and todays who's who,
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard,
                                                                They'll get you anything with that evil smile,
Somewhere between Cher and James Dean is fine for me.
                                                                Everybodys got a drug dealer on speed dial,
                                                                Well Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar!
I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame,
I'd even cut my hair and change my name.
                                                                I'm gonna sing those songs that offend the censors,
                                                                Gonna pop my pills from a pez dispenser,
'Cause we all just want to be big Rockstars,
                                                                Get washed up singers writing all my songs,
And live in Hilltop Houses drivin' fifteen cars,
                                                                Lip sync 'em everynight so i won't get them wrong!
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap,
                                                                Well we all just want to be big Rockstars,
We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat,
And we'll hang out in the coolest bars,
                                                                And live in Hilltop Houses drivin' fifteen cars
In the VIP with the movie stars,
                                                                The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap,
Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there.
                                                                We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat,
                                                                And we'll hang out in the coolest bars,
Every playboy bunny with their bleach blonde hair,
                                                                       Bh
                                                                In the VIP with the movie stars,
Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar!
Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar!
                                                                Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there,
                                                                Every playboy bunny with their bleach blonde hair,
I wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels,
                                                                And we'll hide out in the private rooms,
Hire eight body guards who love to beat up assholes,
                                                                With the latest dictionary and todays who's who,
Sign a couple autographs so I can eat my meals for free.
                                                                They'll get you anything with that evil smile,
I'm gonna dress my ass with the latest fashion,
                                                                Everybodys got a drug dealer on speed dial,
Get a front door key to the Playboy Mansion,
                                                                Well Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar!
Gonna date a centerfold that loves to blow my money for me.
                                                                Hey Hey I wanna be a Rockstar!
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Acordes

