

Rolling Stones, Star Star

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Baby, baby, I've been so sad since you've been gone
Way back to New York City
Where you do belong
Honey, I missed your two tongue kisses
Legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to Fun City, girl
I'm gonna make you scream all night
Honey, honey, call me on the telephone
I know you're movin' out to Hollywood
With your can of tasty foam
All those beat up friends of mine
Got to get you in their books
And lead guitars and movie stars
Get their toes beneath your hook
Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
A star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star
Yeah, I heard about you Polaroid's
Now that's what I call obscene
Your tricks with fruit was kind a cute
I bet you keep your pussy clean
Honey, I miss your two tone kisses
Legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to New York, girl
Gonna make you scream all night
Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
A star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star
Yeah, Ali McGraw got mad with you
For givin' head to Steve McQueen
Yeah, and me we made a pretty pair
Fallin' through the Silver Screen
Honey, I'm open to anything
I don't know where to draw the line
Yeah, I'm makin' bets that you gonna get
(You man) before he dies
(John Wayne)
Yeah! You're a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
A star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star