

# 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