

The Cult, Dirty Little Rockstar

So you be a Dirty Little Rockstar
Blood stained sleeve your Slimane Dior
You live a lie sold your soul for the paper
You be a slave be a media whore
Snake skin heal and a cold black coal
Shootin sapphires up a dead man's arm
Hyenna lurk outside your door
You're passed out on the bathroom floor

Bite your lip
Shake your hip
Taste the whip
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar
I don't see no Dirty Little Rockstar

Chaos breeds under heaven's skyline
Your young hearts are melting only phoenix survive
Stay in the game you sick lil hipster
You get it all, you get it ahead

Shake your hip
Bite you lip
Back the whip
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar
I don't believe no Dirty Little Rockstar
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar
You know we need no Dirty Little Rockstar
You know we need no Dirty Little Rockstar