

# Tommy Lee, Trying To Be Me

I pull on up the driveway  
And head out on the highway  
And I can see them in my rear view mirror  
Hangin' out the window  
Snappin' a shot o' me  
So I pull up to the fast lane, nobody's getting past me  
And I can hear the helicopters comin'  
Drivin down the street is such a pain in the ass for me

And God I wanna know why  
Whoever said it was painless  
Should try and be famous  
And know that I'm just livin' life  
But nothing's for free  
Let's see what they say first  
Front page of the papers  
Some days I find that even I don't wanna be me  
Just tryin' to be me  
Why don't they leave me the hell alone??

So I'm hangin out on Bell road watchin' all the girls go  
By  
Then a hottie spots me,  
Sippin' on tequila, so happy to be alone  
No need to call the paparazzi 'cause they already got me  
Everybody's got a cellphone camera  
Walkin' down the street is such a pain in the ass for me

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Front page of the papers  
Some days I find that even I don't wanna be me  
Just tryin' to be me  
Why don't they leave me the hell alone??  
And I'm just tryin' to be me