

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

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??
And I'm just tryin' to be me