

Common Rotation, Rock Star

The wind in the willows plays tricks
On all the boys out for there kicks
Looking for numbness and chicks
In other words in search of the infinite fix
I got my hands in my pockets
Looking for a change
Like I'm looking for a room in my house to rearrange
From the flip flop top
To the cozy little bottom
She's got my hands locked
No way to stop 'em
Baby down the bar
You know she's looking wild
Floors me cold
Makes me feel like a child
Sovereignty's so easy in the make of the drown
Baby lets get busy
C'mon hold me down

Yes, you're a rock star
Yes, yes, you are
Yes, you're a rock star
Yes, yes, you are
Yes, you're a rock star
Yes, yes, you are
Yes, you're a rock star
Uh-Huh

There's more to this then "tea for two";
That's the difference between me and you
A lie never lasts very long
But it's not the size of the mike
It's the length of the song
For centuries the girls been over William Tell
And "Could you deliver me baby from my personal hell?";
Your sonnets to letters will not make it better
You stand grand on the bandstand or grandstand for the band
You litigate and fabricate then delegate some
I meant it when I told you that "You're the only one";
My fickle fretted heart might change with the season
It's a nice night and baby you're my reason for living

Yes, you're a rock star
Yes, yes you are

(repeat until you mean it)