

The Streets, When You Wasn't Famous

Ahhh see

Right see the thing that's got it all fucked up now is camera-phones.
How the hell am I supposed to be able to do a line in front of complete strangers
When I know they've all got cameras?

When you're a famous boy
It gets really easy to get girls
It's all so easy you get a bit spoilt
So when you try to pull a girl
Who is also famous too
It feels just like when you wasn't famous

The celebrity pages in papers don't tell tales that are always to the line of the truth
It's 'til a line at which most likely you'll have the time, or enough finance to sue
Which is why it's so frightening buying papers in the morning fearing the next Mike Skinner scoop
'Cos I used to believe what I read, so now I know that others will believe that it's true

But I realised, with you the truth could be, a whole lot worse than the flack
My whole life I never thought I'd see, a pop star smoke crack
And I must admit I was quite shocked, with that thing you did with me on my back
But, outside in the lobby, I shouldn't have laughed when you slapped that man

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You were so much fun
I really got to like you more than you liked me
I really hoped that you'd stay
Considering the amount of prang you'd done, you looked amazing on cd uk
You learn dances, do promo, cameras flashing, get in the van, an' zoom away
I wake up high, dizzed feel hung over and sorry for my doomed day

But I know I got a bit close to you, and that you found it fucking boring
You taught me so much about how to deal with the fire I'd fallen in
And what version of a rumour would be next day everyone's story of me
You taught me all the realities and turn the page & ignore 'em

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Anyway, I had to rest my beer hat, delete my dealer's number and unroll my bank notes
And we were on borrowed time anyway, what with the daily toilet papers not knowin'
And I knew that when the people who thought they knew you, when they found out, I would've been
Which is ironic, 'cos in reality, standing next to you I look fucking soft

Whenever I see you on MTV, I can't stop my big wide smile
And past the children's appeal, I see the darkness behind
We both know the scratches on my back, much better than the alludes and lies
I miss the bitchin' and shoutin', but I'm glad I got out in time

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You can't keep fucking pop-stars
We've got a fucking business to run
There are industry repercussions, Michael!
I know.