

Trees, Rock Star

Poverty stricken but I'm not quitting
People call me a rock star
People call me a rock star but they don't know me I don't know who they are
I'm just a blue collar rock n' roller
I dress like a thief I feel like a soldier
I'm on the ladder getting madder and madder
'cause rung after rung my song goes unsung
I sweat and toil over a bucket of oil
I see my chances dim and my blood begins to boil
I'm on the jobsite from morning to night and it feels like I'm wasting my life
That's how I feel every single day
Wasting my life as the radio plays
I'm just a blue collar rock n roller
STARS BELONG IN THE SKY CELEBRITY WORSHIP MUST DIE
Too many in this country worship the celebrity
Living out the lies before their own lives
If everyone was treated like a member of their favorite band it would be a happier land
Why worship the celebrity when they're no better than you or me
Celebrity worship must die
The stars belong in the sky