You've got so many fans they love you not your backing band You're so fantastic, in fact you're great Oh yeah, don't take of those shades

Too famous Las Vegas Too famous

The women throw themselves at you They're so many what can you do? When the kids scream there is a racket You've got a magnificent packet

No one washes the place you kiss Cause you're on God's holy list You are a horizontal hoover Shake those hips you little mover

You've got so many fans they love you not your backing band You're so fantastic, in fact you're great Oh yeah, don't take of those shades

[Chorus x2]