

**G**

I'm through with standing in line, to clubs ill never get in

**C**

It's like the bottom of the ninth and Im never gonna win

**F G**

This life hasnt turned out quite the way I want to be.  
(Tell me what you want)

I want a brand new house  
On an episode of Cribs  
And a bathroom I can play baseball in  
And a king size tub big enough  
For ten plus me

(So what you need?)

I'll need a credit card that's got no limit  
And a big black jet with a bedroom in it  
Gonna join the mile high club  
At thirty-seven thousand feet

(Been there, done that)

I want a new tour bus full of old guitars  
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard  
Somewhere between Cher and  
James Dean is fine for me

(So how you gonna do it?)

**B**

Im gonna trade this life for fortune and fame

**C**

I'd even cut my hair and change me name

**G**

Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars

**B**

And live in hilltop houses driving 15 cars

**C**

The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap

**Es F**

We'll all stay skinny cause we just wont eat and we'll

**G B**

Hang out in the coolest bars, in the VIP with the movie stars

**C**

Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there

**Es F**

Every playboy bunny with her bleached blonde hair and we'll

**B C G**

Hey, Hey I wanna be a rockstar

**B C G**

Hey, Hey I wanna be a rockstar

I wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels  
Hire eight body guards that love to beat up assholes  
Sign a couple autographs

So I can eat my meals for free  
(I'll have the quesadilla, on the house)  
I'm gonna dress my ass  
With the latest fashion  
Get a front door key to the Playboy mansion  
Gonna date a centerfold that loves to  
Blow my money for me  
(So how you gonna do it?)  
I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame  
I'd even cut my hair and change my name

**Es**

Im gonna sing those songs that offend the census

**B**

Gonna pop my pills from a pez dispenser

**Es**

Get washed up singers writing all my songs

**C F**

Lip sing em every night so I dont get em wrong