

Folk Star

Paul Westerberg

You don't sing for children or their parents
In the nighttime in a bar
You sing for yourself
You stand up for nothing as far as I can tell
You used to be a folker
'til you went and tried to choke her

You're a folk star
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Folk star

You don't wear no leather
Don't care whether or not you arrive
On the red carpet
On the charts with a string of broken hearts
Used to be a folker, 'til you tried to choke her

You're a folk star, yeah you are
Folk star, yeah you are

Come on
You want it

A hundred mandolins won't hide the man within
Folk star with your plastic red guitar
Folk star with your plastic red guitar
Folk star with your plastic red guitar
Folk star, yeah
I'm all right
I'm a folk star now

Across the evening sky, all the birds are leaving
But how can they know it's time for them to go?