

When You Wasn't Famous

The Streets

Ahhh see... Right see the thing that's got it all f*cked 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.
But, 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 (of coke) 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, zoom away (reeeooow).

I wake up high, (unknown) feel hung over and sorry for my doomed day.

But I know I got a bit close to you, and that you found it f*cking boring.

You taught me so much about how to deal with the (?).

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 knowing'.

And I knew that when the people who thought they knew you, when they found out, I would've been mocked.

Which is ironic, 'cos in reality, standing next to you I look f*cking 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 f*cking popstars, we've got a f*cking business to run. There
are industry repercussions,
Michael!... I know