

So your girlfriend wants to be a popstar
And beat the charts outta me
She wants to move a million units man
Probably just to prove she can
And after a couple of hits
She'll be buying a new pair of mitts
I can see just where she's heading
She's as predictable as armageddon

Oh, they don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
No, they don't make 'em like they used to
You should have just stuck with me

Your girlfriend wants to be a popstar
And live in primrose hell
She'll join the meritocracy
And get to meet all of rocks aristocracy
And be someone everyone knows
Who all the designers send all their new clothes
But when she starts to look like Kylie Minogue
She might even get her picture in Vogue

Baby they don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
No, they don't make 'em like they used to
You should have just stuck with me

Your baby wants to be a popstar
Probably just to spite me
She thinks it's so easy to get to the top
But a girl like that, she won't know where to stop
And when her most recent therapist
Suggests that maybe she become a buddhist
She might even consider giving up red meat
Man, you're gonna look back to when your life was so sweet

You know, they just don't make 'em like they used to
No, they don't make 'em like they used to, baby
They just don't make 'em like they used to
Yeah - you should have just stuck with me
You should have just stuck with me, baby