

# I Want to Be a Popstar

Jamie Cullum

Why is it all these fakers  
Seem to make the morning papers?  
They're selling records by the million  
Seems so easy in my opinion

Look at the Jazz Star  
He really needs some guts  
Playing from seven to midnight  
Surviving on peanuts

Selling records by the dozen  
Probably sold his tenor to make them  
With artwork designed by his brother  
And liner notes by his mother

Told what to do, miming to a tape  
While a team of experts make sure you're looking great  
Taking a limo to your own private bar  
My God, I want to be a popstar

Going to get on the TV  
And go on dates with only the pretty  
Maybe next year I'll pretend to be gay  
I'll sell some more records in a flash that way

Makes no difference if I look like a nut  
Every kid in the world is going to copy my haircut  
I'll advertise some trainers, maybe even a car  
Shrewd product placement will guarantee I'm a star

An ugly guy will write my songs  
Surely there is nothing wrong  
Retiring when I'm 22  
With a house a car and nothing to do

Instantaneous satisfaction it will be  
Got no need for artistic credibility  
With this attitude, I'm pretty sure to go far  
My God, I want to be a popstar

Maybe it's too easy, to move so quickly so far  
I want to be a popstar

Where's the middle ground?  
It's hard to make a living with you own true sound  
What road am I going to tread?  
What the hell would I do instead?

There may be no tours in Roma  
Or a drug-induced designer coma  
No teenage girls when show is over  
I prefer my women older

Maybe I don't know what I'm talking about  
Sometimes it would be nice to play a place and sell out  
Driving to a gig in my brand new sports car  
My God, I want to be a popstar, I want to be a popstar

Maybe it's too easy, to move so quickly so far  
Who wants to be a popstar?