

Star Star

Joan Jett

Baby baby I've been so sad since you've been gone
Way back to New York City
Where you do belong

Honey I missed your two tongue kisses
Legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to Fun City girl
I'm gonna make you scream all night

Honey honey call me on the telephone
I know you're movin' out to Hollywood
With your can of tasty foam

All those beat up friends of mine
Got to get you in their books
And lead guitars and movie stars
Get their toes beneath your hook.

Yeah You're a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
Yeah a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
A star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star

Yeah I heard about your Polaroid's
Now that's what I call obscene
Your tricks with fruit was kind a cute
I bet you keep your pussy clean

Honey I miss your two tone kisses
Legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to New York gir,
Gonna make you scream all night

Yeah You're a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
Yeah a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
A star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star

Yeah Ali McGraw got mad with you
For givin' head to Steve McQueen
Yeah and me we made a pretty pair
Fallin' through the Silver Screen

Honey I'm open to anything
I don't know where to draw the line
Yeah I'm makin' bets that you gonna get
Your man before he dies
John Wayne

Yeah You're a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
Yeah a star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star
A star fucking star fucking star fucking star fucking star