

If I got shot
I bet the press would pick it up
You'd like me all a lot
If I got beat

When camera's rolled you'd see me lying bloody in the street
If a crazy stalker stabbed me or if down the stairs I fell
My room would fill with flowers,
And with cards to wish me well.

And I'd be your happy hero 'cause you'd heard my catchy song
And after being ripped apart, I could do no harm.
I know that I've done nothing that a coward wouldn't do
But even I might see things different, after listening to you

I'd be so hot, yeah,
For the sale-price of a press release
Success can still be bought
I'd sit so tall

They'd pluck me in a wheelchair and they'd push me down the hall
I'd play a song for dying kids, your eyes would start to tear
That would be the ticket, to bolster my career

And I'd be your happy hero and I'd sell another song
And after viewing my big heart, you'd have me going strong
I'd play a gentle lover in a movie for T.V.
So I deserve your pity, when my wife divorces me

If someone told, no,
Accused of f**king teen-aged boys and beating others cold
You'd side with me!
And enough of your would doubt it, which would likely set me free
You'd say I didn't do it and that anyone could tell,
'cause he's smooth and smart and pretty
And he reads his lines so well

And to be your happy hero
I'd just sing another verse
The more I sing,
The more you would relieve me from my curse
Release me from your consciousness
As I bring down the floor
Selling Pepsi from the stage,
You yell and scream for more

More, more damnit! More!