

My God sits in the back of the limousine
My God comes in a wrapper of cellophane
My God pouts on the cover of the magazine
My God is a shallow little bitch trying to make a scene

I have arrived and this time you should believe the hype
I listened to everyone now I know that everyone was right
I'll be there for you as long as it works for me
I play a game it's called insincerity

Starfuckers
Starfuckers
Starfuckers, Inc.
Starfuckers

I am every fucking thing and just a little more
I sold my soul but don't you dare call me a whore
And when I suck you off not a drop will go to waste
It's really not so bad you know once you get past the taste, ye
ah
(asskisser)

Starfuckers
Starfuckers
Starfuckers, Inc.
Starfuckers

All our pain
How did we ever get by without you?
You're so vain
I bet you think this song is about you
Don't you?
Don't you?
Don't you?
Don't you?

Now I belong, I'm one of the chosen ones
Now I belong, I'm one of the beautiful ones