

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