

Star Star

The Rolling Stones

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 fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, st
ar
Yeah, a star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star
A star fucker, star fucker, star fucker, star fucker star

Yeah, I heard about you 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, girl
Gonna make you scream all night

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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
(You man) before he dies
(John Wayne)

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