

G
I'm through with standing in line to clubs we'll never get in,
C
It's like bottom of the ninth and I'm never gonna win,
F *G*
This life hasn't turned out quite the way I want it to be.

G
I want a brand new house on an episode of Cribs,
C
And a bathroom I can play baseball in,
F *G*
And a king size tub big enough for ten plus me.

G
I'll need a credit card that's got no limit,
C
And a big black jet with a bedroom in it,
F *G*
Gonna join the mile-high club at thirty-seven thousand feet.

G
I want a new tour bus full of old guitars,
C
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard,
F *G*
Somewhere between Cher and James Dean is fine for me.

Bb
I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame,
C
I'd even cut my hair and change my name.

G
'Cause we all just want to be big Rockstars,
Bb
And live in Hilltop Houses driven fifteen cars,
C
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap,
D# *F*
We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat,
G
And we'll hang out in the coolest bars,
Bb
In the VIP with the movie stars,
C
Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there.
D# *F*
Every playboy bunny with her bleach blonde hair,
Bb *C* *G*
Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar
Bb *C* *G*
Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar

G

I wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels,

C

Hire eight body guards who love to beat up assholes,

F

G

Sign a couple autographs so I can eat my meals for free.

G

I'm gonna dress my ass with the latest fashion,

C

Get a front door key to the Playboy Mansion,

F

G

Gonna date a centerfold that loves to blow my money for me.

Bb

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G

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And we'll hang out in the coolest bars,

Bb

In the VIP with the movie stars,

C

Every good gold diggers gonna wind up there,

D#

F

Every playboy bunny with her bleach blonde hair,

G

And we'll hide out in the private rooms,

Bb

With the latest dictionary and todays who's who,

C

They'll get you anything with that evil smile,

D#

F

Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial,

Bb

C

G

Well Hey hey i wanna be a Rockstar

D#

I'm gonna sing those songs that offend the censors,

Bb

Gonna pop my pills from a pez dispenser,

D#

Get washed up singers writing all my songs,

C

F

Lip sync 'em everynight so i won't get them wrong

Bb *C* *G*

...Hey Hey I wanna be a Rockstar

Bb *C* *G*

Hey hey I wanna Be a Rockstar

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