

Nickelback - Rockstar (Album: All the Right Reasons (2005))

G

I'm through with standing in line, To clubs we'll never get in

C

It's like the bottom of the ninth, & I'm never gonna win

F

G

This life hasn't turned out, Quite the way I want it to be
(spoken: Tell me what you want)

I want a brand new house, On an episode of Cribs
& a bathroom I can play baseball in,
& a king size tub big enough, For ten plus me
(spoken: So what you need?)

I'll need a credit card that's got no limit,
& a big black jet with a bedroom in it
Gonna join the mile high club, At 37,000 feet
(spoken: Been there, done that)

I want a new tour bus full of old guitars
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard
Somewhere between Cher and, James Dean is fine for me
(spoken: So how you gonna do it?)

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 wanna be big rockstars

Bb

And live in hilltop houses driving fifteen cars

C

The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap

Eb

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 digger's gonna wind up there

Eb

F

Every Playboy bunny With her bleach blond hair, and well

Bb C G
Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar (x2)

I wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels
Hire eight bodyguards that love to beat up assholes
Sign a couple autographs, So I can eat my meals for free
(spoken:I'll have the quesadilla, on the house)

I'm gonna dress my ass with the latest fashion
Get a front door key to the Playboy mansion
Gonna date a centerfold that loves to, Blow my money for me
(spoken: So how you gonna do it?)

[Prechorus]

[Chorus]

And we'll hide out in the private rooms
With the latest dictionary and today's who's who
They'll get you anything with that evil smile
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial, well

Bb C G
Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar
Eb
I'm gonna sing those songs that offend the censors
Bb
Gonna pop my pills from a pez dispenser
Eb
I'll get washed-up singers writing all my songs
C F
Lip sync em every night so I don't get 'em wrong

[Chorus]

G
And we'll hide out in the private rooms
Bb
With the latest dictionary and today's who's who
C
They'll get you anything with that evil smile
Eb F
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial

Bb C G
Hey hey I wanna be a rockstar (x2)