

If you party hearty
If you make the scene
If you've got the jones
For a limousine
Forget your worries
And the wya things are
Spend a day in the life
Of a superstar!

Star life
Staarraarraarr life
Star life
Staarraarraarr life

On Monday morning, he checks the news
He's number one in rhythm and blues
From record to record he tops the sheet
And the other stars cannot compete
He hits the notes that are so high
The men just stare and the women cry
They come to see him from near and far
The man they made a superstar

The genuine owner of twenty cars
Spends all his days among the stars
And when he's got to cool out and chill
Got a brand new house at the top of the hill
One of a kind, not even two
Push button down with an open view
And every room's got a new TV
And every dog's got a pedigree

Livin' every day in the life of a star
Star life!
Livin' every day in the life of a star
Star life!
Huh!

He's got a mansion up in Beverly Hills
With a great big swimming pool
Got a townhouse back in old New York
Where he used to go to school
And some folks say
He's got his own chalet
If he wants to go and ski
And a house in France
For a little romance
Outside of gay Pari!
Ha ha, ha ha!

Star life
Staarraarraarr life
Star life
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Star life
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Star life
Staarraarraarr life

Wherever he goes, he sets the mood
With the fly, fly clothes and the fancy food
All over the town with the pretty girl
He makes the scene and he rocks the world
He's makin' money, maybe even the most
With the bass that's known from coast to coast
He gets the best; he gets it all
He's got fifty gold records up on the wall!