

With my out of tune guitar we walked from bar to bar
We were only 17 but we were going to be stars
Came across a man who could stop the world with a clap of his hands
Said you've got the attitude. Who's got the attitude for rock?

But she was never going to be a star
She would swim rivers
And climb mountains far away
But who caught the maid and made her come?
When she was shining like the rising sun
Shining like the rising sun
You shine like the sun

So welcome to the town where drag queens made the cash
Selling kids acid tabs. We tried to find their stash
But acid's no good. So I got over that. I'm much too old for taking crap
And who's got the attitude for ice now?

Oh he was never meant to be a boy
He would climb rivers
And swim mountains the wrong way
But who caught the babe and made him cry?

Oh I wanted you but your eyes don't shine like they used to
God I want it all but you guys don't like all the old songs
Old songs, new songs, everybody write, write on
Little honey we can write all night, write on
As long as you've got stars in your eyes you keep me coming back to you
Keep me coming, keep, keep me coming

Oh I wanted you but your eyes don't shine like they used to
God I want it all but you guys don't like all the old songs
So write on, write on.
As long as you've got stars in your eyes you keep me coming back to you

Oh she was never going to be a star
But who has got the attitude from love anyway?