

Talkin' Pop Star Blues

Donovan

Leitch

From the top!

If I get to be a big pop star
I'll buy me a Facel Vega car
I'll put nikki in the driving seat
Go out and give my friends a treat

I'll drive 'round the block with the radio blaring
Take off your clothes without caring
Get some girls who are nice and free
That don't give a damn about chastity
They all agree, such a big issue
Over a tiny little bit of tissue

I'll ride 'round to my old pal bounce's
Go up town and score some ounces
He was good to me, you see
He used to give me lifts for free

Now, Julian is the one I like
I'm gonna buy him a pedal bike
So he'll be in keeping with his station
Riding around my pot plantation
I'm gonna buy him a panama hat
And a bamboo chair, he'll like that
A nice big chick to spend his time
And pretty soon they'd blow their minds

Now, don't you think that I'd look cute
In a big gold lame suit?
With shiny lips and greasy hair
And my fifteen percent share
You see the one with the red dress on
She does the hoochy coochy all night long
Baby, baby, I love you
Baby, baby, why do you make me blue

I'm gonna change my name to Rick or Jean
Work out a nice stage routine
Pretty soon I'd write a song
Forget the words and sing it wrong
It doesn't matter
If your wallet gets fatter

It'll be nice to be a big pop star
If I can't be one I don't care
I don't give a damn rich or poor
I'll find a welcome at many door
You'd take me in, wouldn't you love?
You'd take me in, wouldn't you love?

Now, I know a girl called Marianne
I wanna make love to her if I can
Get her in bed for better or worse
If a Rolling Stone ain't got there first

It's quite probable
Be quite comemorable
Wouldn't be comparable
Get nice and stoneable

So I'd rock around the old fir tree
Merry Christmas to Bo Diddly
I'm gonna be a cool humdinger
The one and only pop folk singer
There ain't much left to say
Before I pack up and decide to stay
Fee, fi, fo, fum
Hit parade, here I come!