

The Rise And Fall Of OOO Mau

Primitive Radio Gods

Future star, red guitar, you're gonna go far
If you find a right producer
The world's your toy, super boy
The girls all faint
And you start a new religion

Four-star media whore
Backdoor encounters with Madonna
Sales fall, lose it all
The crowd moves on and you can't afford a limo

Pout and cry, fake suicide, then read a book about a past addiction
Tombstone, all you own, twenty years and no one will remember