This is a story about a washed-up husband It could have been, if people named him (?) Let's go! 1. She claims she's hot But I could swear on my life she's not She's strange, a bit odd She's a ? begging for a job Please, go Bridge: I'm a gift from God, boy you know this You're looking up for future of showbiz I'm a queen and I'm taking no shit (We'll call you later, don't call us) Chorus: Hey girls, hey boys Everybody come on, act like you know We're looking for a star to host a star show Ladies and gents Get your success or we'll let it go We're looking for a star to host a star show 2. Next please, a new face I caress ? back to her waist Nice legs, sweet toes Can't believe who just walked through the door She's bad Bridge Chorus Interlude: No matter what you say to me today Won't keep me from believing my own ? (You'll never got an agent, lady, go) Here and now what have seen Everyone who says you have to go Wanna be a star in their own show

Here and now, here we go