

Diana

Tom MacDonald

I see the people on the TV screen
They'll take any money they get they hands on
I bet that they'd be happy if they died on camera
I see the people out in Hollywood
Chase fame here, from Alabama
I bet that they'd be happy if they died on camera

It's a hell of a drug to be so in love with yourself, woo-oooh
A lot ain't enough
When you got it all, you wonder what else, woo-oooh, ooh
They look up in the sky and wanna be a star
They all want their names on the same boulevard
They all wanna be Diana, and die on camera

I see the people in the magazines
They're pretty, but I just can't stand 'em
I bet that they'd be happy if they died on camera
Don't wanna die in their sleep, or get old, sick and weak
They wanna lie in the street, so that everyone can see, ooh, wo-oooh
I bet that they'd be happy if they died on camera

It's a hell of a drug to be so in love with yourself, woo-oooh
A lot ain't enough
When you got it all, you wonder what else, woo-oooh, ooh
They look up in the sky and wanna be a star
They all want their names on the same boulevard
They all wanna be Diana, and die on camera

They may not know why, but they're sure that they want it
The older the wine, the redder the carper
The faster it drives, the top floor apartment
They don't know why, but it's calling

It's a hell of a drug to be so in love with yourself, woo-oooh
A lot ain't enough
When you got it all, you wonder what else, woo-oooh, ooh
They look up in the sky and wanna be a star
They all want their names on the same boulevard
They all wanna be Diana, and die on camera