

Rolling Stone

Tom MacDonald

Fill the ashtray up with blunts all weekend
I fill my bathtub up with ice and tequila
Fill the whole crib up with cigarettes and bitches
Had a threesome with some strippers, woke up with some stitches
I know your boy is on some rock star shit, oh, oh
I know I'm headed for some Cobain shit, oh, oh

Rolling stone (Rolling stone)
With grades like that man, you could've been an astronaut
And been just as high
Rolling stone (Rolling stone)
With a home like that man, you could've been anything
Yeah, but you chose this life

Couple weeks out on the road and you begin to feel different
You're in Paris, then in London, then in Berlin with some bitches
Then you make it back to LA and you do not know the difference
And you fly back into Canada and drink because depression got you
fucked up in the head
Lyin' in your bed, sleeping while some pretty girl is tryna give you
head
I know the boy's on his rock-star shit, oh, oh
I lit the whole damn club up on a Sunday afternoon
And on Monday morning, got a hotel room
And on Monday evening, man I waited 'til the crew came
Then the very next night, had the club going up on a Tuesday

Rolling stone
With grades like that man, you could've been an astronaut
And been just as high
Rolling stone (Stone)
With a home like that you could've been anything
Yeah, but you chose this life
Rolling stone (Rolling stone)
With a face like that boy, you could've been president
Yeah, but you're just as bad
Rolling stone (Rolling stone)
With a heart like that man, you could've been anything, yeah
And been just as sad

Rolling stone