

90s American Superstar

Wallace

Like a 90's American superstar
I hate it here, dude, where's my car?
Lazy and lonely, dazed and confused
Way more than ten things I hate about you
Clueless and at my breaking point
Need somebody new to disappoint
Escape from L.A., it's time to go
Kill the star on the radio

Break my heart
Shouldn't be that hard
You're just like a growing pain
And when I grow up, you'll go away
Break my heart

La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la

Wanna buy a fancy sports car
And get drunk at a sports bar
With a washed-up rockstar
Who's tryna write a memoir
Stop being so damn dramatic
You just got dropped from Atlantic
You're out of date
And you're out of style
But you clean up nice
You beautiful man-child
Say you'll change, I don't know
You still watch 90210

Break my heart
Shouldn't be that hard
You're just like a growing pain
And when I grow up, you'll go away
Break my heart

La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la