

Primitive Radio Gods, Rise And Fall Of Ooo Man

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