

POP GOES THE SUPERSTAR

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Momma's on her bedspread, starin' at the boob tube
Said to me come, look and see
There's a new boy band tryin' to dance and do a lip synch
Star struck wannabes
Well mamma I play rock 'n' roll for love, so I won't change a note
I ain't rehearsed these years for this, so hand me that remote
Yet who's to blame, well I don't know, yes it seems so lame
Just pass an audition on one of these cookie cutter star search shows & then it's,
Pop Goes The Superstar, hey, a few days practice and there you are
Pop Goes The Superstar,
You'll have the babes in a stretch and a heat packin' personal bodyguard
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Me and my band mates recordin' in the basement; mamma says to, turn it down
Then an A&R rep came round to see us said; hey man, that ain't the sound
While I keep cryin' about sellin' out, another pop teen diva is born
Used to be you could tell a guitarist's chops by how his fret board been worn
Now who's to blame, well I don't know, is it all that fame
I'm surfen' channels but there it is, another star search show & so it's
Pop Goes The Superstar, well we just keep a rockin', but no cigar
Pop Goes The Superstar, it's a kiddie revolution, an adolescent idol maker's coup d'etat
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Now here come the suits, and the bean counters with their widget men
With streamlined quarterly earning reports and dressed in Ralph Lauren
With copycat mentalities they're all lookin' for a trend
Where artists used to call the shots, it's nuts but now it's them

So pluggin' our music's gonna be tough, 'cause we ain't got no clout
But we'll keep a rockin' and do it for love, let the rest of 'em figure it out
So who's to blame, well now I know, it's a ratings game
And when in doubt for somethin' new they'll be another star search show & then it's Pop Goes The Superstar
Be the flavor of the month, be the Grand Pooh Bah
Pop Goes The Superstar, if you missed a show mamma's taped 'em all on the VCR

Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh

Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar, There you go