

COUNTRY STAR

(Neil Murray/Laws Rushing - Universal Music publishing/Control)

Laws Rushing drives a limo for the stars that visit Nashville. "Most of those bozos have got no talent" he told me. But every now and then he gets to slip one of his home made CD's to a famous passenger. Maybe they listen, maybe they don't. I don't think Laws cares too much. We had fun writing this one, fuelling the hype and myth of stardom at all costs and wringing its neck.

Chooks in the house, stock on the road
Bossman yelling get another load
This old job's getting on my nose
Just wanna grab my guitar and go
Someday soon I'm gonna leave this farm
And be a born again big time country star

I play on the ends and work all week
No one knows what I do for sleep
Keep on dreaming of getting out
All my buddies have their doubts
They all think I'm a drunk in a bar
But I'll be a born again big time country star

Well I don't care what I have to do
Change my name, pay my dues
Shoot the shit, play the breeze
Shake anyone I aim to please
I'll work the crowd, I'll meet and greet
Sign autographs in the street
I'm a one bit talent and two-bit charm
To be a born again big time country star

Well I ended up in a rehab unit
No one believed I ever played music
Haven't found a friend I could trust
For all I've gained I've lost so much
If I get a call from the farm
I'll keep on being a country star