

Tryin to Be Me

Tommy Lee

I pull out of the driveway and head out on the highway
And I can see them in my rear view mirror
Hangin' out the window snappin' a shot of me
And so I pull into the fast lane
Nobody's getting past me and I can hear the helicopters comin'
Drivin' down the street is such a pain in the ass for me
And God, I wanna know why
Whoever said it was painless, should try and be famous
And know that I'm just livin' life but nothin's for free
Let's see what they say first front page of the papers
Some days I find that even I don't wanna be me
Just tryin' to be me, why don't they leave me the hell alone?
And so I'm hangin' out on Melrose, watchin' all the girls go by
Then a hottie spots me sippin' on tequila, so happy to be alone
No need to call the Paparazzi 'cause they've already got me
Everybody's got a cellphone camera
Walkin' down the street is such a pain in the ass for me
And God, I wanna know why
Whoever said it was painless should try and be famous
And know that I'm just livin' life but nothin's for free
Let's see what they say first front page of the papers
Some days I find that even I don't wanna be me
Just tryin' to be me, just tryin' to be me, just tryin' to be me

Why don't they leave me the hell alone?
And God, I wanna know oh God I wanna know why
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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