

# 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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