

# ROCKSTAR – Nickelback (G)

CHORDS: G=320003 C=x32010 F=xx3211 Bb=xx3331 Eb=xx5343 (best played barred)

**N.C.** **G**  
I'm through with standing in line at clubs I'll never get in  
**C**  
It's like the bottom of the ninth and I'm never gonna win  
**F** **G**  
This life hasn't turned out quite the way I want it to be. (Tell me what you want)

**G**  
I want a brand new house on an episode of Cribs  
**C**  
And a bathroom I can play baseball in  
**F** **G**  
And a king size tub big enough for ten plus me (Tell me what you need)

**G**  
I need a...a credit card that's got no limit  
**C**  
And a big black jet with a bedroom in it  
**F** **G**  
Gonna join the mile high club at thirty-seven thousand feet (Been there...done that)

**G**  
I want a new tour bus full of old guitars  
**C**  
My own star on Hollywood Boulevard  
**F** **G**  
Somewhere between Cher and James Dean is fine for me (So, how you gonna do it?)

**Bb**  
**PRE-CHORUS:** I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame  
**C** (sustain)  
I'd even cut my hair and change my name

**G**  
**CHORUS1:** 'Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars  
**Bb**  
And live in hilltop houses driving 15 cars  
**C**  
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap  
**Eb** **F**  
We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat  
**G** **Bb**  
And we'll...hang out in the coolest bars, in the VIP with the movie stars  
**C**  
Every good gold digger's gonna wind up there  
**Eb** **F**  
Every playboy bunny with her bleached blonde hair...and well  
**Bb** **C** **G**  
Hey, hey...I wanna be a rockstar  
**Bb** **C** **G**  
Hey, hey...I wanna be a rockstar

**I** wanna be great like Elvis without the tassels  
Hire eight body guards that love to beat up assholes  
Sign a couple autographs so I can eat my meals for free (I'll have the quesadillas, ah-hah)

I'm gonna dress my ass with the latest fashion  
Get a front door key to the Playboy mansion  
Gonna date a centerfold that loves to blow my money for me (So, how you gonna do it?)

**PRE-CHORUS:** I'm gonna trade this life for fortune and fame  
I'd even cut my hair and change my name

**CHORUS2:** 'Cause we all just wanna be big rockstars  
And live in hilltop houses driving 15 cars  
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap  
We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat  
And we'll...hang out in the coolest bars, in the VIP with the movie stars  
Every good gold digger's gonna wind up there  
Every playboy bunny with her bleached blonde hair...

And we'll...hide out in the private rooms  
With the latest dictionary and today's Who's Who  
They'll get you anything with that evil smile  
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial, well  
Hey, hey...I wanna be a rockstar

**BRIDGE:** I'm gonna sing those songs that offend the censors  
Gonna pop my pills from a Pez dispenser  
Get washed-up singers writing all my songs  
Lip sync 'em every night so I don't get 'em wrong

**CHORUS3:** Well, we all just wanna be big rockstars  
And live in hilltop houses driving 15 cars  
The girls come easy and the drugs come cheap  
We'll all stay skinny cause we just won't eat  
And we'll...hang out in the coolest bars, in the VIP with the movie stars  
Every good gold digger's gonna wind up there  
Every playboy bunny with her bleached blonde hair...

And we'll...hide out in the private rooms  
With the latest dictionary and today's Who's Who  
They'll get you anything with that evil smile  
Everybody's got a drug dealer on speed dial, well  
Hey, hey...I wanna be a rockstar

(light, single strums on acoustic only)

Hey, hey...I wanna be a rockstar