

She comes to life from the cover of a Hollywood magazine  
With a sense of confidence hard to fight  
Oh he waits to be discovered  
Underneath the cover of a neon night  
She's a star  
All of my friends they got a bet she hasn't seen seventeen  
I never been any good at playin' the game  
Oh, I'd just love to give her what she needs besides fortune and fame

She's a star  
From the backstreets to the city  
There you'll find her lookin' so pretty  
First she buys you, then she sells ya  
You know she wants you when she's telling you

Take me to the music, out into the night  
Drag me through the fire, do it to me right, oh

She steps right out and grabs you like a cover girl photograph  
She'll size you up then she hits you with those Hollywood tears  
Lh, but I don't need no close-up  
To tell me she got style beyond her years

She's a star  
From the backstreets to the city  
You're gonna find her lookin' so pretty  
First she buys you, then she sells ya  
You know she wants you when she's telling you

Take me to the music, out into the night  
Drag me through the fire, do it to me right, all night

Take me to the music, out into the night  
Drag me through the fire, do it baby, do it to me right  
Take me to the music, out into the night  
Drag me through the fire, do it to me right