

411**"She's Like Superman"**Visit "[She's Like Superman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Paroles : Jane Basson / Musique : Sire)

Claire goes to work each morning with her head up her
ass

No-one pays her much attention, no-one even thinks to
ask

She's a cog in the machinery, another shade of grey
A pawn on the board that they didn't need to play
Every day

But when Claire takes off her clothes, she's like
Superman

The layers disappear

And there she stands

As though she could rock the world - and she can
She rocks mine

She's nothing much to look at in a suit or a dress
She gets tongue-tied in conversation - freezes up like
it's a test

People forget to notice, they don't register she's there
So she floats around in dreamscapes - or maybe it's
her nightmare
But at night

When Claire takes off her clothes, she's like Superman

The seams fly apart

And there she stands

As though she ruled the world - and she can
She rules mine

There's a power to her nudity that knocks you off your
feet

It puts a sparkle in her eye - her body shimmers in the
heat

You can hear the music now - she sways in time to the
beat

And you'd sell your soul to Satan just to get a piece of it
Every night

When Claire takes off her clothes, she's like Superman

The disguise falls away
And there she stands
As though she could save the world - and she can
She saved mine.

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