

Antonio Banderas, Madonna "High Flying, Adored"

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High flying, adored, so young the instant queen
A rich, beautiful thing of all the talents, a cross
between
A fantasy of the bedroom and a saint
You were just a backstreet girl
Hustling and fighting, scratching and biting

High flying, adored, did you believe in your wildest
moments
All this would be your's, that you'd become the lady of
them all?
Were there stars in your eyes when you crawled in at
night
From the bars, from the sidewalks, from the gutter
theatrical?
Don't look down, it's a long, long way to fall

High flying, adored, what happens now? Where do you
go from here?
For someone on top of the world the view is not exactly
clear
A shame you did it all at twenty-six
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you, no one fulfill you

High flying, adored, I hope you come to terms with
boredom
So famous so easily, so soon, it's not the wisest thing
to be
You won't care if they love you, it's been done before
You'll despair if they hate you, you'll be drained of all
energy
All the young who've made it would agree

High flying, adored, that's good to hear but
unimportant
My story's quite usual, local girl makes good, weds
famous man
I was stuck in the right place at the perfect time
Filled a gap, I was lucky, but one thing I'll say for me
No one else can fill it like I can

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