

## **Josh Joplin Group "Superstar"**

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Miguel sits at the corner store  
With skin like terra cotta pottery  
Waiting for a bus, a bus

With a hat like Billy Jack's  
A smile like Freddie Prinz  
He comes and he goes with the dust

Looking out his window world  
As the desert skies open up and introduce  
The stars that dance in space

But he falls fast asleep  
With a dream that he keeps  
Underneath his pillow case

Carry me, whoever you are  
I'm waiting with masses  
For the rites of passage  
And wishing on a superstar

Stacy adds to her billfold  
And slides down a brass pole  
For free drinks and a bigger tip

Posing from a good home  
That haunts when she's all alone  
She sheds what she cannot strip

Carry me, whoever you are  
I'm waiting with masses  
For the rites of passage  
And wishing on a superstar

Show us the way, show us the way  
'Cause we want to be loved  
And we want to be saved

And we all want to be okay, and we all want to be okay  
But we don't have the means to pay  
And I don't have the means to pay

Carry me, whoever you are  
I'm waiting with masses  
For the rites of passage  
And wishing on a superstar

Miguel sits at the corner store  
Smoking on a cigarette  
He bummed off a punk in gangstahood

Stacy takes a drag  
And puts her hands on his back  
And they walk like they're Hollywood

Carry me, whoever you are  
I'm waiting with masses  
For the rites of passage  
And wishing on a superstar

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