

Josh Jopling 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 jacks, 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

Chorus

Carry me whoever you are
Im 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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Miguel sits at the corner store smoking on a cigarette
He bummed off a punk in gangsta hood
Stacy takes a drag and puts her hands on his back
And they walk like they're holly wood

Chorus

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