

## **Sire**

# **"She's Like Superman"**

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(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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