

Nerina Pallot

"Dear Frustrated Superstar"

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Dear Frustrated Superstar
Your mother's waiting in the car
To whisk you off to your new premiere
And all the friends who knew your name

Are waiting, wondering what became
Of the girl that they once knew
But never loved
They never loved

So every city tells the lie
Of beggars, tramps and butterflies
Of all these things, then what am I?

A princess in a threadbare gown
A gaudy, painted circus clown?
A child who lost her key
And can't get home?

All the things I never was
A traitor of the Western Wars
A girl who did it just because
Do or die or don't at all

Prepare to suffer for your call
Some things have to hurt
Or they're not true
They can't be true

When you die, you'll wonder, was that it?
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?
Well, you're here now
Yeah, you're here now

So I only want to be up there
With a hundred others, I don't care
'Cause I'm here now
Yeah, I'm here now

Papers, books, philosophy
An envelopes eternity
I count each passing minute

Hour, day

Wonder how I smile so well
I wonder how they never tell
There's really no one living here at all

So here a line from God's own song
To comfort you when things go wrong
My children never visit me

Go searching in my sky at night
They must be there to set alight
Their mothers aching heart is so unsure
I'm so unsure

When you die, you'll wonder, was that it?
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?
Well, you're here now
Yeah, you're here now

So I only want to be up there
With a hundred others, I don't care
'Cause I'm here now
Yeah, I'm here now

Again
Again
Again

Dear Frustrated Superstar
I really hope you get that far
If not, I hope you live
I hope you live

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