

Self "Superstar"

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cement hands - she comes alive on my poster
cement band - and i'm in love
i know the things you must think and feel
you've been left out in the cold
she's a superstar
she'll never see me in the crowd
no matter who you are, you can't forget a face you
know
plastic friends
subliminal plastic motives
have you reached the end?
or just knots to your rope
and from day to day, the actors and scenes change
and when you're a memory, the greedy ones remain
i know the pain you've been subject to
you've been left out in the rain
she's a superstar
you can find me at her feet
she's still a superstar
while i'm alone at home
what is a super star?
can you count them on your hands?
does it affect who you are and what everybody says
and does
or thinks about you anyway?
does she smoke crack, burn buildings, or just plain
strange?
caught in the public eye, we get paid to pry
i know the things that you must think and feel
you've been left out in the cold
i'm a superstar
i can't see you in the crowd
no matter who you are, you can't forget a face you
know

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