

Von: Evita

"High Flying Adored"

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"High flying, adored... So young, the instant Queen, a rich, beautiful thing of all the talents across between the fantasies of a bedroom and a saint. And you were just a backstreet girl, hustling and fighting, scratching and biting...

High flying, adored... Did you believe in your wildest moments, all this could be yours, that you become the lady of them all? Were there stars in your eyes when you crawled in at night, from the bars, from the gutter-the-atrical? Don't look down, it's a long, long way to fall.

High flying, adored... What happens now? Where do you go from here? For someone on top of the world the views are not exactly clear. A shame, you did it all at 26- there are no mysteries now, nothing can thrill you, nothing fulfill you.

High flying, adored... I hope you come to terms with boze-down. So famous, so easily- so soon is not the wisest thing to be. You won't care if they love you- it'S been done before. You'll despair, if they hate you, you'll be drained of all energy. All the youngs who've made it, would agree."

(Eva:) "High flying, adored... I've been called names but they're the strangest. My story's quite usual: Local girl makes good, weds famous man. I was slap in the right place at the perfect time, filled a gap- I was lucky. But one thing I'll say for me: No one else can fill it like I can!"

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