

## Andy Mineo "Superhuman"

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[Come ye sinners, poor and needy; Weak and wounded, sick and sore.  
Jesus, ready stands to save you; Grace requires nothing more.]

I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His arms.  
In the arms of my dear Savior, there are ten thousand charms.]

Andy:  
Uh,  
Why is it everytime I step upon a train,  
I see a pretty dame and I wonder what her name is.  
Before I even get there, the question on my brain is:  
"Do you love the LORD, do you live to make Him famous?"

Then the car stops; she step off, it's time to refocus  
I'm questionin' my heart, examinin' my motives;  
Why I'm captivated by the brown-skinned mocha divas  
And I hope in my mind she's a believer.

Okay,  
She got all that beauty, (ha) yeah it' obvious  
I can't let it take residence over Godliness  
Now I'm getting restless, how I'm recognizing  
When I'm choosing to take pleasure in all these false treasures;

They fools gold.  
Instead of looking for them sundresses,  
I should be looking for the Son I confess it,  
Even though my prides telling me don't let the fans know,  
I am not a superhuman no, I'm a man,

So the grace that I talk about on all my records,  
I need it for myself, cus really I'm just a mess  
Finding rest from the pressures of perfection,  
As I stand up on this platform they expectin

Me to be a man without flaws, that's false,  
I am just another rapper that's called to point ya'll to  
the cross;  
And, that's exactly where I'm headed.  
I'm just another beggar pointin ya'll to where the bread  
is,  
Maaan...

I'm not a Superhuman, I am just a man.  
No I'm not a Superhuman, I am just a man.  
I'm not a Superhuman! I am just a man,  
But they never understand...

[Chorus]  
I'm nothin' more than a man,  
Lost dead in my sin.  
So here I am, alive in Your hands.  
Your hands, Your hands!

We dress up in nice heels, we try to make people  
buy'em,  
That's why when someone ask how we doin, we tell'em  
fine,  
Knowing we hurt inside, but tell me who's really lyin,  
They ain't really wanna know how you doin, that cost  
time,

That's way too expensive,  
And if I ever get a date with a dime I'm sending my  
representative,  
The version of Andy that's cropped and edited,  
I'm killin this first impression, and I'm hidin the  
evidence,

Yea, photoshoppin the blemishes,  
These lies of perfection are the cry of the desperate,  
Men that want that acceptance,  
Holdin they breath, dyin a thousand deaths,  
Forgettin there's beauty inside the mess,

What else could you expect? we obsessed over twitter  
numbers!  
Checkin ours, then comparing them to others; like,  
The number of likes upon a status is somehow suppose  
to raise our status,  
Boy, this is madness,

We want the trophy wife who's the baddest and not  
some average,  
So we can feel like the man; Randy Savage.

Take me off the shelf, I don't wanna be for retail!  
I would rather be real, let you see the details;

When we fail, it feels like we fall so far  
Cause they put us so high; I am not a star.  
I'm just a product of grace that's still in the process,  
And I don't gotta be great, because my God is.

No, I don't gotta be great, because my God is.  
I'm just a product of grace, and guess what:  
I'm still in the process, this unfinished business.

Would you love me if I told you I couldn't fly...  
I've got no cape on, and no mask on; there's no  
disguise.  
Oh I'm Nooo, Hero. There's only One.  
Oh I'm Nooo, Hero. There's only One...  
And He's not for sale!

I'm not a Superhuman, I am just a man.  
No I'm not a Superhuman, I am just a man.  
I'm not a Superhuman! I am just a man,  
But they never understand...

[Chorus]  
I'm nothin' more than a man,  
Lost dead in my sin.  
So here I am, alive in Your hands.  
Your hands, Your hands!

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