Marx Richard "Superstar"

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"You're the queen of your own little world - you really made a splash

Got the offers rollin' in but you're nothing more than high paid trash

Everybody wants to know what goes on in your head Pity if they found out that you're lonely in your bed Maybe it all happened to you just a little too fast

Won't let anybody touch you So you do it for yourself Plain to see there's a woman ... Cryin' out for help

You're a superstar, but you don't know who you are And your money won't get you very far You're a mystery, nothing can set you free Your demons haunt you endlessly

You face the end of your youth in a tired little masquerade

You talk to people with a tongue like a newly sharpened razor blade

Yours is not a life that lets you take a look inside Morals and convictions meet a fate of genocide But in the end you'll be sleeping in the bed you made

All you want's a daddy
The one you never had
(There's) a need for understanding ... Achin' in you bad

You're a superstar, but you don't know who you are And your money won't get you very far You're a mystery, it seems so clear to me There's something that you'd rather be

Take a look around you now before it's much too late Make the choice to change or be a victim of your fate All your life you've been running from the girl inside

You're a superstar, but you don't know who you are And your fame won't get you very far You're a mystery, oh but it's plain to see yeah There's someone that you'd rather be

You're a superstar ...
And your money won't get you very far
You're a mystery, and it's plain to me yeah
There's someone that you'd rather be" SUPERSTAR:
Richard Marx
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