

# The Rise And Fall Of Our Hero's Reward

Beulah

I heard your song  
You sang your mom and dad went punk  
they called you the unknown quotient  
or something close to that

Now all the little boys  
write bad poems to their new loves  
and play all the songs  
on crappy old guitars

Wanna be a rock star  
Ten times bigger sun  
Wanna be a rock star  
And make you all love me

They want your baby shoes  
in some Podunk hardrock cafe  
But it's better than being  
tie-dyed instead

Copyright your name  
and bloodshot eyes just the same  
And those eyes look  
just like a map where everything's alright

I remember  
it was raining the day you died  
I read the paper  
it was raining where you were too

Wanna be a rock star  
Ten times bigger sun  
Wanna be a rock star  
And make you all love me