

## Nothing Special

Duncan Sheik

You play guitar for perfect strangers  
You write some words they try to sell  
And then you sing these things in public  
Sometimes not very well

You get paid to go to parties  
Drinking colors talking trash  
You get laid because you're arty  
And you wonder why it never lasts

Maybe these are wonders more than we may know  
Well I hate to steal your thunder

You ain't nothing special  
You're no more celestial than anyone else  
As far as I can tell I call it mythology  
We see what we want to see  
And everyone wants their distant dreams

So sure enough they want your picture  
And your deepest point of view  
Well you should know you ain't not that pretty  
And you haven't got a clue

But how you love the adoration  
You believe you're in-house press  
And half the critics always hate you  
So you get horribly depressed

Maybe these are wonders, more than we may know  
Well, I hate to steal your thunder

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You're no more celestial than anyone else  
As far as I can tell I call it mythology  
We see what we want to see  
And I am the snake who bites his own tail