

# One Man Show

Fredrika Stahl

I don't know what to say  
I wish it wasn't this way  
But you lost me long ago  
To your one man show  
And now you're left with your pride  
And no one else by your side  
But the reflection of yourself  
In the trophies on your shelves

Underneath it all  
We're all quite plain  
With all your jazz stripped off  
You're just the same  
But you don't even have a voice of your own  
You couldn't tell by yourself  
What's right from wrong

And I don't know what to say  
I wish it wasn't this way  
But you lost me long ago  
To your one man show  
And now you're left with your pride  
And no one else by your side  
But the reflection of yourself  
In the trophies on your shelves

You never learned to fly with your own wings  
But they can make you dance  
By pulling strings  
You only care for the attention you bring  
The crowd has crowned you  
As their king

And I don't know what to say  
I wish it wasn't this way  
But you lost me long ago  
To your one man show  
And now you're left with your pride  
And no one else by your side  
But the reflection of yourself  
In the trophies on your shelves