

Little Rock Star

Lucinda Williams

It's clear you have a death wish
And from what I hear, your latest dish
Lives for you and scares you half to death

You bend over backwards to make a statement
Hang from the rafters and lick the pavement
Split your lip and barely catch a breath

Your lovely eyes they close like petals
Your sweet surprise could win you medals
You strut your stuff and fan your peacock feathers

Even if you fake it to get attention
Whatever it'll take to get them to listen
Piss on your designer boots and designer leathers

Hey little rock star what don't you see
This is not all that it's cracked up to be
And I can't say I blame you for throwing the towel in
Or buying more fame by cashing your chips in

With all of your talent and so much to gain
To toss it away like that would be such a shame

Juvenile delinquent, misunderstood
Peter Pan and Robin Hood
Will you ever do the things you're afraid to do?

Will you ever know happiness little rock star
Or is your death wish stronger than you are?
Will you go up in flames like the torches that are carried for
you?

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