

I don't want to be another big star
Picking at your cars
Stealing at your clothes
Finding out what you don't know
You don't know

I don't want to be your big star
Picking your calls; saying I don't know
I don't want to be your suitor
Lacking at your feet
Trying to love the things you need

Oh you know I've heard this before
And you know I've heard this some more
And please give me the chance
To break down your door
But I sit
Oh Oh
I still sit here

I don't want to be another tailor
Pricking at your thumb
Washing all the tears away