

Superstar

Richard Marx

You're the queen of your own little world, you really made a splash

You're like a plane flying high, yet not afraid to crash

Everyone wants to know what goes on in your head

Why do you choose to lie so lonely in your bed?

Maybe life happened and happened too fast

Won't let anybody touch you?

(Or just waiting)

You're a victim of your own past

Plain to see there's a woman cryin' out for help

The star of so many, yet never one to herself

Money means nothing, that's so plain to see

You're a mystery to us all, you're looking for someone to set you free

(Only one though)

You face the end of your youth in a tired fueling rage

You talk to people with a tongue like a newly sharpened razor blade

Yours is not a life that lets you take control

Morals and convictions meet and has taken a toll

But in the end you'll be sleeping in the bed that you made

Good or bad, rich or poor, you made it your own way

It seems so clear to me, something has to change

The person that you are, the lions that you tame

Make the choice to grab the reigns or be a victim of your fate

All your life you've been running from the dreams you give away

Take it from me, I can feel your pain

I too am one, one that rules in taking the blame