

Your face on the cover of a magazine
Cranked up rolling out of the limousine
Craving looks, throwing hooks, trying to fish 'em out
You want it now, you need it all right now

Show up late for your late show interview
Wake up, make up, buddy look at you
Gotta confess, it's a mess watcha trying to prove
Should have thought it through, now watcha gonna do?

That's what you hurt for, another encore
Gotta get 'em moving, right here on the dance floor
That's what you hurt for, another encore
Ego-driven, life-scarred, hypertronic superstar
This is just the way your are

Snap shot, getting caught, million copies sold
Faking hits, talking shit on your cell phone
L.O.V.E., you see, has yet to come round
The word is out, you're on your way, you're going down

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Gotta get 'em moving, right here on the dance floor
That's what you hurt for, another encore
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This is just the way your are

Hypertronic superstar, this is just the way you are
You're standing for nothing
Half a million souls alike, wide asleep in city lights
You're failing and you're falling

Down down, you're on your way
You're going down, down

That's what you hurt for, another encore
Gotta get 'em moving, right here on the dance floor
That's what you hurt for, another encore
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