

Superstar

Josh Joplin Group

Miguel sits at the corner store
With skin like terra cotta pottery
Waiting for a bus, a busWith a hat like Billy Jack's
A smile like Freddie Prinz
He comes and he goes with the dustLooking out his window world
As the desert skies open up and introduce
The stars that dance in spaceBut he falls fast asleep
With a dream that he keeps
Underneath his pillow caseCarry me, whoever you are
I'm waiting with masses
For the rites of passage
And wishing on a superstarStacy adds to her billfold
And slides down a brass pole
For free drinks and a bigger tipPosing from a good home
That haunts when she's all alone
She sheds what she cannot stripCarry me, whoever you are
I'm waiting with masses
For the rites of passage
And wishing on a superstarShow us the way, show us the way
'Cause we want to be loved
And we want to be savedAnd we all want to be okay, and we all want to be okay
But we don't have the means to pay
And I don't have the means to payCarry me, whoever you are
I'm waiting with masses
For the rites of passage
And wishing on a superstarMiguel sits at the corner store
Smoking on a cigarette
He bummed off a punk in gangstahoodStacy takes a drag
And puts her hands on his back
And they walk like they're HollywoodCarry me, whoever you are
I'm waiting with masses
For the rites of passage
And wishing on a superstar

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