

# 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?  
Hey little rock star what don't you see?  
This is not all that it's cracked up to be  
I can't say I blame you for throwing the towel in  
Or buying more fame by cashing your chips in  
But with all of your talent and so much to gain  
To toss it away like that would be such a shame  
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