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

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