

Superhuman

Andy Mineo

Come you sinners poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Grace requires nothing more,
I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms,
In the arms of my dear Savior,
There are ten thousands charms, Why is it every time I step up on a train,
I see a pretty dame and I wonder what her name is,
For' I even get there the question on my brain is,
Do you love the Lord do you live to make Him famous?
Then the cart stop, she step off, it's time to refocus,
I'm questioning my heart, examining my motives,
Why I'm captivated by the brown skin mocha divas,
And I hope in my mind she's a believer,
Ok, she got all that beauty yea it's obvious,
I can't let it take precedence over Godliness,
Now I'm getting restless,
How I'm recognizing when I'm choosing to take pleasure in all these false treasures,
They fools gold,
Instead of looking for them sundresses,
I should be looking for the Son I confess it,
Even though my prides telling me don't let the fans know,
I am not a superhuman though,
I am a man,
So the grace that I talk about on all my records,
I need it for myself, cause really I'm just a mess,
Finding rest from the pressures of perfection,
As I stand up on this platform they expectin,
Me to be a man without flaws, that's false,
I am just another rapper that's called to point ya'll to the cross,
And that's exactly where I'm headed,
I'm just another beggar pointin ya'll to where the bread is,
Maaan..I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man,
No, I'm not a superhuman,
I am just a man,
I'm not a superhuman,
I am just a man, but they never understand, I'm nothing more than a man lost, dead in my sin,

So here I am alive in Your hands,
Your hands, Your hands We dress up in nice heels, we try to make people buy'em,
That's why when someone ask how we doin, we tell'em fine,
Knowing we hurt inside, but tell me who's really lyin,
They ain't really wanna know how you doin, that cost time,
That's way too expensive,
And if I ever get a date with a dime I'm sending my representative,
The version of Andy that's cropped and edited,
I'm killin this first impression, and I'm hidin the evidence,
Yea, photoshoppin the blemishes,
These lies of perfection are the cry of the desperate,
Men that want that acceptance,
Holdin they breath, dyin a thousand deaths,
Forgettin there's beauty inside the mess,
What else could you expect? we obsessed over twitter numbers,
Checkin ours, then comparing them to others, like,
The number of likes upon a status is somehow suppose to raise our status,
Boy, this is madness,
We want the trophy wife who's the baddest and not some average,
So we can feel like the man, Randy Savage,
Take me off the shelf, I don't wanna be for retail,
I would rather be real, let you see the details,
When we fell, it feels like we fall so far cause they put us so high,
I am not a star,
I'm just a product of grace that's still in the process,
And I don't gotta be great, because my God is, And I don't gotta be great, because my God is,
I'm just a product of grace and guess what?
I'm still in the process, there's unfinished business Would you love me if I told you I couldn't fly?
I got no cape on and no mask on there's no disguise,
Oh I'm no hero
There's only one,
Oh I'm no hero,
There's only one,
And He's not for sale, I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man,
No, I'm not a superhuman,
I am just a man,
I'm not a superhuman,
I am just a man, but they never understand, I'm nothing more than a man lost, dead in my sin,
So here I am alive in Your hands,
Your hands, Your hands

Songwriters

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