

# Dear Frustrated Superstar

Nerina Pallot

Dear Frustrated Superstar  
Your mother's waiting in the car  
To whisk you off to your new premiere  
And all the friends who knew your name  
Are waiting, wondering what became  
Of the girl that they once knew  
But never loved  
They never loved  
So every city tells the lie  
Of beggars, tramps and butterflies  
Of all these things, then what am I?  
A princess in a threadbare gown  
A gaudy, painted circus clown?  
A child who lost her key  
And can't get home?  
All the things I never was  
A traitor of the Western Wars  
A girl who did it just because  
Do or die or don't at all  
Prepare to suffer for your call  
Some things have to hurt  
Or they're not true  
They can't be true  
When you die, you'll wonder, was that it?  
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?  
Well, you're here now  
Yeah, you're here now  
So I only want to be up there  
With a hundred others, I don't care  
'Cause I'm here now  
Yeah, I'm here now  
  
Papers, books, philosophy  
An envelopes eternity  
I count each passing minute  
Hour, day  
Wonder how I smile so well  
I wonder how they never tell  
There's really no one living here at all

So here a line from God's own song  
To comfort you when things go wrong  
My children never visit me  
Go searching in my sky at night  
They must be there to set alight  
Their mothers aching heart is so unsure  
I'm so unsure  
When you die, you'll wonder, was that it?  
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?  
Well, you're here now  
Yeah, you're here now  
So I only want to be up there  
With a hundred others, I don't care  
'Cause I'm here now  
Yeah, I'm here now  
Again  
Again  
Again  
Dear Frustrated Superstar  
I really hope you get that far  
If not, I hope you live  
I hope you live

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