Prisoner of Stardom

Steve Forbert

She's a Prisoner of Stardom
She's unhappy with success
'Cause it isn't what she pictured it to be
Though she's made a lot of money
And a lot of famous friends
There ain't nothing in this world can set her freeWho feels sorry
For the center of attention
Who'll feel sorry
For that poor little rich girl
Who'll feel sorry
At the Amsterdam convention
Who'll feel sorry for the starShe's a prisoner of smiling
It's expected night and day
Its a burden on her everywhere she goes
Still she's looking for some magic
Like those teenage magazines
That she read in '65 in OhioWho feels sorry
For the center of attention
Who'll feel sorry
For that poor little rich girl
Who'll feel sorry
At the Amsterdam convention
Who'll feel sorry for the starShe's a prisoner of dreaming
And her dreams become her boss
Now its packed her off to work among the Dutch
She'll see all the sights on Sunday
She'll be wined and dined at night
And let's pray to God she don't protest too muchWho feels sorry
For the center of attention
Who'll feel sorry
For that poor little rich girl
Who'll feel sorry
At the Amsterdam convention
Who'll feel sorry for the star
Who feels sorry

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