

New American Saint

Tokyo Rose

The curtain's up
The crowd is waiting to see you come to life
So take a breath - your heart is pounding
And step into the light
Because this is it - it's what you've wanted
You're on a stage for all to see
Just not the way you ever imagined
Got to give them what they need
All eyes are on you
Show them you deserve it
Because now that they all love yo
And now that they all know your name
You're a new kind of American saint
But all the smoke and mirrors with which you hide your fears
Aren't nearly enough to take away the pain
Of being there out on your own
So baby, come on back home
It's on at seven
And in the papers
The covers of the magazines
They cut you open and pulled the skin back
Just so they could watch you bleed
They made incisions for television
Implanted cameras between your ribs
Thought the could capture and manufacture your best
And your worst still impress me
With that being said
When you come back down
I'll be here waiting

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