

Nothing Special

Duncan Sheik

You play guitar for perfect strangers
You write some words they try to sell
And then you sing these things in public sometimes not very well
You get paid to go to parties
Drinking colors, talking trash,
You get laid because you're 'arty'
And you wonder why it never lasts[Chorus]
Maybe these are wonders, more than we may know
Well I hate to steal your thunder
You ain't nothing special
You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell
Call it mythology, we see what we want to see
And everyone wants their distant dreams So sure enough they want your picture
And your deepest point of view
Well you should know you ain't that pretty
And you haven't got a clue
But how you love the adoration
You believe your 'in-house' press
And half the critics always hate you
So you get horribly depressed[Chorus]
Maybe these are wonders, more than we may know
Well I hate to steal your thunder
You ain't nothing special
You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell
Call it mythology, we see what we want to see
You ain't nothing special
You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell
Call it mythology, we see what we want to see
And I am the snake who bites his own tail

Songwriters

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