George Michael, Star People '97

Star People
Counting your money rill your soul turns green
Star people
Counting the cost of your desire to be seen

I do not count myself among you
I may be living in a dream
It's just there seem so many of you
Can't help but hope
There's a difference between....you and me

You're a star
(i'm talking to you)
You're a star

Maybe your mama gave you up boy
(it's the same old same old)
Maybe your daddy didn't love you enough girl

Star people
Never forget your secret's safe with me
Just look at all the wonderful people
Trying to forget they had to pay for what you see

It's a dream
With a nightmare stuck in the middle
But where would you be
Without all of that attention
You'd die
I'd die
We'd die wouldn't we
(well wouldn't we)

Big, big, star!
Should go far!

Chorus

Talk about your mother
Talk about your father
Talk about the people
Who have made you what you are
Talk about your teacher,
The bully boy who beat you
Talk about the people who have paid
For that new sports car

Did you get off on a bad foot, baby
Do you have a tittle tale to tell
Is that why you're a star?
Is that what makes a star?

Nothing comes for nothing, baby
That fame and fortune's heaven sent
And who gives a fuck about your problems, darling
When you can pay the rent

How much is enough?