

# Tokyo Rose, New American Saint

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 they 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