

Antonio Banderas & Madonna, High Flying, Adored

High flying, adored, so young the instant queen
A rich, beautiful thing of all the talents, a cross between
A fantasy of the bedroom and a saint
You were just a backstreet girl
Hustling and fighting, scratching and biting
High flying, adored, did you believe in your wildest moments
All this would be your's, that you'd become the lady of them all?
Were there stars in your eyes when you crawled in at night
From the bars, from the sidewalks, from the gutter theatrical?
Don't look down, it's a long, long way to fall
High flying, adored, what happens now? Where do you go from here?
For someone on top of the world the view is not exactly clear
A shame you did it all at twenty-six
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you, no one fulfill you
High flying, adored, I hope you come to terms with boredom
So famous so easily, so soon, it's not the wisest thing to be
You won't care if they love you, it's been done before
You'll despair if they hate you, you'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it would agree
High flying, adored, that's good to hear but unimportant
My story's quite usual, local girl makes good, weds famous man
I was stuck in the right place at the perfect time
Filled a gap, I was lucky, but one thing I'll say for me
No one else can fill it like I can