

# 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