

# Duncan Sheik, Nothing Special

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  
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're not 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  
Maybe these are wonders, more than we may know  
Well, I hate to steal your thunder  
chorus  
And I am the snake who bites his own tail