

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