

Evita, High Flying, Adored

High flying, adored
So young, the instant queen
A rich, beautiful thing
Of all the talents
Across 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 yours
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-the-atrical?
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 twentysix
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you
No one fulfill you

High flying, adored
I hope you come to terms with burden
So famous, so easily
So soon is 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 slap in the right place
At the perfect time
Filled a gap - I was lucky
But one thing I say for me
No one else can fill it
Like I can