

# Joan Armatrading, Child Star

Newspaper clippings  
All over your bedroom floor  
And there's pictures of you since you were a girl  
Since you were a girl of four  
You're a child star  
They ordained you  
You're a child star  
At that time that was right  
But you're thirty-four today  
You gotta stop, stop acting like a child

Been such a long time baby  
Since you were knee high  
And you're much too old for pampering  
And you're much too young to die  
Much too old for lollipops  
And not old enough for lies  
You're a grown woman, stop acting  
Acting like a child

Box of heavy tablets  
Lying by your bed  
And there's sadness clogging up your memories  
They block your head  
You're playing games, games with nature  
Games you can't afford to lose  
How can you find out who you are  
Surrounded by the blues