

Nerina Pallot, Dear Frustrated Superstar

Dear Frustrated Superstar, your mother's waiting in the car
To whisk you off to your new premiere
And all the friends who knew your name
Are waiting, wondering what became
Of the girl that they once knew but never loved
They never loved.

So every city tells the lie
Of beggars, tramps and butterflies
Of all these things, then what am I?
A princess in a threadbare gown,
A gaudy, painted circus clown?
A child who lost her key and can't get home?

All the things I never was -
A traitor in the Western Wars
A girl who did it just because.
Do or die, or don't at all

Prepare to suffer for your call
Some things have to hurt or they're not true.

They can't be true
When you die, you'll wonder, "was that it?"
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?
Well, you're here now
Yes you're here now.
So I only want to be up there
With a hundred others, I don't care
'Cause i'm here now
Yes i'm here now.

Papers, books, philosophy
An envelopes eternity
I count each passing minute, hour, day.....
Wonder how I smile so well,
Wonder how they never tell
There's really no one living here at all.

So here a line from God's own song
To comfort you when things go wrong
My children never visit anymore.
Go searching in my sky at night
They must be there to set alight
Their mothers aching heart is so unsure
I'm so unsure....

When you die, you'll wonder, "was that it?"
Will you think of how you'd wished you lived?
Well, you're here now
Yes you're here now.
So I only want to be up there
With a hundred others, I don't care
'Cause i'm here now
Yes i'm here now.

Dear Frustrated Superstar, I really hope you get that far
If not, I hope you live
I hope you live.