

Richard Marx, Superstar

You're the queen of your own little world, you really made a splash,
got the offers rollin' in, but you're nothing more
than high paid trash.

Everybody wants to know what goes on in your head,
pity if they found out that you're lonely in your bed.

Maybe it all happened to you just a little too fast.

Won't let anybody touch you? So you do it for yourself.

Plain to see there's a woman cryin' out for help.

You're a superstar, but you don't know who you are,
and your money won't get you very far.

You're a mystery, nothing can set you free,
your demons haunt you endlessly.

You face the end of your youth in a tired little masquerade,
you talk to people with a tongue like a newly sharpened razor blade.

Yours is not a life that lets you take a look inside,

morals and convictions meet a fate of genocide,

but in the end you'll be sleeping in the bed you made.

All you want's a daddy, the one you never had,

a need for understanding aching in you bad...

...it seems so clear to me, there's something that you'd rather be.

Take a look around you now, before it's much too late,

make the choice to change, or be a victim of your fate.

All your life, you've been running from the girl inside...

...oh, but it's plain to see there's someone...