

Sweetbox, Superstar

I used to think quite a lot of you
Wished I could do all the things you do
But honey, I've seen the light
You've never been on a movie screen
Hollywood you have never seen
But you think you're too good for me

Hey Hey Hey
Who the hell you think you are
No no, you're not a superstar
Hey Hey Hey
This time you really went too far
No no, you're not a superstar

You walk around like you're Brad Pitt
Don't even know that you're full of shit
There are no billboards of you
So tonight, honey, say your prayers
You're gonna hate me but I don't care
cause now it's your turn to cry

Late at night when you close your eyes
You'll see me
who do you think you are
You're not a superstar, no

Mr. Big Stuff, you're gonna hate me
Mr. Big Shot, you're gonna suffer
Mr. Big Stuff, you're gonna learn your place