

# Self, Super\*

cement hands - she comes alive on my poster  
cement band - and i'm in love  
i know the things you must think and feel  
you've been left out in the cold  
she's a superstar  
she'll never see me in the crowd  
no matter who you are, you can't forget a face you know  
plastic friends  
subliminal plastic motives  
have you reached the end?  
or just knots to your rope  
and from day to day, the actors and scenes change  
and when you're a memory, the greedy ones remain  
i know the pain you've been subject to  
you've been left out in the rain  
she's a superstar  
you can find me at her feet  
she's still a superstar  
while i'm alone at home  
what is a super star?  
can you count them on your hands?  
does it affect who you are and what everybody says and does  
or thinks about you anyway?  
does she smoke crack, burn buildings, or just plain strange?  
caught in the public eye, we get paid to pry  
i know the things that you must think and feel  
you've been left out in the cold  
i'm a superstar  
i can't see you in the crowd  
no matter who you are, you can't forget a face you know