

High Flying, Adored

Andrew Lloyd Webber

High flying, adored, so young, the instant queen,
A rich beautiful thing of all the talents, a cross between
A fantasy of the bedroom and a saint
You were just a back street girl
Hustling and fighting
Scratching and biting
High flying, adored, did you believe in your wildest moments
All this would be yours, that you'd become the lady of them all
?
Were there stars in your eyes when you crawled in at night
From the bars, from the sidewalks
From the gutter theatrical?
Don't look down, it's a long, long way to fall
High flying, adored, what happens now, where do you go from here?
For someone on top of the world, the view is not exactly clear
A shame you did it all at twenty-six
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you
No-one fulfill you
High flying, adored, I hope you come to terms with boredom
So famous, so easily, so soon, is not the wisest thing to be
You won't care if they love you, it's been done before
You'll despair if they hate you
You'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it would agree

High flying, adored, that's good to hear, but unimportant
My story's quite usual, local girl makes good, weds famous man
I was slap in the right place at the perfect time
Filled a gap--I was lucky
But one thing I'll say for me
No-one else can fill it like I can