

# High Flying Adored

David Deyl

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 backstreet 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, noone fulfill you

High flying, adored  
I hope you come to terms with boredom  
So famous so easily, so soon  
It's 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

You were stuck in the right place at the perfect time  
Filled a gap, she was lucky  
But one thing I'll say for here  
Noone else can fill it like she can