Everybody stares anytime you go anywhere
You have the spotlight
Every man you meet he really wants you to think
He's Mr. Right
Your friends all say that soon some day
That you will be famous
All the pretension, all this attention
Goes to your head, yea
Goes to your head

You turn the lights on
And everybody knows
That you're beautiful
That you're beautiful
You leave the lights off
Will they still know?
I don't think so

Is there more to you then your Gucci shoes And your Mercedes Benz?
They look fine, when they don't define Who you really are
What you bought, makes people stop Give you the attention
The wondering eyes, make you despise What you really want

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Will they still know?
I don't think so

Underneath your skin
Is what makes you beautiful
Don't listen to them
They just want to use you
Underneath your skin

There's women everywhere that don't really care If they are real humans
If they have nice thighs and beautiful eyes
Then there good to go
All that matters to them, is attention from men
Can you say pathetic?
There's two types of boring: dull and annoying
You get to choose

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