

# Superstar Talking Blues

Edwyn Collins

You say you've been abused  
And I know that you're confused  
But you know that don't excuse you,  
Superstar  
I'm not saying you should keep schtum  
But all this howling at the moon  
It's a jester's token gesture  
It's a joke that's gone too far  
Still your entourage is laughing

'Cause they're mode to,  
'Cause they're paid to,  
Superstar

You claim my words degrade you  
I waylaid and then betrayed you  
I even hear you threatening to resign  
But how can I respect you?  
For if I ever met you  
That meeting was a fleeting blip in time  
Now it's hello Motorola  
And goodbye rock and roller

'Cause there's bourbon in the cola,  
Superstar

Now Sirius is rising  
Against a bloody red horizon  
And the morning star s hiding  
In deference to Mars  
It's no time for compromising  
With the madness they're devising  
'Cause the dog days rays are deadly  
As befits a rabid star  
It's a season without meaning  
It's deceiving and you're dreaming

'Cause you're not the voice of reason,  
Superstar

With your death metal laugh  
And your cobwebbed lace shoes  
And your mouldy old taste in bad rhythm and  
Blues  
And your cancer cell phone  
And your yesterdays news  
You're the unwilling king  
Of the unwilling crew  
Still they walk some way behind you

'Cause they're hollow,  
And they follow,  
Superstar