

# The Glory

Michael Johnson

You always wanted to be a big rock 'n' roll star  
Now you are  
You worked so hard and you dreamed so long  
You sang your song

People are coming at you from everywhere  
Some are touching and others stare  
And it all comes, it all goes  
With the glory

You're telling me you didn't really know  
How things would go  
For all the applause and roses lining your way  
You gotta pay

People are coming at you from everywhere  
Some are touching and others stare  
And it all comes, it all goes  
With the glory

Bitterly you cry about the money machine  
The dirty schemes  
Where are your seashells, those ribbons and bells  
That fill your dreams

People are coming at you from everywhere  
Some are touching and others stare  
And it all comes, it all goes  
With the glory

Now's not the time for you to cry and moan  
You're on your own  
So many lonely ones wanna sing along  
They need your song

People are coming at you from everywhere  
Some are touching and others stare  
And it all comes, it all goes  
With the glory