

One Man Show

Fredrika Stahl

I don't know what to say
I wish it wasn't this way
But you lost me long ago
To your one man show
And now you're left with your pride
And no one else by your side
But the reflection of yourself
In the trophies on your shelves

Underneath it all
We're all quite plain
With all your jazz stripped off
You're just the same
But you don't even have a voice of your own
You couldn't tell by yourself
What's right from wrong

And I don't know what to say
I wish it wasn't this way
But you lost me long ago
To your one man show
And now you're left with your pride
And no one else by your side
But the reflection of yourself
In the trophies on your shelves

You never learned to fly with your own wings
But they can make you dance
By pulling strings
You only care for the attention you bring
The crowd has crowned you
As their king

And I don't know what to say
I wish it wasn't this way
But you lost me long ago
To your one man show
And now you're left with your pride
And no one else by your side
But the reflection of yourself
In the trophies on your shelves