

Child Star

Joan Armatrading

Newspaper clippings
All over your bedroom floor
And there's pictures of you since you were a girl
Since you were a girl of four
You're a child star
They ordained you
You're a child star
At that time that was right
But you're thirty-four today
You gotta stop, stop acting like a child

Been such a long time baby
Since you were knee high
And you're much too old for pampering
And you're much too young to die
Much too old for lollipops
And not old enough for lies
You're a grown woman, stop acting
Acting like a child

Box of heavy tablets
Lying by your bed
And there's sadness clogging up your memories
They block your head
You're playing games, games with nature
Games you can't afford to lose
How can you find out who you are
Surrounded by the blues