

Nothing Special

Duncan Sheik

You play guitar for perfect strangers
You write some words they try to sell
And then you sing these things in public
Sometimes not very well

You get paid to go to parties
Drinking colors talking trash
You get laid because you're arty
And you wonder why it never lasts

Maybe these are wonders more than we may know
Well I hate to steal your thunder

You ain't nothing special
You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell I call it mythology
We see what we want to see
And everyone wants their distant dreams

So sure enough they want your picture
And your deepest point of view
Well you should know you ain't not that pretty
And you haven't got a clue

But how you love the adoration
You believe you're in-house press
And half the critics always hate you
So you get horribly depressed

Maybe these are wonders, more than we may know
Well, I hate to steal your thunder

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You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell I call it mythology
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You ain't nothing special
You're no more celestial than anyone else
As far as I can tell I call it mythology
We see what we want to see
And I am the snake who bites his own tail