

# High Flying, Adored

Evita

High flying, adored  
So young, the instant queen  
A rich, beautiful thing  
Of all the talents  
Across between  
A fantasy of the bedroom  
And a saint  
You were just a backstreet girl  
Hustling and fighting  
Scratching and biting

High flying, adored  
Did you believe  
In your wildest moments  
All this would be yours  
That you'd become  
The lady of them all?  
Were there stars in your eyes  
When you crawled in at night  
From the bars, from the sidewalks  
From the gutter-the-atrial?  
Don't look down  
It's a long, long way to fall

High flying, adored  
What happens now?  
Where do you go from here?  
For someone on top of the world  
The view is not exactly clear  
A shame you did it all  
At twentysix  
There are no mysteries now  
Nothing can thrill you  
No one fulfill you

High flying, adored  
I hope you come to terms with burden  
So famous, so easily  
So soon is not the wisest thing to be  
You won't care if they love you  
It's been done before  
You'll despair if they hate you  
You'll be drained of all energy  
All the young who've made it  
Would agree

High flying, adored  
That's good to hear  
But unimportant  
My story's quite usual:  
Local girl makes good  
Weds famous man  
I was slap in the right place  
At the perfect time  
Filled a gap - I was lucky  
But one thing I say for me  
No one else can fill it

Like I can