

Come and question me and hit the headlines.
Make me a victim of an exclusive crime.
Appreciate my style and my movements, anything that'll to make me feel better

I accept and consume my image from TV, to reality
Thought my style is not to shabby
Come, please question me.
And what may I invent to be seen, more and more even more.
What am I but a dependant star.

**In therapy, in a euphoric therapy.
Therapy, therapy, therapy that control's me.**

Enter and undress me, enter my intimacy.
Reveal the downs of my celebrity.
Flashes, projectors and you, you journalists rooting for me

I assume, a pile of doses to maintain a guaranted a full house
In a usual kind of way.
Come, please question me.
And what may I invent to be liked, more and more even more
What am I but a dependant star.

**In therapy, in a dynamic therapy.
Therapy, therapy, therapy you manage me.**

Come and question me and hit the headlines, hit the headlines
Make me a victim of an exclusive crime. Exclusive crime.
Enter and undress me, enter my intimacy. My intimacy.
Reveal the downs of my celebrity.