

(Mark Erelli)

They picked another one off the vine
Scooped out the seeds in the back of his mind
Filled up his head with half-truths and lies
And put the finishing touch on the perfect disguise

They rolled out a carpet and threw a parade
Convinced everyone he had something to say
They smiled as they watched from the two-way mirror
As he told all the people what they wanted to hear

CHORUS

Hey, have you heard the story?
It's the same old song, same old dance
Hey, he's bound for glory
He ain't nothing but a hollow man

He basked in the glow of the fortune and fame
Even threw the first pitch at the World Series game
He always maintained he had nothing to hide
No one ever suspected he was empty inside

CHORUS

Hey, he don't know what he's doing
They set him up so high, he never had a chance
Hey, you can see right through him
He ain't nothing but a hollow man

Then came the day his cover was blown
Their little Frankenstein monster got out of control
So he looked to the ones who had saved him before
Only to find that they'd changed all the locks on the doors

The press circled in with blood in their eyes
Each one wanting a piece of his shallow disguise
And they cast him aside when from glory he fell
Now he's just another bum with a story to tell

CHORUS

Hey, he's less than zero
The greater the height, the harder you land
Ain't it hard when you find your hero