

Superhuman

Andy Mineo

Come you sinners poor and needy
Weak and wounded, sick and sore
Jesus ready stands to save you
Grace requires nothing more I will arise and go to Jesus
He will embrace me in his arms
In the arms of my dear Saviour
There are ten thousand charms
Why is it every time I step up on a train
I see a pretty dame then I wonder what her name is
Before I even get there the question on my brain is
Do you love the Lord? Do you live to make Him famous?
Then the car stop
She step off
It's time to refocus
Question in my heart and examine in my motives
Why I'm captivated by the brown skin mocha divas and I hope in mind she's a believer
Okay, she got all that beauty
Yea, it's obvious
I can't let it take precedence over godliness
Now I'm gettin restless
How I'm recognizin I'm takin pleasure in all these false treasures
They fool's gold
Instead of lookin for them sundresses
I should just be lookin for the Son
I confess it
Even though my pride's tellin me, "don't ever let the fans know"
I am not a super human though
I'm a man
So the grace that I talk about on all of my records
I need it for myself cause really I'm just a mess findin rest in from the pressures of perfection
As I stand up on this platform, they expectin
Me to be a man without flaws. That's false.
I am just another rapper that's called to point ya'll to the cross
And that's exactly where I'm headed
I'm just another beggar pointin ya'll to where the bread is man
I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man
No, I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man
I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man, but they never understand
I'm nothin more than a man lost, dead in my sin

So here I am alive in Your hands
Your hands
Your hands We dress up nice in heels
We try to make people buy em
That's why when someone ask how we doin, we tell em fine
Knowin we hurt inside, but tell me who's really lyin
They ain't really wanna know how you doin
That cost time
That's way to expense
And if I ever get a date with a dime, I'm sendin my representative
The version of Andy that's cropped and edited
I'm killin this first impression and I'm hidin the evidence
Yea, photoshoppin the blemishes
These lies of perfection are the cry of the desperate
Men that want acceptance
Holdin they breath
Dyin a thousand deaths
Forgettin there's beauty inside the mess
What else could you expect? We obsessed over Twitter numbers
Checkin ours, then comparin em to others like
The number of likes up on a status is somehow suppose to raise our status
Boy, this is madness
We want the trophy wife who's the baddest and not some average
So we can feel like the man
Randy Savage
Take me off the shelf
I don't wanna be for retail
I would rather be real
Let you see the details
When we fell, It feels like we fall so far cause they put us so high
I am not a star
I'm just a product of grace that's still in the process
And I don't gotta be great because my God is No, I don't gotta be great because my God is
I'm just a product of grace and guess what?
I'm still in the process that's unfinished business Would you love me if I told you I couldn't fly?
I got no cape on
And no mask on
There's no disguise
Oh I'm no
hero
There's only one
Oh I'm no
hero
There's only one
And He's not for sale
I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man
No, I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man

I'm not a superhuman
I am just a man, but they never understand I'm nothin more than a man lost, dead in my sin
So here I am alive in Your hands
Your hands
Your hands

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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