

# 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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