

Another Falling Star

Peter Cincotti

It was high July, another summer on the boardwalk
His skin was brown as a rosary bead
The year before he was everybody's hero
But he was losing ground and gaining speed

It could've been a girl or just one good hand of poker
That could've turned the whole damn thing around
But that July something was lost
And never did get found

He was a sun that was waiting to rise
He had the look of a king in his eyes
And everything, everything was possible

And now he just laughs and says what the hell
And clings to the secret that he'll never tell
But I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star

Now I get this deja vu and I don't really like it
With this friend of mine that can't get it in his brain
He's a diamond lost inside the stone
He's a player born to win the game

But he's gonna blow it all, the brass rings in his finger
And I gotta watch as he throws it away
He's like a song that's rare and right
That no one's gonna play

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He's got the look of a king in his eyes
And everything, everything is possible

And now he just laughs and says what the hell
And clings to the secret that he'll never tell
But I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star
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Can someone explain it 'cause I don't know why
Some people live like they're waiting to die
And I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star
Oh, just another falling star