

Stranger into Starman

Aimee Mann

I turned Stranger into Starman
In the Sunday New York Times
Like Anne Sexton with her star rats
Working backwards till it rhymes

For the love of God you can't tell me again
For the love of God you can't tell me again

With a pencil and eraser I've rewritten all your crimes
I turned Stranger into Starman
In the Sunday New York Times