

# Shooting Star

Air Traffic

Pretty, if the sun won't shine  
I'll be coming out to meet you  
I'll be there to make you mine

Pretty, if the rain will pour  
I'll be knocking at your window  
I'll be begging you for more

It is as if you've come along too soon  
And I'm trying to fit you in  
But I can't seem to find the room

Cutie, if it all falls through  
We can piece it back together  
I can learn to trust you too

You're just too good to lose  
And I can't refuse  
So don't make me choose  
Between the two

I'm fed up in here  
In my atmosphere  
Don't you know who you are  
You're my shooting star

Pretty, teach me wrong from right  
'Cause in love there are no answers  
And in life there is no lie

Pretty, if the sun won't shine  
Now you've come this far to meet me  
And I know, I know you're mine

You're just too good to lose  
And I can't refuse  
So don't make me choose  
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