

## Stars

Barcelona

Tuesday came and I feigned happy  
I'm so lonely here  
This thing between my lungs is making me so tired  
It's bleeding me

You know me, and how I hate this  
We've said enough for now  
Although it's been three hours we haven't spoke at all

Oh, inside this empty cabinet,  
Nothing shines in here

On the edge of night,  
We look down on our streets and houses,  
You felt sick so I drove back  
And if we go back to stars we won't need any money  
We won't need these poor hearts

This crowd incites my riots,  
I'll try to calm them down.  
Criminals compound my weakness  
I'm barley hanging on

They're bleeding me  
Oh, why can't I feel it?  
Nothing hurts down here.

On the edge of night,  
We look down on our streets and houses  
You felt sick so I drove back  
And if we go back to starts we won't need any money  
We won't need these poor hearts