

The Prettiest Star

David Bowie

Cold fire, you've got everything but cold fire
You will be my rest and peace child
I moved up to take a place near you

So tired, it's the sky that makes you feel tried
It's a trick to make you see wide
It can all but break your heat in pieces

Staying back in your memory
Are the movies in the past
How you moved is all it takes
To sing a song of when I loved
The prettiest star

One day though it might as well be someday
You and I will rise up all the way
All because of what you are
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