

Is it asking too much to be gicen time,
To know these songs and to sing them?
Is it asking too much of my vacant smile,
And my laugh and lies that bring them?
But the stars are goin out,
And this stage is full of nothing
Ant the friends are all but gone,
For my life, my God, I'm singing

We'll take our hearts outside,
Leave our lives behind,
And watch the stars go out.

Is it asking too much of my favourite friends,
To take these songs for real?
Is it asking too much of my partner's hands,
To take these songs for real?
But as the stars are going out
And this stage is full of nothing
Ant the friends are all but gone,
For my life, my God, I'm singing

We'll take our hearts outside,
Leave our lives behind,
And watch the stars go out
We'll take our hearts outside,
Leave our lives behind,
And watch the stars go out.