

I get home from work and you're still standing in your dressing  
gown

Well, what am I to do?

I know all the things around your head

And what they do to you

What are we coming to?

What are we going to do?

Blame it on the black star

Blame it on the falling sky

Blame it on the satellite that beams me home

The troubled words of a troubled mind

I try to understand what is eating you

I try to stay awake but it's 58 hours

Since that I last slept with you

What are we coming to?

I just don't know anymore

Blame it on the black star

Blame it on the falling sky

Blame it on the satellite that beams me home

I get on the train and I just stand about

Now that I don't think of you

I keep falling over, I keep passing out

When I see a face like you

What am I coming to?

I'm going to melt down

Blame it on the black star

Blame it on the falling sky

Blame it on the satellite that beams me home