

# The Ballad of Little Star

Ian Hunter

You don't look a day over ten so why be  
Do you have to pretend to be older than you are  
Beads and mirrors by your body  
And in some roadside bar you feel the pain  
Little Star

Lost on a merry go round, on the game  
You can never be found cause you don't know who you are  
The reservation killed your nation  
And in some tourists car you feel the pain  
Little Star

You know you know  
We grow and grow  
We never slow  
We always win  
And you feel lost  
And you feel crossed  
And you feel tossed  
Just like the wind  
Your father will have told you of the wind

Bowed those fine heads that, once proud, roamed the plains  
They sought nothing to gain 'til our fathers civilised  
And broken hearted arrows roamed the skies  
Then you were born to feel the pain  
Little Star

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We grow and grow  
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We always win  
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