

## Stars Of Leo

M. Ward

I was born on the first day of December  
That means the beginning of the end  
Between the last in the line of an emotional time  
And the patriarchal rash in the wind

And I'm overwhelmed at the range of emotion  
I can ride in some high, lonesome sound  
I get so low I need a little pick-me-up  
I get so high I need a bring-me-down  
I get so high I need a bring-me-down

And when I'm high above the sea of love  
With the stars of Leo shining  
Well, that's a long way to fall into the blue  
But it's just a matter of time until I do, yeah

But now I'm under the ground in New York City  
I miss the water from the wells back home  
And that's exactly what the papers said would happen  
If I keep boarding crowded subways alone  
So I tried to surround myself with real love  
You know, the kind that make them wheels go 'round  
I get so low I need a little pick-me-up  
I get so high I need a bring-me-down

Like when I'm high above that sea of love  
With the stars of Leo shining  
Well, that's the hardest way to fall into the blue  
But it's just a matter of time until I do, yeah

Like when I'm high above the sea of love  
With the stars of Leo shining