

Stars

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Stars

They come and go. They come fast, they come slow
Like the last light of the sun ? all in ablaze.
And all you see is glory but it gets lonely there
When there?s no one here to share.
We can shake it away if you hear a story.
People lust for fame like athletes in a game.
We break our collarbones and come up swinging.
Some of us are downed, some of us are crowned
Lost and never found.
And the ones who gave the crown
Have been let down and
Try to make amends without defending.

Stars

The come and go. Coming fast, coming slow
Like the last light of the sun ? all in ablaze.
And all you see is glory.
But most have seen it all.
We live our lives in sad cafe?s and music halls
Always with a story.

Stars

They come and go. Coming fast, coming slow
Like the last light of the sun ? all in ablaze.
And all you see is glory.