

There must be something else that all of this revolves around  
I appear so small and barely make a sound  
Still mysterious these frequencies they draw you out  
Looking for some light, see what I'm all about

The rest of them are stars  
The rest of them are stars  
I'm a quasar

Passed constellations where so many wishes have been caught  
There you can find me incubating thought  
Did you get consolation from a diamond in the sky  
Or did he let you down don't stop there tonight

The rest of them are stars, the rest of them are stars

Can they know for certain what I can become  
I may let down a few or off and surprise some  
And as the sun outshines it seems like I've disappeared  
Yet there are these sounds anyone can hear

You'll find me, you'll find me moving fastly to illuminate  
And brightly and brightly for the effort from so far away

From the rest of them, the rest of them

The rest of them are stars, the rest of them are stars  
The rest of them are stars, the rest of them are stars  
I'm a quasar, I'm a quasar