

Scars

We Shot the Moon

Stars, lonely stars(
Changing their color(
Hoping that someone will notice(
And pay them attention again(
A secret scar(
Changing its color(
Praying that nobody notices (
All of the trouble I'm in

And I know they're waiting(
In open hallways(
Caught in the doorway(
For a chance to see inside

Stars, distant stars(
Losing their shimmer (
Rising then dropping to nowhere
(And wondering if it is time(
You're buying time(
Life at a standstill(
And the projector is spinning (
The past scenes that lock you in time

And I know they're waiting
(In open hallways
(Caught in the doorway(
For a chance to see inside(
And how will they find me(
Holy and empty
(A star that is falling(
That's been lost somewhere in time

And I know they are marching
(Always in a line(
And someday they will find me
(For a chance to see inside

I know they're waiting for me(
Somewhere inside my body
(And I'll see them marching someday(
Right through an open highway(
And I'll never see through the same eyes again(
No, I'll never see through the same eyes again