

Lyrics for St*r.

You've got me spinning 'round in circles.
Got too dizzy, got to spin around backwards.
Gonna reach, gonna touch, gonna grab a star...
and that's exactly what you are.

 Cause you know that you're a constellation,
 billions of light years away and
 I'm never sure if you're still burning
 or you burned out a long time ago.

 And you're up there and I'm down here,
 maybe we'll meet in the stratosphere,
 although it's awfully thin on air.

 And it's so cold even when the solar wind blows,
 but beware supernovas become black holes.

It's pure and simple like virginal eunuchs,
I hang around you in an orbit on an ellipse,
I only see you when there's a total eclipse of the sun;
it's been a while since there's been one.

 Gotta squint, you're an unclear vision,
 it's got to be nuclear fission.

 Helium and hydrogen burn so bright:
 heavenly bodies late at night.

 And the light it wanes and it waxes
 -you got me spinning round on my axis,
 your gravitational masses.

 And my tides, they ebb and flow,
 there's gravitational attraction to the poles,
 but beware supernovas become black holes.

It's a question of serious gravity.
Like attracts like, I like you, do you like me?
And would you like me if I was in your galaxy?

 Star light, star bright, the first star I see tonight.
 Odds are good you're just Venus shining bright.
 But you could be my Polaris, my guiding light.

 A shooting star, a falling star, is either exactly what you are?
 I asked the astronomer and astrologer.

 They didn't know and I don't know,
 could just be a mystery of the cosmos,
 but beware supernovas become black: black holes.