Quasar

Smalltown Poets

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 aboutThe rest of them are stars
The rest of them are stars
I'm a quasarPassed 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 tonightThe rest of them are stars, the rest of them are starsCan 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 hearYou'll find me, you'll find me moving fastly to illuminate
And brightly and brightly for the effort from so far awayFrom the rest of them, the rest of themThe 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

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