

# Lonely Star

## Compact Space

If, all I could say is if  
Promise me you won't regret me like the tattoos on my skin  
    Like the wrong kind  
Promise me you'll all love me one day  
    You'll still remember me  
When you fuck them you'll see my face.  
    My body is yours?  
    Happy Thursday  
It seems like pain and regret are your best friends  
    Cause everything you do leads to them,  
        Why? Why? Why?  
Well baby, I could be your best friend  
    And baby, I could fuck you right  
    Baby, you can have it all  
    Baby, you can have it all  
Baby, you can have the cars, the clothes,  
    the jewels, the sex, the house  
    Baby, you can be a star  
Blaming all your sins on your best friends  
    And nothing's never, ever your fault  
    Nothing's your fault baby, no  
Well, baby you don't need your best friends  
    Cause I got everything you want  
  
    Baby, you can have it all  
    Baby, you can have it all  
Baby, you can have the cars, the clothes,  
    the jewels, the sex, the house,  
    Baby you can be a star  
    If, all I could say is if  
Promise me you won't regret me like the tattoos on my skin  
    Like the wrong time  
        Come to me  
        One day I'll love you, and you  
            will remember me  
When you fuck them you'll see my face  
    My body is yours  
Give them any other day but Thursday  
    You Belong To Me

Every Thursday  
I'll wait for you  
I'll be beautiful for you  
Every Thursday  
I exist only on Thursday

Not on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday but on Thursday?  
I love the guitars!

Lyrics provided by  
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