Stars

Buzzcocks

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)He is poised to a very strange degree
Wrapped up in emotional imagery
Small and senseless on an alter ego trip
He wants to alter your every ego tripNothing special, nothing to see me
Nothing doing, nothing with me
Nothing much and nothing to do with meHe wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)He is awash in competing theories
He's glad to be out of the house
It's that time of the evening
I need to have some feelingI'm on the surface, tension, no pretension
Keeps you going, gets you nowhere
Present tense in the worst person singularHe wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)Because the message is cheap and exhilarating
Now he's slobbering on the glass
A sexistic boy having a world wide wank
He says well that's very punk of meNothing special, nothing to see me
Nothing doing, nothing with me
Nothing much and nothing to do with meHe wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are dead

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