

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 sexist 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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