Big Star

Ocean Colour Scene

I don't want to be another big star
Picking at your cars
Stealing at your clothes
Finding out what you don't know
You don't knowI don't want to be your big star
Picking your calls, saying I don't know
I don't want to be your suitor
Lacking at your feet
Trying to love the things you needAnd you know I've heard this before
And you know I've heard it some more
Won't you give me a chance
To break down your door?
But I sit, oh oh, I still sit hereI don't want to be a tailor
Pricking at your thumb
Washing all the tears away
Some wordsOh no, I believe they don't feel you
Picking up your dirt
Washing all your dreams away

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