A Star Is Bored

Paul Westerberg

He gets up in the darkness
And he calls out, "Where am I?"
He looks down from the heavens
And he's tired of the skyFive hundred lonely years ago
He shone blue and bright
And it's killing him to know
That you're seeing it tonightIn his room no one blesses
He undresses his award
To the moon he confesses
"I'm going down there for sure"A star is boredHe's dreaming in the valley
And he's shaking in the stream
He's shining in the alley
And they're kissing his golden feetThey ask him, "Are you famous?"
You've answered that, you know
They tell him he looks nervous
He says, "You look too close"And the place where he's staying
Shoves his dinner in the hall
The number that he's dialing
He'll really wanna callHe gets down and starts praying
Like they taught him, to the wall
"Oh, Lord"A star is bored

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