# The Star Song

## This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb

one of the stars in your eyes has gone out, so we lay back on the rooftop late at night in hopes that a shooting star might take root in the hole in your head. and we'll wake up in the morning being stared down by an ashamed sun, shamefully covering behind a cloud or two, old man you've followed me down, you've beaten me down, and tonight i got the best of you.

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