

Another Falling Star

Peter Cincotti

It was high July, another summer on the boardwalk
His skin was brown as a rosary bead
The year before he was everybodys hero
But he was losing ground and gaining speed
It couldve been a girl or just one good hand of poker
That couldve turned the whole damn thing around
But that July something was lost
And never did get found
He was a sun that was waiting to rise
He had the look of a king in his eyes
And everything, everything was possible
And now he just laughs and says what the hell
And clings to the secret that hell never tell
But I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star
Now I get this dj vu and I dont really like it
With this friend of mine that cant get it in his brain
Hes a diamond lost inside the stone
Hes a player born to win the game
But hes gonna blow it all, the brass rings in his finger
And I gotta watch as he throws it away
Hes like a song thats rare and right
That no ones gonna play
He is a sun that is waiting to rise
Hes got the look of a king in his eyes
And everything, everything is possible
And now he just laughs and says what the hell
And clings to the secret that hell never tell
But I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star
Oh, just another falling star
Can someone explain it cause I dont know why
Some people live like theyre waiting to die
And I wish I knew what kind of scar
Can turn a sun into just another falling star
Oh, just another falling star

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