

# 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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