

Shooting Star

Reference number PT0594

Seems like no one thinks too much of me here,
and they're glad to tell it to my face.
And they're right: I'm not supposed to be here.
I'm completely out of place.
Somehow there has got to be a reason.
Evenings as I try to think it through,
there's a bolt from the blue and I see a shooting star
set apart from all the rest
while the other stars are standing still.
He's on a quest.
Ev'ry night this shooting star darts across the twilight sky,
'cause he knows he doesn't quite fit in
and he's longing to know why.

I feel so much better when it's night time:
that's when I can sort of disappear.
When the sun is setting, it's the right time
for pretending I'm not here.
Sometimes I just stare into the heavens,
wond'ring if the answer is in sight.
That's when I see the light
of my steadfast shooting star
on his way to who knows where.
He's so unlike all the stars that he outshines up there.
And this solitary star is an awful lot like me,
on an endless search through time and space
for a place that won't seem wrong.

If we both hang on for long enough,
if we both somehow are strong enough,
we'll find out where we belong.