

Auteurs, The, Don

Auteurs, The
New Wave
DonT Trust The Stars
Who cares about
Your mystic lies
Is it a claim to some reality
I found myself barefoot
On stones
I dont think
it was meant to be?
I dont think
it just had to be?

So how can it be pre-arranged
When theres no order anyway
I found myself barefoot
On stone
I dont think it was destiny
It wasnt in the stars that day

Good fortune smile
On my ascendant star
Take head, small talk
Dont trust the stars

I know its insufferable
Visionary can be so vain
To think that somewhere
Theres a path for you
I know its make
It seem mundane
It makes it all seem
So mundane

Good fortune smile
On my ascendant star
Take head, small talk
Dont trust the stars