

Elvis Costello, For The Stars

The stars were so much brighter then,
They dim and die,
So why pretend
The sky goes on forever:
But if they fade as science teaches,
Poets lose the power of speech.
Waste paper, ink and feather.

If I'd taken up the trumpet
As I should have done,
Then I wouldn't be
Always losing sleep,
While I'm trying to make this rhyme.

For the stars
Were so much,
They were so much brighter then.
If I couldn't put a price on your head,
What's the use of me trying
For the stars?

The morning comes, the days are
Just the time between
Until the dusk,
When we can be together,

If I'd taken up the drums
And I could play in time,
If I had the power,
Would I be wond'ring how,
I'm ever going to write this down.

For the stars
Were so much,
They were so much brighter then.
If I couldn't put a price on your head,
Then what's the use of me trying
For the stars?