

Marianne Faithfull, The Hawk

Gotta make your own rules, child,
Gotta break your own chains.
Your dreams that possess you
Can blossom and bless you
Or run you insane.

The moment is yours, child,
To lay on the line.
The past just don't matter,
Tomorrow won't mind.

I don't deserve you,
I'm only human.
But I swear I'll love you
Just as hard as I can.

Storm on the mountain
Stars in the sky

Running for glory
Freedom to fly.

Will you remember,
Way down the road,
Somebody loves you
More than you know.

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Stars in the sky
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