

# Mark Owen, Stars

Gonna build a rocket  
Anytime you want it  
Paint it pretty colors  
Gonna light it up and take us to the moon  
That's what I'm gonna do  
That's what I'm gonna

Save up all the paper  
Gonna need later  
Maybe take a minute  
To get to my head directions of the way  
You want to get away  
I'm taking you

Through the eyes of the black hole  
And the open doors  
Through the cracks in the pavement  
In conversation

From the top of the empire  
To a state unknown  
If i say that I'm leaving  
Just got to hang on

'Cause we're just stars  
Tryna get back to where we're from  
One by one, we're gonna leave this planet  
So don't look back  
'Cause you know that it's all just time,  
When you've got nothing on your mind,  
You've made it

Somewhere in the future  
Talk about forever  
Take yourself a picture  
Waiting in the rain for a postcard from the sun  
The one that never comes  
The one that never shows  
The one that never-  
Is building something

From the heart of the wreckage  
In another zone  
Are we losing our balance?  
I think we've got vertigo

From the top of the empire,  
To a state unknown  
If i tell you I'm leaving  
Just got to hang on

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From the top of the empire

I think we've got vertigo

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