

Stephen Gately, Shooting Star

No one seems to think 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
Evening 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...
Every 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 has set and it's the right time
For pretending I'm not here
Sometimes I just stare up to the heavens
Wondering if the answer is inside
That's when I see the light...

Of myself that shooting star
On his way to who knows where
He's the one like all the stars
He outshines up there...
And that 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 found out where we belong...

Every 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...