

# Alex Nackman, Stars

Sunday night beginning of May  
Most children sleep, but I am still awake  
Cool breeze coming through and I am not alone  
Many days have past here, watching telephones

Can all the stars line up my way  
To think that they will, is that naive of me  
Can all the stars line up and stay  
Can all the stars line up my way

Monday comes, and I've never felt so far  
If it wasn't meant to be, than why did it start  
Everyone keeps saying, you've got to work hard  
Convincing was easy years ago and now I'm not that sure

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Not far behind is Tuesday's smile  
Days I want to hear my name aloud  
Sometimes looking far, at my morale  
I'm thinking to myself have all my efforts been worthwhile

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Ticking clocks and speeding foxes won't defy my trying times  
I see this star it's sitting large, stay the course in this line  
Oh, yeah, yeah, this straight line

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