

Bob Mould, Quasar

As the meteor flies / Ice forming in outer space
In this constellation nation / Puts a smile upon your face
You leave a vapor trail / I can find you inside the cloud
On my hands and knees / Beg and crawl around

Think about all the good times baby / Think about all the times we had
Think about what you mean to me and / Think about the days you were bad

So now you walk away / Take your keys and head to the door
Wet pavement and sidewalks / You walk the runway
You are the brightest star / You are quasar