

Elvis Costello, Lost In The Stars

(Kurt Weill/Maxwell Anderson)

Before Lord God made the sea and the land
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand
And one little star fall alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wild night air
For the little dark star in the wind down there
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost again

Now, man don't mind if the stars grow dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him
So long as the Lord God's watching over him
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night and the day
Till my eyes get weary and my hair turns grey
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
Forgetting the promise that we heard him say

And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars, big stars
Blowing through the night

And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars, big stars
Blowing through the night

And we're lost out here in the stars