

Ian Hunter, The Ballad Of Little Star

(Ian Hunter)

You don't look a day over ten so why be
Do you have to pretend to be older than you are
Beads and mirrors by your body
And in some roadside bar you feel the pain
Little Star

Lost on a merry go round, on the game
You can never be found cause you don't know who you are
The reservation killed your nation
And in some tourists car you feel the pain
Little Star

You know you know
We grow and grow
We never slow
We always win
And you feel lost
And you feel crossed
And you feel tossed
Just like the wind
Your father will have told you of the wind

Bowed those fine heads that, once proud, roamed the plains
They sought nothing to gain 'til our fathers civilised
And broken hearted arrows roamed the skies
Then you were born to feel the pain
Little Star

You know you know
We grow and grow
We never slow
We always win
And you feel lost
And you feel crossed
And you feel tossed
Just like the wind
You know you know
We grow and grow
We never slow
We always win
And you feel lost
And you feel crossed
And you feel tossed
Just like the wind
Your father will have told you of the wind