

# Morten Harket, Shooting Star

Eyelids black, but blue behind  
Will I ever see her shine  
Touch the hunger in her skin  
Touch that soul she's kept within  
Will I ever make her mine  
Will I ever see her shine  
Hey little girl, whoever you are  
Flying like a shooting star  
Who are these men that made you sad  
Who's your uncle, who's your dad  
Clouds are moving through your past  
Will these clouds forever last  
Up like fire, down in rain  
Run away, come back again  
Shadows flicker in the past  
On my skin you make them last  
This little girl would learn so fast  
this little girl could never ask