

# Peter Cincotti, Another Falling Star

It was high July  
Another Summer on the boardwalk  
His skin was brown as a rosary bead  
The year before  
He was everybody's hero  
But he was losing ground and gaining speed

He could've been a girl  
But just one good hand of poker  
That could've turned the whole damn thing around  
But that July  
Something was lost  
That never did get found

He was the sun that was waiting to rise  
He had the look of a king in his eyes  
And everything  
Everything was possible

And now he just laughs and says what the hell  
And clings to the secret that He'll never tell  
But I wish I knew  
What kind of scar  
Can turn a sun into  
Just another falling star

Now I get this dj-vu  
And I don't really like it  
With this friend of mine that can't get it in his brain  
He's a diamond lost  
Inside the stone  
He's a player born to win the game

But he's gonna blow it all  
The brass rings in his finger  
And I gotta watch as he throws it away  
He's like a song  
That's rare and right  
That no one's gonna play

He is a sun that is waiting to rise  
He's got the look of a king in his eyes  
And everything  
Everything is possible

And now he just laughs and say's what the hell  
And clings to the secret that he'll never tell  
But I wish I knew  
What kind of scar  
Can turn a sun into  
Just another falling star

Oh, just another falling star

And someone explain it  
Cause I don't know why  
Some people live like they're waiting to die  
And I wish I knew  
What kind of scar  
Can turn a sun into  
Just another falling star  
Oh, just another falling star