

Racoon, Shooting Star

Shooting star, here you are, the first time you fly by.
I made a wish; a simple kiss was enough to make me look at you, so this is you.
So surprised how time flies. Big ass car, dressed you are.
Smooth and silky, you look nice.

Shooting star, here you are, the second time you fly by.
Back again star-eye ten.
Without reasons why you wind me up before I drop.
Something's in my eye now.
In the name of this song and by all that I have done wrong.

How are you what's going on?
Can I get you anything to drink?
Time flies when you're having fun.
I guess I haven't got that much to say.
So this is what we have come to.

Do you recall that week in fall?
Your hands stuck in your tight jeans.
Drunk as hell, you just fell facedown into dog smell.
How do you just think I do, the rope you had around me.
Now you're back, you say to stay but who's to blame you're not the same in many ways.

How are you what's going on?
Can I get you anything to drink?
Time flies when you're having fun.
I guess I haven't got that much to say.
So this is what we have come to.

Stay away, because we don't have a deal.
Stay away. Because I know you will go and leave me numb to stay.
So this is what we have come to.

Shooting star, here you are, the third time you fly by.
I made a wish to forget your kiss and your smile...

How are you what's going on.
I guess I haven't got this much to say