

# Smalltown Poets, Quasar

There must be something else that  
all of this revolves around  
I appear so small and barely make a sound  
Still mysterious these frequencies they draw you out  
Looking for some light, see what I'm all about

CHORUS:

The rest of them are stars  
I'm a quasar

Passed constellations where so many  
wishes have been caught  
There you can find me incubating thought  
Did you get consolation from a diamond in the sky  
Or did he let you down don't stop there tonight  
The rest of them are stars  
The rest of them are stars

Can they know for certain what I can become  
I may let down a few or off and surprise some  
And as the sun outshines it  
seems like I've disappeared  
Yet there are these sounds anyone can hear  
You'll find me, you'll find me  
Moving fastly to illuminate  
And brightly and brightly  
For the effort from so far away  
From the rest of them

CHORUS