

The Buzzcocks, Stars

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)
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He is poised to a very strange degree
Wrapped up in emotional imagery
Small and senseless on an alter ego trip
He wants to alter your every ego trip
Nothing special, nothing to see me
Nothing doing, nothing with me
Nothing much and nothing to do with me

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He is awash in competing theories
He's glad to be out of the house
It's that time of the evening
I need to have some feeling
I'm all surface tension no pretension
Keeps you going, gets you nowhere
Present tense in the worst person singular

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Because the message is cheap and exhilarating
Now he's slobbering on the glass
A sexist boy having a world wide wank
He says well that's very punk of me
Nothing special, nothing to see me
Nothing doing, nothing with me
Nothing much and nothing to do with me

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He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are dead