

Shooting Star

Racoon

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?
Because time flies when you're having fun.
I guess I haven't got that much to say.

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.

Stay away, because we don't have a deal.
Stay away. 'cause when you come you'll 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...
Your smile...
It is your smile...
It's your smile...

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