

# Shooting Star

Benjamin Tod

Thought I saw a shooting star under these city lights  
Nothing can be beautiful when you're trapped inside  
And it's hard to fall and it's hard to fight  
And I can't betray my oath in spite

Music City on the rise  
But I've always been denied  
Wedged between the railroad and a gun  
And the gate is shut up tight  
I'm a stick of dynamite  
And I've paid every due that's ever come  
But I don't kneel for you or anyone

Hey old man come and play your worn out mandolin  
He says you take your chances boy but one thing to depend  
You will break and you will bend and they may never let you in

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Chorus came from the grave swimmin' in my head  
Saying you can play the honky tonks in heaven when you're dead  
But prove it here instead

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