

This is a story about a girl named Lucky

Early morning, she wakes up
Knock, knock, knock on the door
It's time for makeup, perfect smile
It's you they're all waiting for

They go, "Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?"
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night?

Lost in an image, in a dream
But there's no one there to wake her up
And the world is spinning, and she keeps on winning
But tell me, what happens when it stops?

They go, "Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?"
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night?"

But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking

She is so lucky, but why does she cry?
If there is nothing missing in her life
Why do tears come at night?
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night?

"She's so lucky, she's a star"
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night?