Your talking about the moon appears a little weird as the radio plays romantic tunes your heart is getting seared. Every starry night in June you declare a mystic sign in your point of view incredible - predictions work out fine. Each time we're out together your funny words sound better you tend to complicate the simple things in life.

Follow my star
and it will guide you to
where you belong,
don't wait too long
for there's a reason
you could do no wrong.
Follow my star
and it will guide you through
the longest night,
don't hesitate
it might be blinding
for it shines so bright.

You're reading horoscopes each word you do believe.
As a matter of fact your poems show a state you have to leave.
Any little step you take you want me to precede, would you ever listen if I drop the charming lines you need?
Each time we're out together your funny words sound better, you tend to complicate the simple things in life.