The weatherman says it's a good night
To look up at the stars
Well, the moons as bright as lightnin'
You could even pick out Mars
So I bought a sixer and brought out an old lawn chair
I've been thinkin' 'bout you
Wonderin' where the hell you are up there

I bet the night is crisp and clear high above the clouds
And when the distant thunder shakes the heavens
For you it don't seem so loud
When you breathe the Northern Lights
Does it burn on your breath?
And how high do you have to climb
Before you ever find the meaning to all of this?

Things ain't so bad down here With the common kind And we know you're always near When the sun begins to shine

Once I had a dream about a fallen star

That landed on my doorstep

And now, here you are

Oh, and you tell me a story

Reminisce about the glory

That for you, used to be a way of life

I see the tears in your eyes and the scars upon your chest

Oh those dragons that you must've slayed with fire on their bre ath

I hope you smile when you look back at everything you loft

I hope you smile when you look back at everything you left Once you realized the meaning to all of this

Absence makes the heart go fonder
Couldn't take you gone no longer
So sit on down and tell us all how a star is born
As we sit here in two lawn chairs
With a cold six pack of beer
And talk of all the stars forlorn