

Stars

Nina Simone

I was never one for singing what I really feel
Except tonight I'm bringing everything I know that's real

Stars, they come and go, they come fast or slow
They go like the last light of the sun, all in a blaze
And all you see is glory
Hey but it gets lonely there when there's no one here to share
We can shake it away, if you'll hear a story

People lust for fame like athletes in a game,
we break our collarbones and come up swinging,
some of us are downed
some of us are crowned, and some are lost and never found
But most have seen it all,
they live their lives in sad cafes and music halls
They always come up singing

Some make it when they're young,
before the world has done its dirty job
and later on someone will say
"You've had your day, now you must make way"
But they'll never know the pain of living with a name you never owned
or the many years forgetting what you know too well
That the ones who gave the crown have been let down
You try to make amends without defending
Perhaps pretending you never saw the eyes of grown men of twenty-five
that follow as you walk and ask for autographs
Or kiss you on the cheek and you never can believe they really loved you
Some make it when they're old
(Perhaps they have a soul they're not afraid to bare
or perhaps there's nothing there)

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And all you see is glory
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they live their lives in sad cafes and music halls
They always have a story

Some women have a body men will want to see
and so they put it on display
Some people play a fine guitar, I could listen to them play all day
Some ladies really move across the stage and gee, they sure can dance
I guess I could learn how, if I gave it half a chance

But I always feel so funny when my body tries to soar
And I seem to always worry about missing the next chord
I guess there isn't anything to put up on display
Except the tunes, and whatever else I say
But anyway, that isn't really what I meant to say
I meant to tell a story, I live from day to day

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And all you see is glory
But most have seen it all,
who live their lives in sad cafes and music halls

And we always have a story

So if you don't lose patience with my fumbling around
I'll come up singing for you, even when I'm down