

# Empty Glass

William Shatner

These premonitions shine like stars that  
Fall to earth too fast  
I see the empty glass

Where do we belong  
Tell me major tom  
Because nothing's making sense  
I listen and lament

For golden years that pass like thunder  
And soldier on through time  
This empty glass is mine

Where do we belong  
Could you help us major tom

Because nothing's making sense  
I listen and lament

A star man will come  
When diamond dogs run  
We need ground control  
We're losing our souls

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