

Anne Hvidsten "Star"

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He's sitting next to me in the quiet room
No one dears to break the silence
And every time I breathe it feels like past and present
is drifting apart
I feel a tension, something's growing inside
Soon my bubble is to burst
He's a star alright, but to me he's just a mess
But I'm told to treat him like a star
Treat him well and give him my undivided attention
Treat him like a star, like a shooting star on high

Treat me like a fool, treat me bad
You oughta know you do me wrong
But I can't pretend and I can't deny
That I haven't found a reason yet
He's walking out the door looking confident and
resolute as ever
As far as I can tell he never looked back over his
shoulder
It seems to me he doesn't know me anymore
And now my bubble is to burst
He's a star alright, but to me he's just a mess

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