

Broken-Hearted Janitors

"Touching Stars"

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When all you think about
Is the time you got burned
For flying to close to the sun

If all you can remember
Is the time she ajourned
It was over before it had begun

But I've burned myself too
Cause the stars aren't there for me
And their not there for me to touch
Even though they're all I see

Cause Venus wasn't made for a guy like me
But I can sure as hell try
And I'll never find my love, my Aphrodite
But it doesn't do help to wonder why

If all you do is wonder
And listen for the phone
Then you won't find a reason

When all you feel
Is a need to be home
You won't change the season

And if you shoot for the moon
It's ok to if you get less
Cause it's a long way to the bottom
And falling is the best

Cause Venus wasn't made for a guy like me
But I can sure as hell try
And I'll never find my love, my Aphrodite
But it doesn't do to let go and die

Cause Venus wasn't made
It wasn't hung in the sky
And Venus wasn't made
For me...

And she won't smile for me

Unless it could change
And I'm me forever
And things are this way

But I have hope
And I'm gonna try
She's my Venus, Aphrodite,
And my reason why...

Cause Venus wasn't made for a guy like me
But I can sure as hell try
And I'll never find my love, my Aphrodite
But it doesn't do to let go and die

Chorus to end

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