

Claire Lynch

"Out Among The Stars"

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It's midnight at a liquor store in Texas
Closin' time, another day is done
When a boy walks in the door and points a pistol
He can't find a job, Lord, he's found a gun

He pulls it off with no trace of confrontation
They let the ol' man run out in the street
Even though he knows they'll come with guns a blazin'
And already he can feel that great relief

Oh, how many travelers get weary
Bearing both their burdens and their scars?
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining
And fly like eagles out among the stars?

He pictures the arrival of the cruisers
Sees that old familiar anger in their eyes
He knows that when they're shootin' at this loser
They'll be aiming at the demons in their lives

Oh, how many travelers get weary
Bearing both their burdens and their scars?
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining
And fly like eagles out among the stars?

Evening news it carries all the details
He dies in every living room in town
In his own a bottle's thrown in anger
And his father cries, "We'll never live this down"

Oh, how many travelers get weary
Bearing both their burdens and their scars?
Don't you think they'd love to start all over
And fly like eagles out among the stars?
Fly like eagles out among the stars

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