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## Black "Hardly Star-crossed Lovers"

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Gonna fly up to the moon, Raising all of my money. Can't make it too soon, I am sick of it down here. Gonna rise up to the moon. So this is how the world ends-Not with a bang but with a wimpy. Don't laugh too soon-I am sick of it down here. Gonna rise up to the moon. Who needs all the troubles of today? What's the difference anyway? I feel out of focus, what can I do? There's only you. Gonna fly up to the moon, Raising all of my money. Can't make it too soon, I am sick of it down here. Gonna rise up to the moon. When they open the borders where will you be? I'll climb the highest tree To avoid the stampede-And if I should fly Only you, you, There's only you, That would say goodbye. ---

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