

Drugstore "Black Star"

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I get home from work
You're still standing in your dressing gown
What am I to do?
And I know all the things around your head
And what they do to you
What are we coming to?
What are we gonna do?
Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That brings me home
I get on the train and I just stand about
Now that I don't think of you
I keep falling over I keep passing out
when I see a face like you
What are we coming to?
What are we gonna do?
Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That brings me home
I...
I blame it on...

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