

Eliza Lumley

"Black Star"

Visit "[Black Star](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I get home from work
And you're still standing in your dressing gown
Well, what am I to do?
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 beams me home

Troubled words of a troubled mind
Try to understand what is eating you
Try to stay awake but it's 58 hours
Since that I last slept with you

What are we coming to?
I just don't know anymore

Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That beams 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?
I'm gonna melt down

Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That beams me home

