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## Buzzcocks "Stars"

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He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

He is poised to a very strange degree Wrapped up in emotional imagery Small and senseless on an alter ego trip He wants to alter your every ego trip Nothing special Nothing to see me Nothing doing Nothing with me Nothing much And nothing to do with me

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

He is awash in competing theories He's glad to be out of the house It's that time of the evening I need to have some feeling I'm all surface tension no pretension Keeps you going, gets you nowhere Present tense in the worst person singular

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)

Because the message is cheap and exhilarating
Now he's slobbering on the glass
A sexistic boy having a world wide wank
He says well that's very punk of me
Nothing special
Nothing to see me
Nothing doing
Nothing with me
Nothing much
And nothing to do with me

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead (He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead) He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are dead

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