

J Church "Star Of The Show"

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Ignoring the messages on your machine,
Even your name is sounding obscene,
It's all I can do to keep to myself,
When I set next to you

Deep in the Valley I feel afraid,
We look like junkies in a raid,
We hate the MOCA, we hate "art",
We'll be apart

An empty whiskey bottle helps to see us through,
I wish I had a bit more faith in me and you,
Now I know why you will go,
You're the star of the show

I took a cab to a Santa Monica Pier,
I half expected to see you sitting there,
I walked all around,
For almost two hours

Meeting for drinks on my trip to L.A.,
I already feel like it's a mistake,
You're astute in your judgement,
We're both too sentimental

I hate to see you sad in my favorite dress,
The next time that you wear it it'll be for someone else,
Now I know why you will go,
You're the star of the show

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