

## Jack Johnson

### "Stars"

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The air was more than human  
And the heat was more than hungry  
And the cars were square and spitting diesel fumes

The boars were running wild  
Because they're big and mean and sacred  
And the children playing cricket with no shoes

That morning we woke up man  
To a seven-hour drive  
Well there we were in South Batong  
Where women are men and men go wrong

And there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm  
Man and there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm

The officials were quite friendly  
Once we bribed them with our sweet talk  
And we drowned them with our cigarettes and booze  
Disembarking from the port  
With no mistakes of any sort  
Moving south the engine running smooth

The next morning we woke up man  
With the sunrise to the right well  
Moving back north to Port Blair  
Where boats break and children stare

And there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm  
Man and there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to heaven

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