

## Mary Black

### "Ideas Are Like Stars"

Visit "[Ideas Are Like Stars](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

Today Joseph is sitting alone, with occasional nods to  
the waitress  
She tops off his cup while she's snapping her gum,  
making her rounds on the lunch shift  
Counting out coins, he leaves them arranged, in neat  
lines and circles and arcs  
She just stares at the tip that spells out her name and  
ideas are like stars

And yesterday pedaling down 4th Avenue, between the  
stalls and the bookshops  
The sepia tones of a lost afternoon cradled a curio  
storefront  
And inside the air was thick with the past, as the dust  
settled onto his heart  
And here for a moment is every place in the world and  
ideas are like stars

They fall from the sky, they run round your head  
They litter your sleep as they beckon  
They'd teach you to fly without wires or thread  
They promise if only you'd let them

For the language of longing never had words, so how  
did you speak from your heart  
Yet here is a box that swears it has heard that ideas are  
like stars

Tonight Joseph stood out in the yard, as Debussy  
played from the kitchen  
Celestial companions 'til mornings first lark, shone  
overhead and he listened  
And who was that shadow there by the gate, who was  
that there standing guard  
It was only loneliness, and loneliness waits, and ideas  
are like stars  
Ideas are like stars

