

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower

"Quasar"

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There must be something else that
All of this revolves around
I appear so small and barely make a sound
Still mysterious these frequencies they draw you out
Looking for some light, see what I'm all about

CHORUS:

The rest of them are stars
I'm a quasar

Passed constellations where so many
Wishes have been caught
There you can find me incubating thought
Did you get consolation from a diamond in the sky
Or did he let you down don't stop there tonight
The rest of them are stars
The rest of them are stars

Can they know for certain what I can become
I may let down a few or off and surprise some
And as the sun outshines it
Seems like I've disappeared
Yet there are these sounds anyone can hear
You'll find me, you'll find me
Moving fastly to illuminate
And brightly and brightly
For the effort from so far away
From the rest of them

CHORUS

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