

Stephen Gately "Shooting Star"

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Oooh

No one seems to think too much of me here
And they're glad to tell it to my face
Even though I'm not suppose to be here
I'm completely out of place
Somehow there has got to be a reason
Even as I try to think it through
There's a bolt from the blue

And I see a shooting star (and I see a star)
Set apart from all the rest
While the other stars are standing still (ooh)
He's on a quest
Every night this shooting star (every night this star)
Dancing across the twilight sky
Cause he knows he doesn't quite fit in (ooh)
And he's longing to know why, why (longing to know why)

I feel so much better when it's night-time
That's when I can sort of disappear
When the sun is set and it's the right time
For pretending I'm not here
Sometimes I just start into the heavens
Wondering if the answer is inside

That's when I see the light

Of myself that shooting star
On it's way to who knows where (on his way to who knows where)
He's a one like all the stars (ooh) but he outshines out there (shines out there)
And that solitary star (solitary star)
Is an awful lot like me (ooh)
On an endless search through time and space
Far a place that won't seem wrong (place that won't seem wrong)

If we both hang on for long enough
We both somehow are strong enough

We'll find out where we belong

Every night this shooting star (every night this star)

Dancing across the twilight sky

Cause he knows he doesn't quite fit in (ooh)

And he's longing to know why (why)

Know why (why)

Why (why)

Why (why)

Know why (why) (to fade)

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