

Pat Benatar "Shooting Star"

Visit "[Shooting Star](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Description: man loves woman. man marries woman.
man and woman have children. man leaves woman in
search of self. man realizes how important woman is
and returns.

He was crazy of course
From the first she must have known it
But still she went on with him
And she never once had shown it
And she took him off the streets
And she dried his tears of grievin'g
She listened to his visions
She believed in his believin'

Ah, he was the sun burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy, holy...

He was dancin' to some music
No one else had ever heard
He'd speak in unknown languages
She'd translate every word
And when the world was laughing
At his castles in the sky
She'd hold him in her body
And he once again would fly

Ah, he was the sun burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy, holy...

But she gave him a daughter
And she gave him a son
She was a mother, and a wife,
And a lover when the day was done
Well, he was too far gone for giving love

What he'd offer in it's stead
Was the knowledge she was the only thing
That was not in his head

He took off east one morning
In the rising sun's red glow
She knew he was going nowhere
But of course she let him go
As she stood and watched him dwindle
Much too empty to be sad
He reappeared beside her and said,
"you're all I've ever had"

Ah, he was the sun burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy
Ah, he was the sun burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy
Holy...

From the album "harry chapin tribute" (1990)
Written by: harry chapin

Visit [Pat Benatar](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.