

Peter Cincotti

"Another Falling Star"

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It was high July
Another Summer
On the boardwalk
His skin was brown
As a rosary bead
The year before
He was everybody's hero
But he was losing ground
And gaining speed
It could've been a girl
Or just one good hand of poker
That could've turned
The whole damn thing around
But that July
Something was lost
That never did get found

He was the sun
That was waiting to rise
He had the look
Of a king in his eyes
And everything
Everything was possible
And now he just laughs
And says what the hell
And clings to the secret
That He'll never tell
But I wish I knew
What kind of scar
Can turn a sun into
Just another falling star

Now I get this dÃ©jÃ© -vu
And I don't really like it
With this friend of mine
That can't get it in his brain
He's a diamond lost
Inside the stone

He's a player born
To win the game
But he's gonna blow it all

The brass rings in his finger
And I gotta watch
As he throws it away
He's like a song
That's rare and right
That no one's gonna play

He is a sun
That is waiting to rise
He's got the look
Of a king in his eyes
And everything
Everything is possible
And now he just laughs
And say's what the hell
And clings to the secret
That he'll never tell
But I wish I knew
What kind of scar
Can turn a sun into
Just another falling star
Oh just another falling star

And someone explain it
Cause I don't know why
Some people live like
They're waiting to die
And I wish I knew
What kind of scar
Can turn a sun into
Just another falling star
Oh just another falling star

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