

Hungry Lucy

"Stars"

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When the little ones go
Out on their own
A flag of caution to the wind
Do not heed this warning lightly
For you may find
Terror in the end

Tread carefully
Over these three
Smile gleefully
Circle Æ ~round to me

When they grow a bit more
They will learn
What they want to be
Through confusion and tears
They'll become strong
And fly so free

Who knew you plant stars in the ground
Who knew you'd find so many all around
Did they live their lives with good intent
Or will they sing forever their lament

Now they shine so bright up in the sky
I miss them all
I make a wish
Hold my breath
And wait for their call
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