

## Stars

### "The Comeback"

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Just got back from the land of nod  
Casting dreams on a fishing rod  
I was tired, but now I'm strong  
I woke, I rose, I wrote this song

Back once more to entertain you  
Here with the bride of the man who loves you  
It gets dark and I get restless  
Taking and not giving always left me breathless

Here again and glad to be here  
When pop songs end, why do I feel fear?  
When parties die at 3AM,  
Why I always have to start them up again?

This is my big comeback  
An angel, a saboteur, a throwback  
Come on, dust off the 8-track  
And let me in

Step right up and hear my story  
I dug ditches on the road to glory  
I painted signs on the path to fame  
Cul de sac, turn around, don't come this way again

Some angel dust and a pint of wine  
And I was holding you when I could be fine  
I called you when I'm back in town  
The sun is cold and it's going down

This is my big comeback  
An angel, a saboteur, a throwback  
Come on, dust off the 8-track  
And let me in

And that's the price I pay for being famous  
That's the price I pay for being nameless  
That's the price I pay for being shameless  
That's the price I pay for coming back

