

Stars

Barcelona

Tuesday came and I feigned happy
I? m so lonely here
This thing between my lungs is making me so tired
It? s bleeding me You know me and how I hate this
We? ve said enough for now
Although it? s been three hours
We haven? t spoke at all Oh, inside this empty cabinet
Nothing shines in here On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick, so I drove back
And if we go back to stars
We won? t need any money
We won? t need these poor hearts This crowd incites my riots
I? ll try to calm them down
Criminals compound my weakness
I? m barely hanging on They? re bleeding me
Oh, why can? t I feel it?
Nothing hurts down here On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back And if we go back to stars
We won? t need any money
We won? t need these poor hearts
On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back And if we go back to stars
We won? t need any money
We won? t need these poor hearts

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>