

Stars

Janis Ian

I was never one for singing
what I really feel
Except tonight, I'm bringing
everything I know that's real
Stars, they come and go
They come fast or slow
They go like the last light
of the sun, all in a blaze
and all you see is glory
But it gets lonely there
when there's no one here to share
We can shake it away
if you'll hear a story
People lust for fame
Like athletes in a game
we break our collarbones
and come up swinging
Some of us are downed
Some of us are crowned
and some are lost
and never found
But most have seen it all
They live their lives in
sad cafes and music halls
They always have a story
Some make it when they're young
before the world has
done its dirty job
and later on, someone will say
"You've had your day
You must make way"
But they'll never know the pain
of living with a name you never owned
or the many years forgetting
what you know too well
The ones who gave the crown
have been let down
You try to make amends
without defending
Perhaps pretending
you never saw the eyes
of grown men of twenty five
that followed as you walked
and asked for autographs
or kissed you on the cheek

and you never could believe
they really loved youSome make it when they're old
(Perhaps they have a soul
they're not afraid to bare
Or perhaps there's nothing there)Some women have a body
men will want to see,
so they put it on display
Some people play a fine guitar
I could listen to them
play all day
Some ladies really
move across a stage
and gee, they sure can dance
I guess I could learn how
if I have it half a chancebut I always feel so funny
when my body tries to soar
and I seem to always worry
about missing the next chordI guess there isn't anything
to put up on display
except the tunes
and whatever else I say
Anyway, that isn't really
what I meant to say
I meant to tell a story
I live from day to dayStars, they come and go
They come fast or slow
They go like the last light
of the sun, all in a blaze
and all you see is glory
But those who've seen it all
they live their lives
in sad cafes and music halls
we always have a storySo if you don't lose patience
with my fumbling around,
I'll come up singing for you
even when I'm down

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