

Morten Harket, Shooting Star

Eyelids black, but blue behind
Will I ever see her shine
Touch the hunger in her skin
Touch that soul she's kept within
Will I ever make her mine
Will I ever see her shine
Hey little girl, whoever you are
Flying like a shooting star
Who are these men that made you sad
Who's your uncle, who's your dad
Clouds are moving through your past
Will these clouds forever last
Up like fire, down in rain
Run away, come back again
Shadows flicker in the past
On my skin you make them last
This little girl would learn so fast
this little girl could never ask