

# The Prettiest Star

David Bowie

Cold fire, you've got everything but cold fire  
You will be my rest and peace child  
I moved up to take a place near you

So tired, it's the sky that makes you feel tried  
It's a trick to make you see wide  
It can all but break your heat in pieces

Staying back in your memory  
Are the movies in the past  
How you moved is all it takes  
To sing a song of when I loved  
The prettiest star

One day though it might as well be someday  
You and I will rise up all the way  
All because of what you are  
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