

Starsinger sat on a streetcorner singing  
Thinking no further than bills paid and dinner  
Met with a starry-eyed tall-tale spinner  
Who gave her a message that sent her heart winging

Starsinger they wait for your songs  
Out on that wide milky highway you see  
Starsinger they'll all sing along  
Come out to the starlanes with me

Teller of tales and his gypsy computer  
Plotted a path from the hub to the core stars  
Then down each spoke till there weren't any more stars  
Left with a streetcorner she thought would suit her

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Teller was lost in a deep crystal canyon  
Starsinger grieved but her journey was calling  
Wrote up a song to remember his falling  
And went on with her gypsy computer companion

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Often his melody wanders through her head  
Often his memory walks in her dreaming  
Catches the spark in his eyes softly gleaming  
Catches the lilt in his voice as he first said

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