

# Power On, Little Star

Maria McKee

Power on with your dying breath,  
Power on, no regret.  
With the fuse that was lit,  
By the breaking of your spirit,  
Power on, don't quit.

And the things that made you  
Want to trade in your heart,  
Are the very things that  
Made you who you are.  
Power on, little star.

Power on til you know yourself,  
From the voices in your head,  
From the bruises and welts,  
Power on, like hell.

And if you only make it one more day,  
Well it's one more day,  
Than you threw away.  
Power on, anyway.

And though you may never make a mark  
Or live your dream,  
Well at least you may live  
To make peace with the memories and defeat.

With a heart that will be slashed,  
And your dreams that will be dashed,  
Like a weather stain,  
Like a sad refrain,  
Power on, my little babe.

When your heart's so big not tough,

Takes a hit straight to the gut,  
Like a record stuck,  
Like a wagon rut.  
Power on, my little buck.

And the things that made you  
Want to trade in your heart,  
Are the very things that  
Made you who you are.  
Power on, little star.

With your heart that will be slashed,  
And your dreams that will be dashed,  
Like a weather stain,  
Like a sad refrain,  
Power on.

When your heart's so big not tough  
Takes a hit straight to the gut  
Like a record stuck,  
Like a wagon rut.  
Power on.

La la la la la la la (repeat)  
Power on.

La la la la la la la (repeat)  
Power on.

La la la la la la la (repeat)  
Power on.