Shoot for the stars
My, my how lucky you are
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Come on, too cool and collected Claiming how you're so well connected With the thousands who've defected Who turn out to be just as wretched

This living wreck
Will come to crash again
Time it tight and I just might
Come back to what you are

Gnats and bats you're trying to hatch Snakes and buzzards make no kind of match What the hell you trying to catch Trading friends for cold hard cash?

This living wreck
Will come to crash again
Time it tight and I just might
Come back to what you are

Shoot for the stars My, my how lucky you are Shoot for the stars My, my how lucky you are

You got to change your life around And step up to a higher ground Shoot for the stars where she's been thrown That's where your ambition's gone

This living wreck
Has come to crash again
Time it tight and I just might
Come back to what you are