

# Stars

Nina Simone

I was never one for singing what I really feel  
Except tonight I'm bringing everything I know that's real

Stars, they come and go, they come fast or slow  
They go like the last light of the sun, all in a blaze  
And all you see is glory  
Hey but it gets lonely there when there's no one here to share  
We can shake it away, if you'll hear a story

People lust for fame like athletes in a game,  
we break our collarbones and come up swinging,  
some of us are downed  
some of us are crowned, and some are lost and never found  
But most have seen it all,  
they live their lives in sad cafes and music halls  
They always come up singing

Some make it when they're young,  
before the world has done its dirty job  
and later on someone will say  
"You've had your day, now you must make way"  
But they'll never know the pain of living with a name you never owned  
or the many years forgetting what you know too well  
That the ones who gave the crown have been let down  
You try to make amends without defending  
Perhaps pretending you never saw the eyes of grown men of twenty-five  
that follow as you walk and ask for autographs  
Or kiss you on the cheek and you never can believe they really loved you  
Some make it when they're old  
(Perhaps they have a soul they're not afraid to bare  
or perhaps there's nothing there)

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They go like the last light of the sun, all in a blaze  
And all you see is glory  
But most have seen it all,  
they live their lives in sad cafes and music halls  
They always have a story

Some women have a body men will want to see  
and so they put it on display  
Some people play a fine guitar, I could listen to them play all day  
Some ladies really move across the stage and gee, they sure can dance  
I guess I could learn how, if I gave it half a chance

But I always feel so funny when my body tries to soar  
And I seem to always worry about missing the next chord  
I guess there isn't anything to put up on display  
Except the tunes, and whatever else I say  
But anyway, that isn't really what I meant to say  
I meant to tell a story, I live from day to day

Stars, they come and go, they're coming fast they come slow  
They go like the last light of the sun, all in a blaze  
And all you see is glory  
But most have seen it all,  
who live their lives in sad cafes and music halls

And we always have a story

So if you don't lose patience with my fumbling around  
I'll come up singing for you, even when I'm down