

You Keep Coming Up

Stars

We move in circles, we move in straight lines
We play across the beat, we play in strip tides
I've got the synthesizer, we've got binoculars
I'll put some higher beam,
Okay I'll make that like I am hurt
When you got it, it's not the way you wanted to be
When you got it, it's not the way you wanted to be
When you got it, it's not the way you wanted to be
You gotta give it away, so you can get it for free!

I keep try not to talk about you,
But you keep coming up, coming up, coming up

I got a stopwatch, I got a shotgun
They want that real love, they want the fake one
I call it poetry, it's called the pop hook
I'll turn my face away,
Oh, no I'm gonna make you look!

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