

# Shooting Star

Stephen Gately

Oooh

No one seems to think too much of me here  
And they're glad to tell it to my face  
Even though I'm not suppose to be here  
I'm completely out of place  
Somehow there has got to be a reason  
Even as I try to think it through  
There's a bolt from the blue

And I see a shooting star (and I see a star)  
Set apart from all the rest  
While the other stars are standing still (ooh)  
He's on a quest  
Every night this shooting star (every night this star)  
Dancing across the twilight sky  
Cause he knows he doesn't quit fit in (ooh)  
And he's longing to know why, why (longing to know why)

I feel so much better when it's night-time  
That's when I can sort of disappear  
When the sun is set and it's the right time  
For pretending I'm not here  
Sometimes I just start into the heavens  
Wondering if the answer is inside  
That's when I see the light

Of myself that shooting star  
On it's way to who knows where (on his way to who knows where)  
He's a one like all the stars (ooh) but he outshines out there (shines out there)  
And that solitary star (solitary star)  
Is an awful lot like me (ooh)  
On an endless search through time and space  
Far a place that won't seem wrong (place that won't seem wrong)

If we both hang on for long enough  
We both somehow are strong enough  
We'll find out where we belong

Every night this shooting star (every night this star)  
Dancing across the twilight sky  
Cause he knows he doesn't quit fit in (ooh)  
And he's longing to know why (why)  
Know why (why)  
Why (why)  
Why (why)  
Know why (why) (to fade)