

Sitting On a Star

Strawberry Alarm Clock

Glittering silver of solitude
In the darkest whisk of blue purple
Just the enchantment of fulfilling your wish
The wish you made to be there

Just sitting on a star
With clothes of laced velvet
And a clear mind to think

Not just five but a circle of points
Extending transversely of their core
Giving the glisten to your hair and eyes
That show your anguish to be there

Just sitting on a star
With clothes of laced velvet
And you think who you are

Sunday nights can't be all that they seem
When you get there you'll know what I mean

When you've reached it you can find peace and truth
Two things so hard to find here
Making your life so worth living to the end
Live on a throne now that you're there

Just sitting on a star
With clothes of laced velvet
And you think where you are