

The Dust of Long-Dead Stars

The Jayhawks

Pouring slowly out of the owl bar
Side the beverly hotel
Stumble over to the rendezvous
We'll have another cocktail there

Nurse another cheap old-fashioned
The floor is streaked with dreams and beer
Cursing that old sin ambition
There is certainly none of that in here
Certainly none of that in here

The dust of long dead stars
That is who we are
The dust of long dead stars
That is who we are

Silly rings formed on the counter
Lost among the boomerangs
The existential biker waitress wisdom
Betty page without the bangs

Like two moths lost and tattered
Only looking for the light
Went searching for enlightenment
But ended up in here tonight
Ended up in here tonight

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