

THE WHOLE BOX OF STARS

You can live holding your breath,
maybe for the whole of your life,
all those years between moonshine and clay,
holding your whisky-glass tight
to ward off the hokum and hustle and shite
till it all flutters away quick as a gust of wind,
the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars.

I hope you live to hear sirens in the night
or a wood-pigeon's call come first light,
watch fireflies sparking over the plain,
feel a boy's awe at a certain girl's face,
spend a long, cold winter in a lonely place,
may you be baptised in the tears of some beautiful boy,
I wish you the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars.
Should you turn out to be the worm in the rose,
prove to be just one more lost soul,
be you randy as a wolf or as hungry as a ghost
or maybe you'll be top banana really, big news,
or life may deal you just a couple of twos
and rotten luck may just keep wearing you down,
it's all part of the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars,
the whole box of stars.

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