

# Elvis Costello, Lost In The Stars

(Kurt Weill/Maxwell Anderson)

Before Lord God made the sea and the land  
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand  
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand  
And one little star fall alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wild night air  
For the little dark star in the wind down there  
And he stated and promised he'd take special care  
So it wouldn't get lost again

Now, man don't mind if the stars grow dim  
And the clouds blow over and darken him  
So long as the Lord God's watching over him  
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night and the day  
Till my eyes get weary and my hair turns grey  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away  
Forgetting the promise that we heard him say

And we're lost out here in the stars  
Little stars, big stars  
Blowing through the night

And we're lost out here in the stars  
Little stars, big stars  
Blowing through the night

And we're lost out here in the stars