

Scott Walker, Lost In The Stars

Before Lord God made the sea or 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 fell alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star on the wind down there
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost no more

Now a man don't mind if the stars get dim
And the clouds roll over and darken him
As long as the good Lord is watching over them
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through
So my eyes are weary and my head's turned grey
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
Forgetting the promise 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
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