

OUT AMONG THE STARS

It's midnight at a liquor store in Texas.
Beneath the neon, close up's just begun.
When a boy walks in the door and points a pistol.
He can't find a job, but man, he's found a gun.

But a change of heart before there's confrontation.
Let's the old man live and run out in the street.
But he knows that soon they'll come with guns a blazing.
And already he can feel a great relief.

Oh how many travelers get weary,
Bearing both their burdens and their scars,
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining,
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

He pictures the arrival of the cruisers.
Sees that old familiar anger in their eyes.
He knows that when they're shooting at this loser,
They'll be aiming at the deamons in their lives.

Oh how many travelers get weary,
Bearing both their burdens and their scars,
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining,
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

The evening news it carries all the details.
He dies in every living room in town.
And in his home a bottle's thrown in anger.
And his father cries, "We'll never live this down."

Oh how many travelers get weary,
Bearing both their burdens and their scars,
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining,
And fly like eagles out among the stars.
Oh-Oh, and fly like eagles out among the stars.