Lou Lou Safran, Aquarius

My Aquarius his head is full of stars
When his age comes he'll heal all our scars
My Aquarius his head is full of stars
When he sings it's like a thousand guitars

I just wanted him to know
When I am with him I am home
Tie a pretty string around the moon
Put it in his hand because we've got nothing to lose
Mic stand in the corner of your room
I have one at home and it makes me think of you

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I've got a poppy pick its worn out round
Found it underneath your bed now my favorite color's red
Played your old guitar when i was new
Who knew so many rock stars look so much like you
I just wish that you could see
Without lifting a finger you're everything you need to be

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Smooth sailing from here on out It's always within not without
Looking to closely but we'll figure it out
Because everybody wants to be an astronaut

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