

STAR-EYED STELLA

Words & Music by Allen Power

When Star-Eyed Stella starts to smile, you hear the call of distant trade winds beckoning.
She steers through all your guile, and sails the reaches of your soul with perfect reckoning.
When the sun is high, the ringing of her laughter is the very breath of spring,
And when the moon is low, she'll take you to that moment where the angels sing.

When Star-Eyed Stella gets the blues, the stardust hangs suspended in a mist of tears.
All your overtures refused, and stormy weather clouding up the atmosphere.
There's nothing you can do but embrace the roaring tempest, and just hold her near.
And if you see it through, the glow of starlight soon will start to reappear.

*Days go rushing past; evenings sighing softly as the whippoorwill.
Occasions fill your glass; you think you might forget her, but you never will.
For, somewhere, the embers of her eyes smolder inside you still.
The memories may come and go, but your heart will always know...*

Farther down the path, where autumn leaves drift over days of auld lang syne,
You're captivated by a laugh, or a tattered photograph, or some funny valentine.
Then, like some old beguine, your thoughts go slowly swaying, slipping out of time,
As you glide on moonlit beams through luminescent dreams of starry eyes that shine.

When Star-Eyed Stella starts to smile...

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