

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

Sophie: Aren't they so beautiful?
I wonder if they see us watching them?
Out there in the distance,
I hope that they can see...

...a whole world that's waiting for their stories,
to find their destiny,
to find their destiny.

George: I used to sit and wonder,
what was really there to see?
Little sparkling pieces of hope,

Both: That would someday set me free

Chorus: Someday set me (someday set me)

Ensemble: What makes us look up and dream?
Why are we so sure they're ours?
Gazing, hoping for more than they can give,
absentmindedly for hours.

What's written in the stars,
can it really be?
A life that I must aim for?
A life just waiting there for me?

And is my story certain?
Fixed for all eternity?
What's written in the stars,
out there for all to see?

Always moving forward at an ever changing pace,
pushing, forging, striding, in a bid to win the race.

What is there we never see?
The golden, gleaming thread of destiny,
can we ever really know
what's written in the stars?

What's written in the stars,
can it really be?
A life that I must aim for?
A life just waiting there for me?

And is my story certain?
Fixed for all eternity?
What's written in the stars,
out there for all to see?