This is a story about a girl named Lucky...

1. Early morning, she wakes up. Knock, knock, knock on the door.

It's time for make-up, perfect smile. It's
you they're all wait-ing for. They go... “Is - n’t she

love-ly, this Hol-ly-wood girl?” And they

say she’s so luck-y, she’s a star, But she cry, cry, cries in her

lonely heart, thinking if there’s no-thing miss-ing in my life then
why do these tears come at night?

2. Lost in an image, in a dream. But there's no one there to wake her up.

And the world is spinning and she keeps on winning. But

tell me, what happens when it stops? They go... “Isn’t she
love-ly, this Holly-wood girl?"
And they-
say she’s so luck-y, she’s a star. But she cry, cry, cries in her lone-ly heart, thinking if there’s no-thing miss-ing in my life then why do these tears come at night?
“Best actress, and the winner is..."

Lucky!”

“I’m Roger Johnson for Pop News standing outside the arena waiting for Lucky!”

“Oh my God, here she comes!”

lovely, this Hollywood girl?”
She is so lucky but why does she cry?
If there is nothing missing in her life why do tears come at night?
They say she's so lucky, she's a star. But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking...
if there's no-thing
miss-ing in my life
then why do these
tears come at night.
She's so luck-y,
but she
cry, cry, cries in her lone-ly heart, thinking if there's no-thing
miss-ing in my life then why do these tears come at night?