Ode To Boy

Yazoo

When he moves I watch him from behind
He turns and laughter flickers in his eyes
Intent and direct when he speaks, I watch his lips
And when he drives I love to watch his hand
White and smooth almost feminine
Almost American, I have to watch himIn his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on the truth
He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot
And everything he seems to do reflects just another shade of blue
I saw him searching into you and ached a whileI watch his lips caress the glass
His fingers stroke its stem and pass
To lift a cigarette at last, he dries his eyes
From a shadow by the stair
I watch as he weeps unaware
That I'm in awe of his despairIn his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on the truth
He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot
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