

A Boy You Have Known

[Lisa Stansfield](#)

(d. pickerill/p. o'donoughue)

This song is for listening to

On nights you're all alone

Blank face at the window pane

Or a silent telephone

Chorus:

And it's all about a boy you have known

With black hair or brown hair

And hands made of stone

He had eyes like the (deeps?) in the sky

Hair like the clouds you've seen floating by

And my sky was your cloud

You made the first smile I had ever worn

Chorus

Do you wonder if he knows now

Of the pain behind your eyes

The scorching in your throat

Or the half

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