

The Boy

Vashti Bunyan

He sat on the doorstep
With his arms around his knees
Watching the passers by and wondering why
They don't see what he sees
He watched from the window
with his hands over his ears
Listening to all the words he'd ever heard
You don't hear what he hears
He stands on your doorstep
With his life under his feet
Arms full of roses
Watchfulness
He'll be what he will be

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