Boy at The Window

Groove Theory

She was wearing shocking pink and jewelry of gold
Papa said son isn't she fine
Knew he wud be out all night
Though son is only 9 years ond
This is how he's forced 2 spend his time
Lookin&' out window into someone else's home
Watching mother, father, child at play
Wish he cud be a part but it's
2 hared to froget he's alone
A typical dayThe boy at the window
One more forgotten son
Ah, looking to the corner
2 see what he'll become
The boy at the window
If he's still sittin' there
Are you even gonna carePapa always tells him son
Keep sittin at you're window
Don't end up like me, watch from above
you can't go wrong
More and more son's thinkin'
Won't be 2 far but I must go in his eyes
The corner is the only place he can belong
Son is smart enough 2 see it
Won't make him somebody
But it's better than livin' with
The hupocrisies above
No more smelling ho's and liquor
On the breath of daddy
Rather smeill it on the breath of
Brothers he don't know or loveRemember when the windo boy was
Young and untouched
Happy with his window view
But look it's not enough
His dreams are in the gutter
And now he's just a number
All because he wanted 2 belong
All because he wanted 2 belongSo he learned to play the role
Of hustler with no geelings
Thinking "They'll accept me if I prove that I'm real hard"

Now he's leranin' firsthand of the word and it's true meaning
The windo w he looks out of now
Includes wrought iron barsThe boy at the window
One more forgotten son
Ah, he looked to the corner
And guess what he's become
The boy at the window
If he's still sittin' there
Are you even gonna care

Songwriters
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