

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 hypocrisies 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 learin' 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

LARRIEUX/WILSON/BROWN

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