

Boy (Acoustic Union Street)

Erasure

The child in me again, he plays the fool
Cry for joy, amen
For after all, it's only love
And the way you stir your coffee
Like an angel in the morning Still you dare to change your mind
You'll be sorry when it's over
When you've had your taste of freedom
Don't come crying on my shoulder Save your tears, don't mean much
Is the guilty party me? I don't think so
And it, it's no bed of roses lying here
Tossing and turning Still you dare to change your mind
You'll be sorry when it's over
When you've had your taste of freedom
Don't come crying on my shoulder And these, these years of love and giving surely
Must be something to you Still you dare to change your mind
You'll be sorry when it's over
When you've had your taste of freedom
Don't come crying on my shoulder Dare to change your mind
You'll be sorry when it's over
When you've had your taste of freedom
Don't come crying on my shoulder Dare to change your mind
You'll be sorry when it's over
When you've had your taste of freedom
Don't come crying on my shoulder

Songwriters

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