

# Boy

## Letters to Cleo

you boy aint nothing but trouble  
the kind i aint seen in awhile  
and i gotta get me out of here  
dont go and ask crazy questions  
like i maybe dont know what im doin  
and i gotta get me out of here  
the farthest thought and i simply thoguht things were right from now on here  
just got here and im leavin'  
smile and think of it but dont leave em dead or mix me up in it  
cause im gone and you cant make me stay  
it would appear ive been here lots and lots of times before  
so please dont laugh  
and i wait out in the hallway  
now diggin back its a big mistake  
and one ive made before  
and i would like to be out  
out in the hallway  
you boy aint nothing but trouble  
the kind i aint seen in awhile  
and i gotta get me out of here  
get me out of  
get me out of  
get me out of  
get me out of  
get me out of  
get me out of here

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