# Black Haired Boy

## Fefe Dobson

But he's a black haired boy of some confusion
He makes no excuse for the things that he's usin'
And he's gentle and wild, a child of the mountain
His words are for singing and his days are for countin'He's looking for a home, he's scared to find
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wineBut he's a devil in the morning and a savior at night
Tomorrow's a case of whatever is right
Lonesome and high are the things that he feels
And the cards that he plays are the ones that he dealsHe's looking for a home, he's scared to find
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wineBut he's one of the chances you're entitled to take
He's one of the hearts that it's too late to break
I've seen him be sad and never know why
Seen him fall down to laugh, seen him stand up to cryHe's looking for a home, he's scared to find
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wineHe's looking for a home, he's scared to find
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine
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