

# Alison Moyet, Ode To Boy II

When he moves I watch him from behind  
He turns and laughter flickers in his eyes  
Intent and direct when he speaks  
I watch his lips  
When he drives I love to watch his hands  
White and smooth almost feminine  
Almost American  
I have to watch him

In his face age descends on youth  
Exaggeration on the truth  
He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot  
And everything he seems to do  
Reflects just another shade of blue  
I saw her searching into you and ached a while

I watch his lips caress the glass  
His fingers stroke its stem and pass  
To lift a cigarette at last  
He dries his eyes  
From the shadows by the stair  
I watch as he weeps unaware  
That I'm in awe of his despair