

Chris De Burgh, Just Another Poor Boy

He was but a traveller on the lonely road of life,
She, her name was Mary, a lady of the night,
She found him lying in that road, on a winter's night so cold,
Just another poor boy, treat him right;

She saw that he was hungry and gave him food to eat,
She knew that he was weary and he had no place to sleep,
She took him home to her own bed, she lay down his wounded head,
And washed away the world from his hands and his feet,

He was just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
When he cried out in his sleep she held him tight,
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And she gave him love and comfort through the night,
Till the morning's light...

At night she sat beside him, by the fire he would talk,
He said all men were brothers and that love could conquer all,
Many gathered round to hear, many for his life did fear,
In troubled times like these men seldom talked.

Oh they came for him one morning at the breaking of the day,
She woke to hear him calling as they carried him away,
Accusing him of spreading lies and hate,

His public meetings were a danger to the state,
Some soldier said "Who was he anyway?"

Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And the tears were falling from her face like rain,
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And they hung him on a hillside far away,
And on the ground she lay ... poor boy ... oh my Lord...
Oh my Lord ... oh my Lord...

Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And the tears were falling from her face like rain,
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And they hung him on a hillside far away, just another poor boy,
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,
And she never dreamed she'd see his face again...