

Erasure, Boy

Love you boy, till i fall
the child in me again, he plays the fool
Cry for joy, amen
for after all, it's only life
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