

# Abra Moore, Into The Sunset

There was a boy  
He was a young boy  
He took his shirt off in the rain  
And he started to sway  
He'd reached for the raindrops  
That fell through the air  
He didn't seem to have a care  
In the whole wide world  
And everyone he touched would turn to gold  
And every time he loved his heart would explode  
Then one day he climbed so high to touch the sky  
And it carried him away

And everyone he touched would turn to gold  
And every time he loved his heart would explode  
Then one day he climbed so high to touch the sky  
It carried him away  
There was a boy  
He was a young boy  
He took his shirt off in the rain  
He was funny that way  
One, two, three, four