

Brian May, My Boy

Strange how soon the party's over
I should know by now
My hand no longer guides your footsteps
Now you guide your own

And all that's left is the sound of your voice
And your face as you were on the screen
Hush, don't you cry, there'll be no pain
The bad wolf has gone

He'll have no part of our game
All too soon the dream world's fading
Says farewell
Since my boy became a man
(Don't make it too soon)
My small boy