

# Common Children, Storm Boy

The stormy little boy stares out the window  
It's freezing to him living there inside  
Sometimes in his room he feels the wind blow  
And it's there the thorn is twisting in his side  
So he takes the last train out today  
And all his sacred secrets he hides away

Try to understand the many years and where they ran  
All his feelings shining in our eyes  
Wish to wash away the wishing that his life would change  
Stumble through the back roads of our lives

A frozen little man peeks out his window  
And the memories shiver down his spine  
Sometimes in his mind he feels the pain go  
But still the thorn is twisting in his side  
So he takes the last train out today  
He throws his chosen secrets all away

Try to understand the many years and where they ran  
All his feelings shining in our eyes  
Wish to wash away the wishing that our lives would change  
Stumble through the back roads of our lives  
Try to understand who you are and where I am  
All his feelings shining in our eyes  
Wish to wash away the wishing that our lives would change  
Stumble through the back roads of our lives  
Stumble through the back roads of our lives