

Groove Theory, Boy At The Window

She was wearing shocking pink and jewelry of gold
Papa said son isn't she fine
Knew he would be out all night
Though son is only 9 years old
This is how he's forced to spend his time
Looking out window into someone else's home
Watching mother, father, child at play
Wishing he could be a part but it's
Too hard to forget he's alone
A typical day
The boy at the window
One more forgotten son
Ah, looking to the corner
To see what he'll become
The boy at the window
If he's still sitting there
Are you even gonna care
Papa always tells his son
Keep sitting at our window
Don't end up like me, watch from above
You can't go wrong
More and more son's thinking
Won't be too far but I must go in his eyes
The corner is the only place he can belong
Son isn't smart enough to see it
Won't make him somebody
But it's better than living with
The hypocrisies above
No more smelling ho's and liquor
On the breath of daddy
Rather smell it from the breath of
Brothers he don't know or love
Remember when the boy was
Young and untouched
Happy with his window view
But look it's not enough
His dreams are in the gutter
And now he's just a number
All because he wanted to belong
All because he wanted to belong
So he learned to play the role
Of hustler with no feeling
Thinking, "They'll accept me if I prove that I'm real hard"
Now he's learning firsthand of the word and it's true meaning
The window he looks out of now
Includes iron without bars
The boy at the window
One more forgotten son
Ah, he looked to the corner
And guess what he's become
The boy is at the window
If he's still sitting there
Are you even gonna care