

# Janove Ottesen, Neighbour Boy

The neighbour boy, he ran away, and came  
home, after a year and a day  
No one knows just why he was gone, if he was  
trying to make it on his own  
Being fifteen years old, you get pretty cold,  
when you're trying to find gold  
But I guess it's best not to wait too long, and  
leave before damage is done  
Well, it's harder the first time  
The first thing he did was buy a pretty suit  
He was trying to look good for you  
He bought you dinner, and man,  
he bought you drinks  
And you've been forever his, ever since  
And on your way home, by the side of the road  
You didn't see it coming, did you  
First, you only had eyes for the young  
And then, you found yourself staring at his gun  
Well, it's harder the first time  
The neighbour boy, he ran away, and came  
home, after a year and a day  
But he didn't bother to come in, 'cause he knew  
that he would never win  
The day he came home was a beautiful day  
But he said that he'd done wrong on his way  
He hung himself by the end of a rope  
Now, he's in Heaven, with his head hanging low