Leona Naess, Lonely Boy

He fills the room like champange Into an empty glass As they slither to him like snakes Through the grass His stance is quiet with grace

Before they throw him into the rat race And he turns to me to say I'm a lonely boy Even with the life, I asked for

CHourus:

Lonely boy, why don't you see You're exactally the same as me You could be the most beautiful thing That I ever did see With your head pointing down And your friends leaving town

He sung like an angel that had stepped deep inside While I payed my guitar and scried and cried And the nails that we jam into our hearts Are essential and needed for the part And he turns to me to say I'm a lot lke you Does that mean, boy, I'll be lonely too

Chourus

Days are passing like November rain Constantly falling But nothing here remains And he turns to me to say, I'm a ot like you Does that mean, boy, I'll be lonely too

You're home getting high everyday Don't you think it's strange?

Chourus