

Melissa Etheridge, The Boy Feels Strange

And he looks at me in wonder...And he looks at me in fear
with his anger...His pride and stony tears
To place me in his life...Will be hard and slow
Does he want it need it...I might never know
The boy feels strange...Oh the boy has changed

Looking from my tower...I can see his fortress strong
Surrounded by his army...Where do I belong
Does he ever find the answers...In the cars as they go by
Does he ever want to ask me why
The boy feels strange...Oh the boy has changed

And he's seen with all the women...Who think that he's a god
And he blesses whom he pleases...Holding fast to the facade
I want to reach out and believe him...Through his miles and miles of pain
But lately when I touch him...The boy feel strange

And he speaks to me of business...When I ask him how he's been
Keeps me at a distance...Never getting under the skin
Can he make a new beginning...Does he even want to try
Or will he only let it die
The boy feels strange...Oh the boy has changed