

Oman Freestyle, Tiger In The Sky

beautiful boy, handsome hands
small but sweet, becoming a man
look at him draw, look at him play
he never longs for the end of the day

when he comes home parents shout
angry thoughts he can't let out
time goes by, takes its toll
unfortunate thoughts will burn his soul

he cries
he cries
cause words aren't powerful enough to describe
his eyes
his eyes
he glares with hatred but he doesn't know why

put him down, evil ploy
break his heart, kill his joy
argument in his head
make him say he's better off dead

his crime
his crime
he goes through life
using whispers and lies
his life
his life
he sold his soul
to the tiger in the sky'

he followed me
he followed me home

follow me
follow me
follow me home