

Ruff Michael, Poor Boy

Listen to the rain, like glass breaking slowly
My heart's breaking right on time
Listen to the water, like a thousand people kissing
Or one person walking away
Listen to the wind, like young lover's passion
Or old people passing away
In all these things I hear you
In all these ways you call to me
Calling me...poor boy
It's like I know where love is
But love never come to me
Calling me poor boy, poor boy
Listen to the words, speaking in melodies
From the soul, through the voice, to the pen
(to the paper,
through the eyes,
to the mind,
to the soul again)
In the shadow of a dancer
In the echo of a lie
In the patience of a teacher
And in the movement of an eye
In the telling of a story
In the pouring of two lovers
And in the softness of the moon
In all these ways I hear you
In all these things you call to me
Calling me...(just a) poor boy
Sometimes I feel like Salieri
I'm standing at the door
but no one ever asks me in
Calling me....
Salieri
Calling me...poor boy, poor boy
(to the paper,
through the eyes,
to the mind,
to the soul again)