

# Terence Trent D'Arby, Billy Don't Fall

Billy was a young boy  
Who's fate did decree  
That he would like only other boys  
So being with a boy came to him naturally  
Billy was a green boy  
His thoughts so naive  
He wondered why he was so victimised  
And his fear brought him close to me suddenly

But

Billy my friend  
Don't fall in love with me  
I'm not that kind of guy  
But I'll stand by your side  
If you need me to be

But

Billy my friend  
Don't fall in love with me  
Though it can't be wrong to be  
To be what you are

Billy was a sick boy  
His life fading to grey  
He tried to grab for straws of family  
But his loved ones turned young Billy away  
Billy died a young man  
His face to the wind

And of the things I regret the most  
Was seeing how hate and fear killed a friend

But

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Billy my friend  
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Though it can't be wrong to be  
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