

Walter Egan, The Loneliest Boy

by Walter Egan and Lindsey Buckingham

Away in the darkness past midnight,
As dim as a candle there burns a light,
There sits a boy alone in his room,
He reads magazines by the light of the moon,

And the loneliest boy can always be found,
In the room upstairs when the sun goes down,
He's the Loneliest Boy in a lonely town.

He's wary of strangers so quiet and shy,
His neighbors would call him an average guy,
He clings to the world he knows so well,
And what he feels really none can tell.

It happened that cold gray afternoon,
Alone in the window of his lonely room,
A solitary boy with a long black gun,
A shot rang out and the deed was done.

So the Loneliest Boy, just lookin' for love
Shot down a man from a window above,
And the Loneliest Boy so quiet and shy,
Alone in his cell just a waitin' to die,
He's the Loneliest Boy in this whole damn town...