

Ode To Boy

Alison Moyet

When he moves I watch him from behind
He turns and laughter flickers in his eyes
Intent and direct when he speaks
I watch his lips
When he drives I love to watch his hands
White and smooth almost feminine
Almost American
I have to watch him

In his face age descends on youth
Exaggeration on the truth
He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot
And everything he seems to do
Reflects just another shade of blue
I saw her searching into you and ached a while

I watch his lips caress the glass
His fingers stroke its stem and pass
To lift a cigarette at last
He dries his eyes
From the shadows by the stair
I watch as he weeps unaware
That I'm in awe of his despair