

# Little Boy in the Grass

AURORA

I will tell you the story about the little boy I found in the grass

Tired, solace, he told me he could hear the children wanting to pass

Sounds of laughter in the air,

Still today we hear them

Finally we are over it, oh

Finally we are over it, oh-oh

(Let them run) Let them run from the violence,

The world is way too cold and bright for their eyes

Little boy runs beside them,

As they take his hands and jump to the sky,

Still today you hear him

Finally I am over, over it, oh

Finally I am over, over it, oh-oh

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

When will my healing come?

When will my healing come along?

Sinking like a stone,

When will my healing come along?

Finally I am over it, oh-oh

Finally I am over it, oh-oh

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

Ooh ooh ah ah

Finally I am.