

# Boy

## Birds of Tokyo

My father was a giant  
In his arms  
I could leave the earth behind  
My mother held a voice  
Of reassurance  
That everything was fine  
My memory's a vault  
It plays against me  
Selection is the game  
It's been so long since  
I remember days  
When the sun would never fade

Even on cold days  
My door's always open  
Where grey is enough light  
To colour my world

I've a memory  
Of a little boy  
Who you'd like to meet  
He could do anything  
I've been missing him  
Hope he's been missing me  
All these years

Someone caught my eye  
And I noticed a face I recognize  
So good to see you back  
Let's hear your stories  
I'd be glad to share you mine

Even on cold days  
My door's always open  
Where grey is enough light  
To colour my world

I've a memory  
Of a little boy  
Who you'd like to meet  
He could do anything  
I've been missing him  
Hope he's been missing me  
All these years  
[x2]

I must say how  
It's so good to see you  
Will you stay long  
I could use a minute  
[x2]