

Feel the sun upon your back
Someone somewhere wants to steal it
Pray each night you'll catch the thief
But while you sleep he comes and takes it

Does that make you think little girl?
Doesn't it just little boy

There'll be no stampede on the Pearly Gates
I'll say, "After you", you'll say, "I don't mind the wait"
There'll be no stampede on those imposing doors
Naked and afraid, cowering we crawl on all fours

See the smile on her young face
Watch life casually erase it
Now I know she's all grown up
She wears a look I can't quite place yet

What makes you cry little girl?
Maybe I'm scared little boy

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