

# Boys in the Trees

Simon Carly

I'm home again in my old narrow bed  
Where I grew tall and my feet hung over the end  
The low beam room with the window looking out  
On the soft summer garden  
Where the boys grew in the trees

Here I grew guilty  
And no one was at fault  
Frightened by the power in every innocent thought  
And the silent understanding passing down  
From daughter to daughter  
Let the boys grow in the trees

Do you go to them or do you let them come to you  
Do you stand in back afraid that you'll intrude  
Deny yourself and hope someone will see  
And live like a flower  
While the boys grew in the trees

Last night I slept in sheets the colour of fire  
Tonight I lie alone again and curse my own desires  
Sentenced first to burn and then to freeze  
And watch by the window  
Where the boys grew in the trees