

Through The Eyes Of A Child

Sonic Boom Six

Sunday, spatter on the pane,
sat up on the bus in my usual place.
It's gone late, I'm holding takeaway,
glad to see the back of another day.
From the back come a sound, turn and look around, hostile eyes
meet mine.
Can't be more than nine, all alone at night, no soul in sight.

Through the eyes of a child, all the smallest life is fully grown.
All the world is far away from home.

I look away and stare across the rain,
the streetlight on the lane,
I got no right to complain.
My life, was pleasure with the pain.
A grounding off my dad doesn't seem so bad.
Bless the rough little boy growing up too fast,
now the dice been cast.
What a bundle of joy, haunted from the past.
These ghosts live on

Through the eyes of a child, all the smallest life is fully grown.
All the world is far away from home.
Through the eyes of a child all the sights are traced into the
bone.
One day he'll have children of his own.
Through the eyes of a child, pathways passed on like precious
tones,
through the eyes of a child.