

Boy At The Window

The Coral

Boy at the window watches them come and go
The passing carnivals, the midnight shows
But autumn's lonely, now summer's gone
Winter's sleeping to his evening song

A family photograph on the mantelpiece
Was he once there or is it all a dream?
His sister Rosie dancing down below
He sees her secrets but never they are told

Where does he go? No one knows
He never moves from his window

His mother's meeting with his aunty, Mo
Current buns, dear, he used to love them so
He tells his stories to no one but the night
He's not surprised when he gets no reply

Starlit beauty of some sweet serenade
He's done this duty now, he must be saved
The funeral march is beckoning, calling out his name
It's time for him to go now, isn't that a shame?

Well, isn't that a shame?
Isn't that a shame?
Well, isn't that a shame?
Where does he go? No one knows