

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]