

Little Boy in the Grass

AURORA

I will tell you the story about the little boy I found in the grass
Tired, solace, he told me he could hear the children wanting to pass
Sounds of laughter in the air,
Still today we hear them
Finally we are over it, oh
Finally we are over it, oh-oh

(Let them run) Let them run from the violence,
The world is way too cold and bright for their eyes
Little boy runs beside them,
As they take his hands and jump to the sky,
Still today you hear him
Finally I am over, over it, oh
Finally I am over, over it, oh-oh

Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah

When will my healing come?
When will my healing come along?
Sinking like a stone,
When will my healing come along?

Finally I am over it, oh-oh
Finally I am over it, oh-oh

Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah
Ooh ooh ah ah

Finally I am.