

easy, little boy with a troubled mind,
it'll work its own way out, don't worry, i'm here with you.
easy, if you got to cry just let it come,
it'll work its own way out, don't worry, i'll stay with you through the night.

and i can see you sleeping in the heavy heavy night
with a single sheet covering brown skin and white.
feel you breathing soft and low, there's perfume in the air,
with your tiny fingers gently sleeping in your hair.
you're many many miles from me, but i can see you still.
i look at you, beside myself till i see you again.

in the honeycomb confusion of many many lives,
i'm tumbling like alice down the tunnels of my mind.
fingers closing up my ears, fumble at my brain,
screaming as i'm dreaming that i won't see you again.
you're many many miles from me, but i can see you still.
i look at you, beside myself till i see you again.
easy, easy, easy, easy ...