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I love that boy and he is my friend.
I see him going down the long hall.
I love that boy and he is my friend.
I wave to him from very far off.
He goes uphill,
I wish that I could follow after him.
He goes uphill.
Please let him be safe there, across the way.
I love that boy, I say.
I love him all the day.
I love that boy and he is my friend.
We're driving through the state of Maryland.
I love that boy and he is my friend.
I love to see him sleeping in back.
He goes uphill,
I wish that I could follow after him.
He goes uphill.
He dreams a city street a hundred ways.
I love that boy, I say.
I love him all the day.
I love that boy, I say.
And I'm standing up under the trees,
I'm cheering every day.
I love that boy, I say.
(For Drew.
Title borrowed from the poem by
Walter Dean Myers)
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