

Tom on the Boulevard

The Innocence Mission

Slip side-street.

Now we're wondering what the year will bring.
It seems, my friend, changes never end.
Now we're growing up and down
and sigh, Tom, on the boulevard,
my Tom, on the boulevard.
But you shine with the light of stars
in the middle of the dark.

Too soon came hills of the deeper greens,
and the flying scenes.
Firmly as trees will we plant our feet.
We will sway not in the ground,
nor sigh, Tom, on the boulevard,
my Tom, on the boulevard.
And you'll shine with the light of stars
in the middle of the dark.