

Leroy is A Late Bloomer

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Leroy is a late bloomer, he's not like the other boys
He doesn't like to go outside and he doesn't play with toys
He doesn't like girls, he doesn't like sports, he doesn't even
like TV
He likes to lay around all day and he doesn't even like me

"Leroy is a late bloomer." That's what his mother will say
"There's nothing wrong with Leroy. He'll find himself someday."

Leroy doesn't go out at all; he sits in his room alone
His thoughts are kept well hidden. His secrets are unknown

Leroy is a late bloomer. Some kids are that way
His father doesn't seem to mind. "Don't push him," he will say
"Leroy's going through a stage. You just have to give him time."
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But how much time does one boy need. He's already thirty-nine