

This Boy

Brendan Perry

Never ever wanted to fight in your war
Never wanted to fight your wars for you
This boy only believes in love

Never wanted to sign away my life
Never wanted to hand over my rights
This boy only believes in love

This boy bends backwards
While this boy crawls on his tummy
And this boy prays for forgiveness for all of our sins
For the state we're in

Sometimes I feel like I'm sleepwalking
In a big and haunted house
Just stumbling around in the darkness
Can't seem to get to sleep at night
Because of the lies, the lies, the lies
Is all we've been told

Sometimes it's hard for us to find the truth
In a world we no longer seem to understand
But don't let them break us and don't let them nail us
Into boxes for the old man's plea

This boy is coming home from the war
Coming in from the cold, to settle old scores
End old scorn