

## My Boy

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Strange how soon the party's over  
I should know by now  
My hand no longer guides your footsteps  
Now you guide your own

And all that's left is the sound of your voice  
And your face as you were on the screen  
Hush, don't you cry, there'll be no pain  
The bad wolf has gone

He'll have no part of our game  
All too soon the dream world's fading  
Says farewell  
Since my boy became a man  
(Don't make it too soon)  
My small boy