

Boy

Isaac Dunbar

Um

Hungry for my boy
I've eaten too much
An intermittent love
I starve myself up (Up)
If only we were right
Seasoned with thyme
An intermittent love, yeah

I'm hungry for my boy, yeah
I'm hungry for my boy

If I were home, sick
You're remedy wired
Picking up herbs in the morning time
I'd wait for something more

If I were home, sick
You're remedy wired
Picking up herbs in the morning time
I'd wait for something even more

Caught on every word
Obsessive meantimes
Your softly spoken tongue
Can sweet talk me into a crime
If only we were right
Seasoned with thyme
An intermittent love, yeah

You're hanging on your boy
You're hanging on me boy

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