

The Boy (Chapter 1)

Jamie Webster

The boy he doesn't like this time of day
The phone it rings for him to feed his pray
He knows no other way than a sugar man and he's tired
Scared by all the things he's seen and done
Mommy was a drunk, daddy on the run
No one to teach him to share
Nobody there

So he could feel some love, not a push or shove
As a kid he'd lay there shakin' in his room up above
Thinkin' why is my life so strange
Lyin' there wishin' that his world could change

And then he answers the phone cause it keeps on ringin'
Someone tells him where to go and what to bring in
A backstreet rave that smells proper mingin'
With all these cosy students
Singin' that song won't be long till his bills need payin'
His eyes are heavy and his hair's grayin'
Tries his own supply he mixes day out day in
And now the DJ's playin' that fuckin' song
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la
He gives himself some more affection
And further loses direction of right and wrong

The boy he doesn't like this time of night
He's dizzy and his pocket's feelin' light
It's the uphill fight of a sugar man
And he's tired, tired of feelin' like he's chokin'
And all the weed he's smokin' in his shed
If only in his head so when he goes to bed

The boy can feel some love, not a push or shove
All those years layin' shakin' in his room up above
Thinkin' why is my life so strange
Lyin' there wishin' that his world could change

And then he answers the phone cause it keeps on ringin'
Someone tells him where to go and what to bring in
A backstreet rave that smells proper mingin'
With all these cosy students
Singin' that song won't be long till his bills need payin'
His eyes are heavy and his hair's grayin'
Tries his own supply he mixes day out day in
And still the DJ's playin' that fuckin' song
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la
And before long
He gives himself some more affection
And further loses direction of right and wrong

He answers the phone cause it keeps on ringin'
Someone tells him where to go and what to bring in
A backstreet rave that smells proper mingin'
With all these cosy students
Singin' that song won't be long till his bills need payin'
His eyes are heavy and his hair's grayin' (And he needs to feel strong)
Tries his own supply he mixes day out day in

But still the DJ's playin' that fuckin' song
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la
He answers the phone cause it keeps on ringin' (And before long)
Someone tells him where to go and what to bring in
He gives himself some more affection
Cause no one's ever shown him a way to be strong