

The Boy (Interlude)

Kshmr

In a place where the skies are always the blue,
There once was a boy
A boy just like you

In the day he would play
Or lay with the book
And eat up the food that his mother would cook.

He chased all the birds that lingered to sing
For watching them fly
Was his favourite thing

But when bird was quiet
And harder to catch
He chased it to bushes
And off his path...