

Two Boys

Peter Allen

Two boys born the twenty-third of May
Brought up in that good old-fashioned way

Two boys one of them excelled at ball
The other never played at all, two boys

Mamma loved them both the same
Papa gave them both his name
Nobody could quite explain just why

Two boys growing up in separate beds
Different music in their heads

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Two boys

Mamma loved them both the same
Papa gave them both his name
Nobody could quite explain just why

Two boys growing up and leaving home
Each an island on his own

Today one's a man who'll never cry
Never has a reason why
The other lets the girls go by

And they never let their feelings show
Afraid to let the other know, two boys