

# Erasure, Boy

Love you boy, till i fall  
the child in me again, he plays the fool  
Cry for joy, amen  
for after all, it's only life  
and the way you stir your coffee, like an angel in the morning

still you dare to change your mind  
you'll be sorry when it's over  
when you've had your taste of freedom  
don't come crying on my shoulder

Save your tears, don't mean much  
is the guilty party me? i don't think so

and it, it's no bed of roses lying here  
tossing and turning

still you dare to change your mind  
you'll be sorry when it's over  
when you've had your taste of freedom  
don't come crying on my shoulder

and these, these years of love and giving surely  
must be something to you