

Janove Ottesen, Neighbour Boy

The neighbour boy, he ran away, and came
home, after a year and a day
No one knows just why he was gone, if he was
trying to make it on his own
Being fifteen years old, you get pretty cold,
when you're trying to find gold
But I guess it's best not to wait too long, and
leave before damage is done
Well, it's harder the first time
The first thing he did was buy a pretty suit
He was trying to look good for you
He bought you dinner, and man,
he bought you drinks
And you've been forever his, ever since
And on your way home, by the side of the road
You didn't see it coming, did you
First, you only had eyes for the young
And then, you found yourself staring at his gun
Well, it's harder the first time
The neighbour boy, he ran away, and came
home, after a year and a day
But he didn't bother to come in, 'cause he knew
that he would never win
The day he came home was a beautiful day
But he said that he'd done wrong on his way
He hung himself by the end of a rope
Now, he's in Heaven, with his head hanging low