

Milburn, 17

Put on the TV

Flick through the stations

In the truth or a miss interpretaion

He doesn't care all he cares about he's going out tonight

He tucks his shirt in and does his hair nice

He's got to run to catch the bus and pays full price , ten minutes late so he takes a deep breath and

Now he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over

He hasn't had a shave so he looks a little older and he knows that if the truth be told he's got no ch

Yeh he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over he changes on to doubles so he does't feel as sober

So he stumbles down the hallway his bodys tired but in his mind hes wide awake

He's not thinking about the foreplay

He's just a little boy who didn't realise

You dont look with your hands you look with your eyes she says x 5

All he wanted was affection

It was so rude of her to blatanty reject him in that way

Just a little miss understanding and now it's all to late the fists fly in with a fury of rage

So he spills out to the garden, the windows steam up with them try to see the action from inside

Oh but please dont wake the neighbours

He's just a little lad who didn't realise

You dont look with your hands you look with your eyes he says x 3

No you dont undertand you dont realise he says

You dont look with your hands you look with you eyes