

Francesco Renga

"Boy"

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Hey there lonely
Won't you come and use me
As a shield against those flying hands
The hands that made those marks on your skin
And I know you're wondering why it hurts so much
To be afraid of every hand that you touch
And I know that you feel like you ain't got your soul
But now you know it wasn't your fault
You're stronger than you know.

Hey there beautiful
Little soldier marching on
I know you've been missing home
But that ain't where you belong now
Well you be careful where your'e going now
There's new beginnings or an easy way out
And I know you thought that you couldn't hope for more
But now they've come and found you here
That's who that you've been waiting for.

Who am I now
Fourteen years on and I have no conscience or feeling
No reason for believing himself
Or the ones that hold him dearly
Cos I know what it's like to be beaten
Within an inch of myself.

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