

The Boy Least Likely To "My Tiger My Heart"

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As sweet as a plum and lovely as dawn
Rolling its tongue over its gums
Like tiger and me as happy as could be
Sat out on the porch

As the whole of the sky
Clouds quietly over
And it starts to cry
Softly on my shoulder

We don't want to grow up
But we have to grow up
As sad as I am, I do understand
I do understand, it just makes me sad

My tiger my heart
We're growing apart
We're trying to be friends

But it's hard sometimes
To be friends with something that eats butterflies
And pencil sharpeners
And I think it would be happier being free

My tiger my friend
My little godsend
I know someday, we'll be happy again

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