

The Boy Least Likely To "Whiskers"

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Sitting on a broken dream
And memories are what might have been
Biscuit crumbs and bird seed in his
Whiskers (x3)
Even though he never went to war
He still felt something worth fighting for
But no one else ever cared as much as
Whiskers (x3)
Whiskers (x3)
He sits in the moonlight on top of the hill
Playing a penny whistle and picking thistles out of his
kilt
He rubs his paws together and it begins to snow
As he counts up all the Christmas lights in the village
down below
He sits around the campfire and licks at his wounds
Staring sadly back at his reflection in a spoon
We used to want the same things when we were
growing up
But somewhere along the way I started hoping for too
much
I found his little plastic shield
Chewed up on the battlefield
And I knew then I'd never make a friend again like
Whiskers (x3)
Whiskers (x3)
Whiskers (x3)
Whiskers (x3)

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