

Hujan

"Firehead"

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She comes down with her hair on fire while I sleep,
And I feel wider than, higher than you know.

She walks down with her wings on fire,
If I could stand her I would lower down my buckets of
love and rain,
That feel me up with your simple touch, the words my
Mom,
I missed you so much, I espy everything you do.

Feel me up with your simple touch, the words my Mom,
I missed you so much, I espy everything you do.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.
Mom I'm just a boy.

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