

Kathy Mar "Boy Genius"

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Boy genius with the big sad eyes
All of the mamas want to take you home
Get what you can, do what you must, be what you have
to be
And take that weary highway out alone.

Boy genius, don't you realize
All of the charming yesterdays are gone
And all of the dreams you ever shared came down at
last to one,
And that one just told you she was moving on.

Well you shook up your tomorrows and threw 'em on
the table
But sevens and elevens never showed
You'll keep right on gambling just as long as you are
able
To make the toss, and take the loss,
Just waiting for tomorrow to explode.

Boy genius, when the seagull flies
He never flies too very far from land
So go where you wish, take any risk, try all there is to
try
Fly back to my waiting outstretched hand

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the table
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try
Fly back to my waiting, outstretched hand.

I'll be holding out my hand
Fly back to me, honey, if you can

Words and music: Kathy Mar

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