

## The Coral

# "Boy At The Window"

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Boy at the window watches them come and go  
The passing carnivals, the midnight shows  
But autumn's lonely, now summer's gone  
Winter's sleeping to his evening song

A family photograph on the mantelpiece  
Was he once there or is it all a dream?  
His sister Rosie dancing down below  
He sees her secrets but never they are told

Where does he go? No one knows  
He never moves from his window

His mother's meeting with his aunty, Mo  
Current buns, dear, he used to love them so  
He tells his stories to no one but the night  
He's not surprised when he gets no reply

Starlit beauty of some sweet serenade  
He's done this duty now, he must be saved  
The funeral march is beckoning, calling out his name  
It's time for him to go now, isn't that a shame?

Well, isn't that a shame?  
Isn't that a shame?  
Well, isn't that a shame?  
Where does he go? No one knows

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