

## Theory Groove "Boy At The Window"

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She was wearing shocking pink and jewelry of gold  
Papa said son isn't she fine  
Knew he wud be out all night  
Though son is only 9 years ond  
This is how he's forced 2 spend his time  
Lookin' out window into someone else's home  
Watching mother, father, child at play  
Wish he cud be a part but it's  
2 hared to froget he's alone  
A typical day

The boy at the window  
One more forgotten son  
Ah, looking to the corner  
2 see what he'll become  
The boy at the window  
If he's still sittin' there  
Are you even gonna care

Papa always tells him son  
Keep sittin at ur window  
Don't end up like me, watch from above  
U can't go wrong  
More and more son's thinkin'  
Won't be 2 far but I must go in his eyes  
The corner is the only place he can belong  
Son is smart enough 2 see it  
Won't make him somebody  
But it's better than livin' with  
The hupocrisies above  
No more smelling ho's and liquor  
On the breath of daddy  
Rather smeill it on the breath of  
Brothers he don't know or love

Remember when the windo boy was  
Young and untouched  
Happy with his window view  
But look it's not enough  
His dreams are in the gutter  
And now he's just a number  
All because he wanted 2 belong

All because he wanted 2 belong

So he learned to play the role  
Of hustler with no geelings  
Thinking "They'll accept me if I prove that I'm real  
hard"  
Now he's leranin' firsthand of the word and it's true  
meaning  
The windo w he looks out of now  
Includes wrought iron bars

The boy at the window  
One more forgotten son  
Ah, he looked to the corner  
And guess what he's become  
The boy at the window  
If he's still sittin' there  
Are you even gonna care

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