

Thompson Richard Linda "The Poor Boy Is Taken Away"

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Gold-haired poor boy, you took him for fun

He dressed for the tinkering trade

He dressed for the tinkering trade

Now the poor boy is taken away

No use waiting like a ghost in a dream

The world has no comfort to bring

The world has no comfort to bring

He left you to get everything

No use standing, waving adieu

The penny won't drop in your mind

The penny won't drop in your mind

The old flame's left you behind

No use crying in a room full of memories

You never will find yesterday

You never will find yesterday

And the poor boy is taken away

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