

Moya Brennan

"Ode To Boy"

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When he moves I watch him from behind
He turns and laughter flickers in his eyes
Intent and direct when he speaks, I watch his lips
And when he drives I love to watch his hand
White and smooth almost feminine, almost American, I
have to watch him.

(Chorus)

In his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on
the truth

He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot
And everything he seems to do reflects just another
shade of blue

I saw him searching into you and ached a while

I watch his lips caress the glass,

His fingers stroke it's stem and pass

To lift a cigarette at last, he dries his eyes

From a shadow by the stair

I watch as he weeps unaware

That I'm in awe of his despair, but I am there

(Chorus repeat)

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