

Sander Owen "Boy"

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when I was young
and I was poor
no one wanted me
there were no open doors

all the girls
they were running around
seeking mister charming
but I was not the one

but in those days
I stood my ground
I never owed a single cent to anyone
I was free
I had my plans and dreams
but where did that boy go

I had few friends

no reputation
no guarantees
few good relations

abandoning his mission
turning cash into trash
behind bars of shaded truths
is where I found him at last
and all that was left when he died
was just another guy

he couldn't have grown old
I heard he sold his soul
he sure never won no gold
so where did that boy go

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