

Louise Latham "Young Boy"

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Young boy
Tender heart
Too soft to touch
Young girl
Careless heart
Too young to trust

Young girl
Takes his heart playfully
Young girl
Bruises it for all to see
She left a hole in his head
She swept his heart under her bed
And he said

Why are you not soft like the words my mother spoke?
Why are you not sweet like the milk I used to drink?
Why are you so unkind?

Young Boy
Hardened heart
Too tired to trust
Young girl
Eager heart
Too difficult to love
He left a hole in her head
He swept her heart under his bed
And he said

Why am I drinking bottles of beer I do not need?
Why am I using words that I don't even mean?
Why am I so unkind?

Why do I disguise so much?
Why am I still searching, still searching?

Young boy running with his dusty soul
Moving away from what he knows
Trying to find a soft face that's kind
But with his heart in chains he may not act in time

Young boy, move closer

Young boy, go to her
Young boy, go kiss her

Why do I love so much?
Why am I still searching?

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