

## **Alison Moyet**

### **"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  
Well, when he drives I love to watch his hand  
White and smooth almost feminine  
Almost American, I have to watch him

In his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on  
the truth  
He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot me  
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 its 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  
In his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on  
the truth  
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