

Coral, The

"Boy At The Window"

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Boy at the window watches them come and go
The passing carnivals, the midnight shows
But autumn's lonely now summer's gone
Winter's sleeping to his evening song
A family photograph on the mantelpiece
Was he once there, or is it all a dream?
His sister Rosie dancing down below
He sees her secrets but never they are told

Where does he go? No one knows!
He never moves from his window

His mother's meeting with his Auntie Mo
Current buns dear, he used to love them so
He tells his stories to noone but the night
He's not surprised when he gets no reply

Starlit beauty of some sweet serenade
He's done this duty now he must be saved
The funeral march is beckoning, calling out his name
It's time for him to go now, isn't that a shame
Well, isn't that a shame
Isn't that a shame
Well, isn't that a shame

Where does he go? No one knows!
Now he's gone from his window

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