BEAUTIFUL BOYS

Moderately slow

You're a beautiful boy with all your little toys.
Your eyes have seen the world,

though you're only four years old.
And you're now forty years old.

You're a beautiful boy with all your little ploys.
Your mind has changed the world,

And your tears are all you can
streaming, even when you're smiling. Please, never be afraid to
carry, and still feel somehow empty. Don't ever be afraid to
cry.

All you beautiful boys, creating multiple plays, you

like to fence in your world and settle down when you're old.
You can run from pole to pole and never scratch your soul. Don't be afraid to go to hell and back.

Don't be afraid to go to hell and back. Don't be afraid to be afraid.