MY BOY

BRIDGE
BEFORE HE GETS MUCH OLDER,
MUCH BRAVER AND MUCH BOLDER,
WHEN WINTER WINDS BLOW COLDER,
HE RIDES UPON MY SHOULDERS.

VERSE ONE
MY SON, MY BOY, MY LOVE, MY JOY,
HE WRESTLES WITH HIS BROTHER,
BUT NEVER WITH HIS MOTHER.

VERSE TWO
HE JUMPS. HE FLIES. HE LAUGHS. HE CRIES.
HE TELLS ME NOT TO BOTHER.
HE DOESN'T NEED HIS FATHER.

VERSE THREE
WE SWIM. WE RIDE. WE SEEK. WE HIDE.
SOMETIMES WE PICK THE FLOWERS,
THE ONES THAT ARE NOT OURS.

VERSE FOUR
WE WORK. WE PLAY. WE SING. WE PRAY.
FROM ALL THE TEARS AND LAUGHTER,
COMES HAPPY EVER AFTER.