

The Boy Who Lived Here,,

4 1/2  
3

An empty room, with a lonesome look, a radio that's still, and an unread book  
 And everything quiet, as it wasn't before, For the boy, who lived here, has  
 gone to war...

There's no more clothes, scattered on the floor,

And no more slamming, of the kitchen door,

2 And no one to bother me, now any more, (around teasing me)

For the boy who lived here, has gone to war..

His Pals, don't come now, to spend the night,

4 Because they are with him, in the fight,

No more, <sup>King</sup> send me, or I'll raise you four,

For the boy who lived here, has gone to war..

No more sharp shirts, or fancy lids, .

3 And no more parties, with long haired kids,

And no more water, on the bathroom floor, (spilled)

For the boy, who lived here, has gone to war.

The house seems empty, and dead at night,

6 There's no more yelling, and no more fights,

And no more dancing, on the parlor floor, <sup>body's</sup>

For the boy, who lived here, has gone to war..

I (pray to God) every day and night, (ask the Lord)

u To guide him safely, thru this fight,

And bring him back home to me safe once more,

For the boy who lived here, has gone to war..

x The years pass by, but it's all still the same  
 Politics plays a deadly game  
 And we never learn from the decades before..

The boys who live here still go to war.

Repeat last 2 lines