

Ode To Boy

Yazoo

G **A#**
When he moves I watch him from behind
C
he turns and laughter flickers in his eyes
G
intent and direct when he speaks, I watch his lips
G **A#**
When he drives I love to watch his hands
C
white and smooth almost feminine,
G
almost american, I have to watch him.

Chorus

G **A#** **C**
in his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on the truth
G
he caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot
G **A#** **C**
and everything he seems to do reflects just another shade of blue
G
I saw him searching into you and ached a while
G **A#**
I watch his lips caress the glass,
C
his fingers stroke its stem and pass
G
to lift a cigarette at last, he dries his eyes
G **A#**
from a shadow by the stair
C
I watch as he weeps unaware
G
that I m in awe of his despair, but I am there

(chorus repeat)