

boy beneath the stairs

he lives on his own, no one knows he's there
scared and alone no one seems to care
soon they will find him when they see that he's in their way
he'll move with no protest no home and nowhere to stay
nobody cares about the *boy beneath the stairs*

he smiles with a sigh, alone he no longer plays
he hides when he cries, no one's seen him for days
hidden identity his secrets are sadly exposed
standing defenceless an overt an open-wide pose
his soul he bares, the *boy beneath the stairs*

one day he'll look and find something new in himself
like an old unread book, never noticed before on the shelf
he dons a new cover, a picture of beauty and style
now the ladies are keen they all stop and they stare and they smile
they wish he was theirs the *boy beneath the stairs*
they wish he was theirs the *boy beneath the stairs*
they wish he was theirs the *boy beneath the stairs*