

## **A Boy Who Lived Down The Street**

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
A friend, a companion, someone to meet  
When sun was shining or clouds were raining  
Imagining, pretending, we'd never stop playing

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
In Winter, In Summer, In Cold, and In Heat  
We'd walk to school, skipping and racing  
Pushing and shoving, laughing, embracing

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
Listen carefully now for it bears to repeat  
The road between us was coarse and was rough  
But damn little children don't notice that stuff

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
And as we got older he'd start saying to me  
Man don't you forget all the hopscotch and races  
Just cause we got different colors on faces

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I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
We'd made it so far that's not a small feat  
For his father his brother his uncle had died  
Before we'd even made it to twenty and five

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
We went off to college and when we did meet  
The boy I had known, the man I knew now  
I saw there was something was creasing his brow

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
Who started losing his laugh started being discreet  
We both finished school and started our families  
That's when I noticed a couple of ab-a-normalities

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
One day he pulled me aside and gave me a seat  
Man can't you see it's only a matter of time?  
Don't you watch the news? Are you out of your mind?

## **A Boy Who Lived Down The Street**

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
Whose voice was once soft as honey mesquite  
His only crime was that he wasn't white  
Walking home from work, strolling at night

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
One day I open the paper and what do I see?  
The boy I loved, the man I had cherished  
Beaten and hit, and tortured he'd perished

I grew up with a boy who lived down the street,  
And now I understand that that could have been me  
If I was in his skin in his family in his life  
It would have been me at the end of the knife

I said goodbye to the boy who lived down the street,  
Yet in my mind, in a vision we meet  
On the road between us, a chasm so vast  
Yet just a whistle away - in Childhood's past.