

## 8.MELCHIOR. LEFT BEHIND

MELCHIOR

You fold his hands, and smooth his tie  
You gently lift his chin –  
Were you really so blind, and unkind to him?

Can't help the itch to touch, to kiss  
To hold him once again  
Now to close his eyes, never open them

A shadow passed, a shadow passed  
Yearning, yearning for the fool it called a home

All things he never did are left behind  
All the things his Mama wished he'd bear in mind  
And all his Dad had hoped he know

O-o-o-o-o-o-

The talks you never had  
The Saturdays you never spent  
All the grown-up places you never went

And all of the crying you wouldn't understand  
You just let him cry – "Make a man out of him."

A shadow passed, a shadow passed  
Yearning, yearning for the fool it called a home

All things he ever wished are left behind  
All the things his Mama did to make him mind  
And how his Dad had hoped he'd grow

All things he ever lived are left behind  
All the fears that ever flickered through his mind  
All the sadness that he'd come to own

O-o-o-o-o-o

O-o-o-o-o-o

O-o-o-o-o-o-o

A shadow passed, a shadow passed  
Yearning, yearning for the fool it called a home

And, it whistles through the ghosts still left behind  
It whistles through the ghosts still left behind  
It whistles through the ghosts still left behind  
O-o-