



Beware The Sensitive Child

She knows the god of small things as a personal friend

Delighted by the treasures he loves to send  
In the winter garden, she is mining gold  
Until aware of the cold

What is she thinking and what can she know?  
Watch her play in her unique narrative  
Follow her future through prints in the snow  
Freshly laid  
But beware the sensitive child

In among the flowers on the hottest day  
A look will travel through you and far away  
Birds are looking hungry, in the deep blue sky  
She's always wondering why

Out in the sunshine there's tea on the grass  
Is she having fun in her unique narrative?  
We're walking with Teddy and Owl down the path  
One by one  
To share with the sensitive child

So why is she crying now?  
It's only teasing, she can't be that soft  
She must toughen up somehow  
How can you live with her, she's such a sensitive child

Thunderclouds are rising when you least expect  
A sudden tempest we must protect  
Taking on the burdens of the living world  
Such a serious girl

Now it's tears over nothing, watch her perform  
Try to be part of her unique narrative  
Talk to her, laugh with her, give all the warmth  
You can impart  
But beware the sensitive child