

Children of My Mind

Anne Murray

The painter
Who's been painting all his life
Ain't a rich man
He's got children and a wife
But he keeps painting
Though he knows when he dies
He'll still be poor
But his paintings make his life so much more

And he sings
Won't somebody see what I have made
Don't be afraid, don't be afraid
Won't somebody come and see the thing that makes me whole
Before the children of my mind
Become the orphans of my soul

The writer
Who's been writing oh so long
Ain't a rich man
No one ever sings his songs but he keeps writing
Songs he knows no ear will ever hear
'Cause he knows that if he stops he'll disappear

And he sings
Won't somebody listen to my song
It won't take long
It won't take long
Won't somebody listen to the thing that makes me whole
Before the children of my mind
Become the orphans of my soul

Won't somebody listen to my song
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The children of my mind
Become the orphans of my soul