

## Child Of Clay

Jimmie Rodgers

Into the darkness he was sent by parents'  
Who were ignorant hm, hm  
Tied down to his mother's strings  
Unable to be anything hm, hm  
Puzzled by the things he hears  
The father thinking work comes first  
Ain't got the time to quench a thirst  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
Once he was a child, a beautiful child  
A child of clay shaped and molded  
Into what he is today  
But who is to blame for this child of clay

Going out into the street at night  
The answers he may meet hm hm  
With sick and twisted minds  
He shares the searching questions  
His heart bears hm hm  
And from the dregs  
The answers find their way into his supple mind  
In time the planted seeds will grow  
Into a twisted vine below  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

And now his aimless days begin  
To drift into sordid sin hm, hm  
And soon his dislike turns to hate  
As the stamp of life seals his fate hm, hm  
and so the night conceals his name  
And the days sleep off his shame  
Deprived of love and wrought by fear  
A feeling that the end is near  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,