

# Ignorant People

Vic Chesnutt

Born as I was to ignorant people  
Too traumatized to take me home  
Came in a car and left on an embankment  
Covered with pine straw  
But instinct saved me  
Something innate  
Made my wet lungs scream with hate  
Scream with hate found as I was fixing a flat tire  
He'd run 'em bald  
The schemer looked down upon the screamer  
Like buried treasure  
He nursed me and cherished me  
And trained me to be  
What is here in front of you  
A ticket to see, a ticket to see fate has been so good to me  
You may not understand  
How I can be thankful to be where I am  
To be where I am