

What's The Matter Here?

10000 Maniacs

That young boy without a name anywhere I'd know his face.
In this city the kid's my favorite.
I've seen him. I see him every day.
Seen him run outside looking for a place to hide from his father,
the kid half naked and said to myself "O, what's the matter here?"
I'm tired of the excuses everybody uses, he's their kid I stay out of it,
but who gave you the right to do this?

We live on Morgan Street;
just ten feet between and his mother, I never see her,
but her screams and cussing, I hear them every day.
Threats like: "If you don't mind I will beat on your behind,"
"Slap you, slap you silly."
made me say, "O, what's the matter here?"
I'm tired of the excuses everybody uses, he's your kid, do as you see fit,
but get this through that I don't approve of what you did to your own flesh and blood.

"If you don't sit on this chair straight
I'll take this belt from around my waist and don't think that I won't use it!"

Answer me and take your time,
what could be the awful crime he could do at such young an age?

If I'm the only witness to your madness offer me some words to balance out what I see and what I hear.
Oh these cold and lowly things that you do I suppose you do because he belongs to you
and instead of love and the feel of warmth you've given him these cuts and sores don't heal with time or with age.

And I want to say "What's the Matter here?"
But I don't dare say.