

Son Of Shame

Flatfoot 56

Looking past the edge of moonlight, hoping for the break of day
.

Seeing only cracks in sidewalks, not the paved city way.
Looking down this road to glory in a car designed to fail.
Breathing cold winds of freedom while my mind remains in jail.

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With a strong steady tailwind, all I see is pouring rain.
A victim of a brutal mindset walks this lonely son of shame.
Because the grass is always greener, I will sit here in my pain
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Looking at the wealth around me. Woe is me, this son of shame.

Well it's pouring snow on the outside, but all I'm seeing is the slush.
Looking at the wealth around me, but just thinking I ain't got much.
I'm that man that's prone to worry in that far off glory land.
Who do I think I'm kidding? No one cares or understands.

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A victim of a brutal mindset walks this lonely son of shame.
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Looking at the wealth around me. Woe is me, this son of shame.

And then I start to wonder about all that I've been through.
I opened up my eyes and see that every day is new.
I consider all my ways; the paths that I've pursued.
Man, I'm so ashamed as I sit here with a life misused.

With a mountain set before me all I see is victory.
But I know there's someone out there and His mind remains on me
.
Says the Father o'er his children, "It was for you that I came.
You're the apple of my eye, son, my precious son of shame...
...shame...son of shame...shame...son of shame."