

Somebodys' Kid

Jax

Eighteen with a machine in his hand
With acne on his chin and a boot in the sand
He's eighteen but he's double the man his daddy said he was
From his twin-sized bed with a ceiling fan
To a bunk bed in Afghanistan
He's eighteen but he's still a man for us

Cause there's no time for growing up

When he's, out on the field he's got, a body of steel
And his mama called twice even though he's off the grid
He's a, a fighting machine and a mighty marine
But he calls his mama back every chance he gets
Cause even superman is still, somebody's kid, somebody's kid

He's on watch all night but he's dreaming 'bout
What his friends are doin' when he's not around
He's so far out but his mind is halfway home
He's counting down the MRE's till he gets to grandma's mac 'n c
heese
He's hoping that his flight won't take too long

Cause tonight he's comin' home

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He's been thinking 'bout the fireworks and summer nights
Never thought he'd miss his sister and their stupid fights
Never told her how alone he was every time he'd write
Cause it's so hard for her to realize

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