Children

The Mavericks

A child who is raised by an unworthy hand
Has less of a chance being a man
Who will try to remember and then understand
Why a mother would cry
while a husband lay dead
Shot down by a gun of a runaway train
Called life in the fast lane
it all ends the same
Well the same children's lives
they will always regret
Are the children who never forget

A man ends up tired and walking alone
On a street corner singing for a penny a song
What he cannot remember was never his own
That's the answer he gives
when he speaks of his home
Well the streets are my life
I don't know anymore
Where the children's are junkies
and the ladies are whores
Well the same children's lives
they will always regret
Are the children who never forget

Goodnight, goodnight sweet child
Why don't you dream with the angels
to forget for awhile
To forget of the life
that's been handed to you
Where everything's real,
yet nothing is true
Well perhaps you can change
what the cards always read
For the children who never forget

For a time they were counting
you out of this race
You stood up like a champion
that had fallen like grace
Never showing the anguish
that had covered your face
You were raped and forgotten
left to die in disgrace
Shot down by a gun of a runaway train
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