

Eddie

Three Days Grace

Sitting on the swing
Trying to relate to just anything
Wonder where it's at
Conversations of where it's at

Oh yeah
Oh yeah

People come and stare
Wondering who's really there
He smiles and says
"I could've been one of them."

Oh, Eddie, Eddie

He was something different
Oh well, he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh, God. He's not my son."
And "Oh, God. He's not my son."

Oh, Eddie

He was all alone
Walked the streets
No place to call home
Fingers to his head
No one put him to his death

Oh
Oh, Eddie, Eddie

He was something different
But he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh, God. He's not my son."
And "Oh, God. He's not my son."

Yeah, tell me something about him
'Cause music's his only prayer

He was something different
But he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh, God. He's not my son."

Oh. Now, Eddie
Oh, Eddie, yeah
Oh, Eddie
Oh, Now, Eddie

No, Eddie. You're not my son
No, Eddie. You're not my son
No, Eddie. You're not my son
No, Eddie. You're not my son
Eddie, you're not my son...

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