They say the day
That I was born
It rained here
And yet it was the best
Day of your life.
And who would ever dream
A child sweet as I seem
Would be the source of
So much pain and strife

Every time I tried
To take the high road
Something deep inside me
Dragged me down
Wherever I appear
Came hate, despair and fear
Seems trouble always
Followed me around

Say it's not too late for You to hold me
You were always there
When times were bad
And they're so bad
The love you gave to me
So unconditionally
So sad, so sad
Born bad

Nary have I written you A letter Hardly have I called Lest things were bad And all those I called friends Are all gone in the end In truth you were the best I ever had Mama, is it too late For you to hold me? You were always there When times were bad And they're so bad The love you gave to me So unconditionally So sad, so sad Born bad

I don't want to go I don't want to go I'm not nearly yet No! No!