

A Part

William Fitzsimmons

Wishing I was born another
Year or two it could be worse
Heard she was a teenage mother
Told it was a painful birth

Somewhere in the hills of Pittsburgh
There's a kid who looks like me
Sleeping softly with his mother
Wonder if she thinks of me

I was a part from her
I was a part from her
I was a part from her
But I am a part of her

There's a sparrow at my window
I was not an orphan long
I'm not saying that I hate you
I just wonder where we all went wrong

I was a part from her
I was a part from her
I was a part from her
But I am a part of her

Oh I was a part from her
I was a part from her
I was a part from her
But I am a part of her
I am a part of her
I am a part of her