

# A Child Called It

Buckcherry

Mother, I really hate the way  
You treat me like no other  
And I refuse to be your victim

I count the days and nights, they are all numbered  
She takes her time and hurts me like no other  
Keep it all inside, never see me cry  
Hoping I find a way out from the mother  
Please God, don't let her destroy my life

Mother, I really hate the way  
You treat me like no other  
And I refuse to be your victim  
You won't see me cry 'cause  
I left behind a child called, "It"

She makes me stay inside under her cover  
Takes out her pain on me and not my brothers  
Keep it all inside, never see me cry  
Hoping I find a way out from the mother  
One step closer and the world is mine

Mother, I really hate the way  
You treat me like no other  
And I refuse to be your victim

Mother, what have I done  
To make you upset? I'm in trouble  
And I'm too young to know  
Your weakness, you're so sick  
And you'll never miss a child called, "It"

I count my days and nights, they are all numbered  
She takes her time and hurts me like no other

Mother, I really hate the way  
You treat me like no other  
And I refuse to be your victim  
Mother, what have I done  
To make you upset? I'm in trouble  
And I'm too young to know your weakness

Tell me why you were so unkind? You're so sick  
And you'll never miss a child called, "It"  
A child called, "It", a child called, "It"  
A child called, "It"