

Motherless Child

Clutch

Every last blind pulled when I walk down the street.
The only sound I hear is my tired heartbeat.
Sometimes I feel just like a motherless child.

This place once had a name.
The people once had faces.
In every town I find it's the same sad situation.
Sometimes I feel just like a countryless man.

My father tried to break me, my mother she tried to raise,
The county correct me from my wild ways.

I once saw figures about a mile off.
So I waited in the woods until they were gone.
Sometimes I feel just like a wandering dog.

My father tried to break me, my mother she tried to raise,
The county correct me from my wild ways.