

The Kid Inside

John Barrowman

There's a kid inside,
and I have him with me always.
There's a kid inside,
Walking down old high school hallways.
Where's a kid inside,
At a desk, at a dance, in the halls, in the showers.

There's a kid inside to this very day.
And he makes a try for that high pop fly,
That I fumbled one September.
And he makes a fuss over some A plus,
That I shouldn't still remember.

And he goes along,
Getting hurt, getting mad, fighting fights that are over.
And unless I'm strong,
All my senses are carried away.

I can feel my hand, my trembling hand,
On Michelle's angora sweater.
I can hear my band, that awful band,
Only now it sounds much better.
I can see the kid, the kid I use to be,
On the stage, on the field, on the lunch line.
I can feel him tugging at me,
Every time I think I don't care I blink,
and he's there, he's there again.

Fighting ancient wrongs,
Humming old hit songs in my head.
Singing come along, come along,
Come along for the ride.
To a time and place,
I could not forget if I tried.

And I never know, when the breeze'll blow,
With a rush of old sensation.
Why the kid should wake,
And my heart should ache,
Everytime I smell carnations.
Something rings the bell,

Any thing at all,
All it takes is a slam of a locker.
Or the switch from summer to fall,
A change of season seems barely reason,
But there he goes, he's there again.
Fighting ancient wrongs,
Humming old hit songs in my head.

Singing come along, come along,
Come along for the ride.
To a time and place,
I could not forget if I tried.
There he goes again,

Hummin his songs.

He's there again,
There's a kid inside...
Hummin his songs.
He's there again,
There's a kid inside.