

# It All Comes True

John Mellencamp

I stand here a black man I have no history  
I was brought up in East Chicago And I grew up on the streets  
The chains around the playground were the chains around my heart  
The brand upon my shoulder Well it reminds you who you are

And it all comes true Yes it all comes true  
Like a wheel inside a wheel It turns on you  
And you think, What have I done? What can I do?  
What you believe about yourself  
It all comes true

I was just a young girl My mother called me "Hon"  
My father was unhappy 'Cause I should have been his son  
They said, "Learn to be a waitress and learn to be a wife  
And be thankful for a chance to live an ordinary life"

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My life is a contradiction of sorrow and desire  
I drag my heart across the ash to throw it on the fire  
Maybe there's a reason and could there be a plan  
Or are we all just fools to think we'll understand

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