

The Wrong Child

R.E.M.

I've watched the children come and go
A late long march into spring
I sit and watch those children
Jump in the tall grass
Leap the sprinkler
Walk in the ground
Bicycle clothespin spokes
The sound, the smell of swingset hands

I will try to sing a happy song
I'll try and make a happy game to play

Come play with me I whispered to my new found friend
Tell me what it's like to go outside
I've never been
Tell me what it's like to just go outside
I've never been
And I never will

And I'm not supposed to be like this
I'm not supposed to be like this
But it's okay

Hey those kids are looking at me
I told my friend myself
Those kids are looking at me
They're laughing and they're running over here
They're laughing and they're running over here

What do I do?
What can I do?
What should I do?
What do I say?
What can I say?

I said I'm not supposed to be like this
Let's try to find a happy game to play
Let's try to find a happy game to play

I'm not supposed to be like this
But it's okay, okay