

Unloved Children

Todd Rundgren

Must be a factory somewhere
Keeps on cranking them out
Seems like they travel in pairs
Not worth the trouble but too full of clout

Somebody must play his game
They get stuck in the here and now
Lending and borrowing pain
His fist, your face, you kiss the ground

But he don't do nothing half way
Complete this equation
He needs justification
Distaff affirmation
To keep on crankin' it out

We could build cell on cell
Mainline him straight to hell
But that would not dispel
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children

Must be a garden somewhere
Keeps on sending them down
Big eyes, big teeth, big hair

Ready to breed with the nearest clown

She has the will to complain
But something won't let her
Break free of the tether
Even though she knows better
She just can't figure it out

We can prescribe for pain
Have her declared insane
Even all this won't change
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children

We let them find their own way
While everyone chooses
To ignore the abuses
We've all got excuses
We keep on, keep on cranking them out

And nobody has the time
To look at the great design
But they're all from the same bloodline
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children