

Adolescents, Alone Against The World

He left home at 16, the days go by like years
He didn't get much schooling but he learned a lot on the road
He knows one thing, not to trust no one but himself
He hopes and prays, but he knows his days are numbered

Well, he hits the bottle to wipe out his fears
But no one's there to wipe away those whiskey tears
He's alone against the world

He wonders if his girl back home is missing him at all
He'd like to listen to her voice but he's too poor to call
He told her that he's send for her if he could get ahead
By now she's probably given him up for dead

Night after night he's all alone
Each step he takes, he's farther from home
There's no one to help him, his parents don't care
He stumbles through life on a wing and a prayer

He boards a bus in L.A., winds up in New Orleans
Bums a couple of cigarettes from a sailor in the depot
Steals a couple of purses and buys himself a dingy room
No matter where he stays, he knows his days are numbered

Well, he slams the needle to wipe out his fears
But there's no one there to wipe out those junkie tears
He's all alone against the world

He wound up in Raleigh with a bullet in his leg
'You should have seen the other guy' as all he had to say
Two bits away from help but he's afraid they will reuse his call
He knows his days are numbered

Stranded in the Midwest and he don't know where to go
The west coast cops are on his tail, the east is full of snow
He thinks, '4, 5, 6 more years of this, I'll lose my head
And a few more years of crazy, I'll probably end up dead
Oh god, I wish I was back home in my bed!'

Night after night he's all alone
Each step he takes is farther from home
There's no one to help him, his parents don't care
He stumbles through life on a wing an a prayer

(He's crying, He's dying)

It was only last year
That he turned seventeen
Now this ain't the life
That a young boy should lead

He's alone against the world!