

Buckcherry, Child Called "It"

Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim

I count the days and nights, they are all numbered
She takes her time and hurts me like no other
Keep it all inside, never see me cry
Hoping I find a way out from the mother
Please God, don't let her destroy my life

Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim
You won't see me cry 'cause
I left behind a child called, "It";

She makes me stay inside under her cover
Takes out her pain on me and not my brothers
Keep it all inside, never see me cry
Hoping I find a way out from the mother

One step closer and the world is mine

Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim

Mother, what have I done
To make you upset? I'm in trouble
And I'm too young to know
Your weakness, you're so sick
And you'll never miss a child called, "It";

I count my days and nights, they are all numbered
She takes her time and hurts me like no other

Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim
Mother, what have I done
To make you upset? I'm in trouble
And I'm too young to know your weakness

Tell me why you were so unkind? You're so sick
And you'll never miss a child called, "It";
A child called, "It";, a child called, "It";
A child called, "It";