

Diana Ross, Love Child

Tenement slum
Ooh, ooh, ooh....aaaahhh

You think that I don't feel love
What I feel for you is real love
In other's eyes I see reflected
A hurt, scorned, rejected

Love child
Never meant to be
Love Child
Born in poverty
Love Child
Never meant to be
Love Child
Take a look at me

Started my life
In a old, cold, run-down tenement slum (tenement slum)
My father left he never even married mama
I shared the guilt my mama knew
So afraid that others knew I had no name

This love we're contemplatin'
Is worth the pain of waitin'
We'll only end up hatin'
The child we may be creatin'

Love Child
Never meant to be
Love Child
(Scorned by) Society
Love Child
Always second best
Love Child
(Different from) Different from the rest

(Hold on hold on just a little bit longer) Mmmmm baby
(Hold on hold on just a little bit longer) Mmmmm baby

I started school
In a worn, torn dress that somebody threw out
(Somebody threw out)
I knew the way it felt to always live in doubt
To be without the simple things
So afraid my friends would see the guilt in me

Don't think that I don't need ya
Don't think I don't want to please ya
But no child of mine will be bearing
The name of shame I've been wearing

Love Child
Love Child
Never quite as good
Afraid, ashamed
Misunderstood

But I'll always love you
Always love you

I'll always love you
Always love you