

Groundswell, Eddie

Sitting on the swing
Trying to relate to just anything
Wonder where it's at
Conversations of where it's at
Ohh yeah
Ohh yeah
People come and stare
Wondering who's really there
He smiles and says,
"I could've been one of them"
Oh Eddie, Eddie
He was something different
Oh well he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh god, he's not my son"
And "Oh God, he's not my son"
Oh Eddie
He was all alone
Walked the streets
No place to call home
Fingers to his head
No one put him to his death
Ohh
Oh Eddie, Eddie
He was something different
But he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh God, he's not my son"
And "Oh God, he's not my son"
Yeah, tell me something about him
'Cause music's his only prayer
He was something different
But he never hurt no one
And I wonder if his father said
"Oh God, he's not my son"
Oh now Eddie
Oh Eddie - yeah
Oh Eddie
Oh now Eddie
No Eddie you're not my son
No Eddie you're not my son
No Eddie you're not my son
No Eddie you're not my son
Eddie you're not my son...