

Amy Speace, Born To The Breed

I was only nineteen the morning you were born
With your hair fine and red and your eyes like my own
Barely a woman with only a song
I sang to keep you smilin' and held you all night long
Home through the streets with you in my arms
Cold winter mornings in a Colorado town
You've seen me stumble, I've watched you fall
I know that I've got nothing, you know we've got it all
Rain comes down and the trucks rollin' by
Does that old parka keep you dry?
Sixteen years old, out on the road
Tryin' to get to the sky
Back in September you called me on the phone
"Ma, you know I love you but I gotta be own my own
Comes a time in a boy's life when he's got to be a man
Please don't try to find me, please try to understand"
I got me a job in a rock and roll band
I'm gonna try to see if I can get by
Sixteen years old, out on the road
Trying to get to the sky
I've watched you grow through all these years
You've seen me stumble and I've dried your tears
Sometimes there were roses, sometimes it was thorns
I know you're gonna make it as sure as you were born
And I hope from what you wanted you get what you need
I know you're gonna make it, you were born to the breed
Sixteen years old, out on the road
Trying to get to the sky