

Andersson & Ulvaeus, Pity The Child

Pity the Child

>From the Musical Chess

When I was nine I learned survival

Taught myself not to care

I was my single good companion

Taking my comfort there

Up in my room I planned my conquests

On my own, never asked for a helping hand

No one would understand

I never asked the pair who fought below

Just in case they said no

Pity the child who has ambition

Knows what he wants to do

Knows that he'll never fit the system

Others expect him to

Pity the child who knew his parents

Saw their faults, saw their love die before his eyes

Pity the child that wise

He never asked, did I cause your distress?

Just in case they said yes

When I was twelve my father moved out

Left with a whimper not with a shout

I didn't miss him, he made it perfectly clear

I was a fool, and probably queer

Fool that I was, I thought this would bring

Those he had left closer together

She made her move the moment he crawled away

I was the last the woman told

She never let her bed get cold

Someone moved in, I shut my door

Someone to treat her just the same way as before

I took the road of least resistance

I had my game to play

I had the skill, and more - the hunger

Easy to get away

Pity the child with no such weapons

Do defence, no escape from the ties that bind

Always a step behind

I never called to tell her all I'd done

I was only her son

Pity the child but not forever

Not if he stays that way

He can get all he ever wanted

If he's prepared to pay

Pity instead the careless mother

What she missed, what she lost when she let me go

And I wonder, does she know

I wouldn't call, a crazy thing to do

Just in case she said, who?