

Bracket, Mother To Blame

If I had to start again
Where would I begin
Would I even want to try
I never like to look back
Because it throws me off track
And then I try to run and hide

When will I wake in my own bed
Nobody knows I have a name
Don't really care if I am dead
My mother is the one to blame

Walk a mile in my shoes
If you think you can't loose
And nothing to write home about
You know that I am not alone
I never had a real home
I've always been down and out