

Diana Ross & The Supremes, Last Time I Saw Him

Tenement slum
You think that I don't feel love
But 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
I started my life in an old, cold run down tenement slum
My father left, he never even married mom
I shared the guilt my mama knew
So afraid that others knew I had no name
This love we're contemplating
Isn't worth the pain of waiting
We'll only end up hating
The child we maybe creating
Love child, never meant to be
Love child, (scorned by) society
Love child, always second best
Love child, different from the rest
Mm, baby (hold on, hold on, just a little bit)
Mm, baby (hold on, hold on, just a little bit)
I started school, in a worn, torn dress that somebody threw out
I knew the way it felt, to always live in doubt
To be without the simple things
Sop afraid my friends would see the guilt in me
Don't think that I don't need you
Don't think I don't wanna please you
No child of mine 'll 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
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you