

# Faith Hill, Love Child

Tenement slum

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ah

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 and 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  
Is 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

Hold on  
Hold on (Ooooooohhh)

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  
So 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, 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  
You-ooo-ooo  
You-ooo-ooo  
You-ooo-ooo