

Frank Black, Lone Child

I don't like you much
I am like a wolf
I'm not full of your hate
I'm full of my grace
See here my face
I am a king

See the empty stage
See there's nothing there
Save your ounce of despair
Your once-wasted air
Your devil-may-care
Poisonings

Lone child
Born wild
No childish things

Lone child
Born wild
No tribal strings

I'll be moving on
Creeping off the stage
I'll be tearing you out
Tearing you down
I'm growling now
In the wings

Lone child
Born wild
No childish things

Lone child
Born wild
No tribal strings