

Jimmy Wayne, Kerosene Kid

I know what it's like, growing up poor
I remember that night walking home from the store
Stopping every few minutes, sitting down that jug
Blowing on my hands trying to warm them up
And seeing that other kid from my homeroom class
In that nice warm car, as he rode past
And our eyes meeting as they sometimes did
Reading my name on his lips
Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down
Just hold your head up and be proud
Kerosene kid, they don't understand
Everything that we got is a gift
Kerosene kid
I get home with that jug
Mama filled up the heater
And those kerosene fumes filled up the trailer
Got all over everything like a blanket of dust
On the sheets, on the bed, on the carpet, and on us
Next morning at school in yesterday's clothes
Somebody be laughing, some girl be holding her nose
I'd sit there embarrassed, my face turning red
Getting at her telling myself
Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down
Just hold your head up and be proud
Kerosene kid, they don't understand
Everything that we got is a gift
Kerosene kid
Every day when I look in the mirror
I can't say enough
About the little man back in my memory
That never gave up
Kerosene kid, they didn't get you down
You held your head up, you stood proud
Kerosene kid, yeah you understand
Everything that you got is a gift
Kerosene kid, don't let them get you down
Hold your head up and stay proud
Kerosene kid, we'll all understand
Everything that we got is a gift
Kerosene kid
Don't let 'em get you down
Kerosene kid