

# Pam Tillis, Melancholy Child

A baby with a baby  
Just barely seventeen  
My mother mourned her innocence  
As she bounced on her knee  
A daddy on the road  
Added to the tears and trials  
Like silver rain they fell upon this melancholy child

The sounds of my childhood still linger in my song  
my mother's lullaby that train that rain behind our home  
A whippoorwill on a windowsill- It should have made me smile  
But everything sounds lonely to a melancholy child

Now a restless blood runs in our family  
I thought I could outrun the emptiness inside of me  
So I went a little crazy, and I went a little wild  
Trying to outdistance my own melancholy child

I met a kind and gentle man who thinks the world of me  
When he looks my way, it's a woman that he sees  
But when I can't explain to him the tears that fill my eyes  
He takes me in his arms and rocks his melancholy child

You take a black Irish temper and some solemn Cherokee  
A Southern sense of humor and you got someone like me  
There are thorns on every rose, to this I'm reconciled  
They're just a little sharper to a melancholy child

And in my own babe's eyes, I see the signs of a melancholy child

Heaven! Help us all another melancholy child!