

Rez Band, Child Of The Blues

Oh, I grew up in a welfare state where the winters were cold and the cheques came late,
With hand-me-down clothes and a hole in my heart, it seemed nothing could fill a child of the blues

Mamma was lonely, she left us at night,
She said, "You be good, and lock door tight,"
But I couldn't sleep for wondering if she would return... 'cause sometimes you lose.

Mama was crying when the sheriff came in, like being on welfare is some kind of sin,
All of our things tossed out in the street,
Wish I knew what to do, but it ain't no use.

They said that we're lazy, ignorant poor,
We get there too late, they lock up the door,
The shelter is warm, but it sure ain't no home,
Is this paying your dues?
Child of the blues.

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