

Spirit Of The West, The Only Child

The only child stands alone at the gate
Wishing he was with the rest
That play is too rough his mother says
and you're wearing your Sunday best

When the lessons are over well he's never late
He's always straight home from school
No football, no games his father says
We can't have you acting the fool

When all other children have grown up and gone
To seek what adulthood might bring
Well the only child is still at home
Well the only child is still at home
Apron stings

They encouraged him to study and read
In hopes that he would do well
So he never made too many friends
And his parents guidance proved cruel

There is no doubt he is well informed
He's always the top of the class
But he can't deal with people of fend for himself
And he's never learned to laugh

When all other children have grown up and gone
To seek what adulthood might bring
Well the only child is still at home
Apron stings

No brothers or sisters did he have
To warrant his mothers attention
So he led a very sheltered life
A victim of over protection

But the day will come when he goes to the college
Causing his mother much at worry
Their pride and joy has gone away
And for the only child I fell sorry