

# The Supremes, Love Child

(Pam Sawyer/R. Dean Taylor/Frank Wilson/Deke Richards)

Tenement slum

You think that I don't feel love  
But what I feel for you is real love  
In other's eyes I see reflected  
A hurt, scorned, rejected

Love child, never meant to be  
Love child, born in poverty  
Love child, never meant to be  
Love child, take a look at me

I started my life in an old, cold run down tenement slum  
My father left, he never even married mom  
I shared the guilt my mama knew  
So afraid that others knew I had no name

This love we're contemplating  
Is worth the pain of waiting  
We'll only end up hating  
The child we maybe creating

Love child, never meant to be  
Love child, (scorned by) society  
Love child, always second best  
Love child, different from the rest

Mm, baby (hold on, hold on, just a little bit)  
Mm, baby (hold on, hold on, just a little bit)  
I started school, in a worn, torn, dress that somebody threw out  
I knew the way it felt, to always live in doubt  
To be without the simple things  
So afraid my friends would see the guilt in me

Don't think that I don't need you  
Don't think I don't wanna please you  
No child of mine 'll be bearing  
The name of shame I've been wearing

Love child, love child, never quite as good  
Afraid, ashamed, misunderstood

But I'll always love you  
I'll always love you  
I'll always love you  
I'll always love you  
I'll always love you  
I'll always love you