

Various, Prowlin

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THE AMERICAN:

When I was nine I learned survival
Taught myself not to care
I was my single good companion
Taking my comfort there
Up in my room I planned my
conquests
On my own -- never asked for a
helping hand
No one would understand
I never asked the pair who fought
below
Just in case they said no
Pity the child who has ambition
Knows what he wants to do
Knows that he'll never fit the system
Others expect him to
Pity the child who knew his parents
Saw their faults
Saw their love die before his eyes
Pity the child that wise
He never asked "Did I cause your
distress?"
Just in case they said yes
When I was twelve my father moved
out
Left with a whimper -- not with a shout
I didn't miss him -- he made it perfectly
clear
I was a fool and probably queer
Fool that I was I thought this would
bring
Those he had left closer together
She made her move the moment he
crawled away
I was the last the woman told
She never let her bed get cold
Someone moved in -- I shut my door
Someone to treat her just the same
way as before
I took the road of least resistance
I had my game to play
I had the skill, and more -- the hunger
Easy to get away
Pity the child with no such weapons
No defense, no escape from the ties
that bind
Always a step behind
I never called to tell her all I'd done
I was only her son!
Pity the child but not forever
Not if he stays that way
He can get all he ever wanted
If he's prepared to pay
Pity instead the careless mother
What she missed
What she lost when she let me go
And I wonder does she know
I wouldn't call -- a crazy thing to do
Just in case she said who?