

## Zounds

# "Did He Jump/Unfree Child/Mommy's Gone"

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Who was that on the window ledge?  
Did he jump or was he pushed?  
He left a note which no one read  
In desperate hand the note just said:  
"Never turn my back on society  
Society turn is back on me.  
Never tried once to drop out,  
I just couldn't get in from the start."

The children all played clever games  
The grown-ups gave them clever names  
Turned them all from very young  
On to the drug competition  
Feed them T.V. everyday  
Teach them just how they should play  
For the ones that start to stray  
Cut them off till they obey

Our little friend was not the type  
To want to have to stand and fight  
Bully boys all could pick  
Upon the lonely little kid  
The grown ups all looked hard and long  
Said "He's got two feet he can stand on"  
We never like the sickly ones  
The boisterous ones are much more fun

He found it hard to socialize  
Cause when he laughed or want he cried  
In the wrong place he'd be chastised  
An idiot to be despised  
Never learnt to play the game the way  
That your supposed to play  
Never learnt the things to say  
Or lock emotion safe away

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Did he jump or was he pushed?  
He left a note which no one read  
In desperate hand the note just said:  
"Never turn my back on society  
Society turn is back on me.

All the world can not be wrong  
It must be me I don't belong."  
"All the world can not be wrong  
It must be me I don't belong"  
"All the world can not be wrong  
It must be me I don't belong"  
"All the world can not be wrong  
It must be me I don't belong"  
"All the world can not be wrong  
It must be me I don't belong"

--

The unfree child is full of woe  
Into the unfree adult he will grow  
Have unfree children of his own  
On and on and so it goes

Take your hands from off your genitals  
Eat those greens and grow up strong  
Don't piss yourself it's very naughty  
Stephen, Stephen don't you shine  
Don't speak now we are talking  
Not a word less you disgrace  
There's people listening  
Don't embarrass us  
And never let us catch you masturbate

--

When I was a baby my mummy told me  
If I was a bad boy daddy would scold me  
When I was a baby my mummy lectured  
If I was a good boy I would be rewarded

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expect  
In your eyes I'm not to be respected  
Take you on but I'm just one reflection  
Of the values that you hold and the way you see them

My mummy's gone  
To a place where I can't go  
A place that's cloaked in thy mystery  
Of corporate identity  
Supermarkets and three pike suits  
My mummy's gone  
My mummy's gone

When I was a little girl my mummy told me  
Had to make an effort to make myself pretty  
Got to get a husband, got to have a baby

Got to be a credit to the rest of the family

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expected  
In your eyes I'm not to be respected  
Take you on but I'm just one reflection  
Of the values that you hold and the way you see them

My mummy's gone  
To a place where I can't go  
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Now that I'm older, I know that you scared me  
But I don't hold it against you, though it damage me  
sorley  
I know you're a victim just just like me  
You can feel the pressure just just like me

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expected  
In your eyes I'm not to be respected  
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