

## Frank Black "Lone Child"

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I don't like you much  
I am like a wolf  
I'm not full of your hate  
I'm full of my grace  
See here my face  
I am a king

See the empty stage  
See there's nothing there  
Save your ounce of despair  
Your once-wasted air  
Your devil-may-care  
Poisonings

Lone child  
Born wild  
No childish things  
Lone child  
Born wild  
No tribal strings

I'll be moving on  
Creeping off the stage  
I'll be tearing you out  
Tearing you down  
I'm growling now  
In the wings

Lone child  
Born wild  
No childish things  
Lone child  
Born wild  
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