

## Fred Small "Scott And Jamie"

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Call us America's sweethearts -- We found a place in  
Roxbury  
Where we can meet the mortgage, go to church on  
Sunday  
I teach communion class and David leads the choir  
Ten years together thinking 'bout children.  
Lots of children out there beat up beat down hoping  
For a home and a harbor, a hand that doesn't hit  
Where the form said father and mother we had to  
cross it out  
Father and father that's David and me.  
Twelve months of waiting, suddenly two little boys on  
our doorstep  
Scared and crying, gave them a bath and tucked them  
in  
Three-year-old Jamie, little brother Scott  
Jamie had a bruise like a boot in the middle of his back.  
Love is love no matter who no matter where  
Love is love and a child knows when it's there  
They can pry away the fingers that graced these walls  
with dirt  
They can pull us apart they can lie oh they can hurt  
But love leaves a trace and the heart holds a place for  
love's return.  
McDonalds and K-Mart -- do you know how hard it is to  
find kid's shoes?  
Scott's first hair cut, grinning and a little confused  
Outside the aquarium baseball jackets red and blue  
A picture is like time standing still.  
Jamie was a scrapper, he punched his brother, decked  
the kid next door  
He threw a plate at David then ducked and cowered  
waiting for the blow  
After supper I held him close, "You're safe here this is  
your home."  
And the rains came to the parched and broken earth.  
The papers smelled the headlines -- gay parents, two  
little innocent boys  
T.V. news on the front porch, politicians made a lot of  
noise  
Liberal governor he gave the order  
Social worker phoned, "Have them ready at three."

Picked Jamie up at day care, kids were running,  
shouting as they played  
We didn't want to tell him, maybe the Governor could  
have explained  
Jamie was screaming when we strapped him in the  
welfare car  
David said "We love you" and they were gone.  
You find out who your friends are, some came round  
some just let it go  
Rallies on the common people singing people saying  
no  
This is crazy -- but Scott and Jamie  
Are still pinballs in a busted machine.  
Kitchen's clean and quiet, we changed the furniture  
around  
Still keep Scott's rabbit -- in the middle of the night  
sometimes I wake to the  
sound  
Of a little one crying when there's nothing there at all  
David holds me, says "Go back to sleep."  
Love is love no matter who no matter where  
Love is love and a child knows when it's there  
They can pry away the fingers that graced these walls  
with dirt  
They can pull us apart they can lie oh they can hurt  
But love leaves a trace and the heart holds a place for  
love's return.  
The heart holds a place for love's return

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