

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

"Child Of Clay"

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CHILD OF CLAY

Jimmie Rodgers

Into the darkness he was sent by parents'
Who were ignorant hm, hm
Tied down to his mother's strings
Unable to be anything hm, hm
Puzzled by the things he hears
The father thinking work comes first
Ain't got the time to quench a thirst
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Once he was a child, a beautiful child
A child of clay shaped and molded
Into what he is today
But who is to blame for this child of clay

Going out into the street at night
The answers he may meet hm hm
With sick and twisted minds
He shares the searching questions
His heart bears hm hm
And from the dregs
The answers find their way into his supple mind
In time the planted seeds will grow
Into a twisted vine below
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

And now his aimless days begin
To drift into sordid sin hm, hm
And soon his dislike turns to hate
As the stamp of life seals his fate hm, hm
and so the night conceals his name
And the days sleep off his shame
Deprived of love and wrought by fear
A feeling that the end is near
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

