

## Jimmy Wayne "Kerosene Kid"

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I know what it's like, growing up poor  
I remember that night walking home from the store  
Stopping every few minutes, sitting down that jug  
Blowing on my hands trying to warm them up  
And seeing that other kid from my homeroom class  
In that nice warm car, as he rode past  
And our eyes meeting as they sometimes did  
Reading my name on his lips

Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down  
Just hold your head up and be proud  
Kerosene kid, they don't understand  
Everything that we got is a gift  
Kerosene kid

I get home with that jug  
Mama filled up the heater  
And those kerosene fumes filled up the trailer  
Got all over everything like a blanket of dust  
On the sheets, on the bed, on the carpet, and on us  
Next morning at school in yesterday's clothes  
Somebody be laughing, some girl be holding her nose  
I'd sit there embarrassed, my face turning red  
Getting at her telling myself

Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down  
Just hold your head up and be proud  
Kerosene kid, they don't understand  
Everything that we got is a gift  
Kerosene kid

Every day when I look in the mirror  
I can't say enough  
About the little man back in my memory  
That never gave up

Kerosene kid, they didn't get you down  
You held your head up, you stood proud  
Kerosene kid, yeah you understand  
Everything that you got is a gift

Kerosene kid, don't let them get you down

Hold your head up and stay proud  
Kerosene kid, we'll all understand  
Everything that we got is a gift  
Kerosene kid

Don't let 'em get you down  
Kerosene kid

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