

Josh Groban "Pity the Child, Pt.2"

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When I was nine,
I learned survival:
Taught myself not to care.
I was my single, good companion,
Taking my comfort there.
Up in my room
I planned my conquests
On my own
Never asked for a helping hand
No one would understand.
I never asked the pair that fought below
Just in case they said ?no?.

Pity the child who has ambition;
Knows what he wants to do.
Knows that he'll never fit the system,
Others expecting to.
Pity the child who knew his parents
Saw them fight,
Saw their love die before his eyes.
Pity the child that wise.
He never asked
?Did I cause your distress??
Just in case they said ?Yes?.

When I was twelve, my father moved out.
Left with a whimper,
Not with a shout.
I didn't miss him:
He made it perfectly clear
That I was a fool, and probably queer.
Fool that I was,

I thought this would bring
Those he had left closer together.
She made a move the moment he crawled away.
I was the last the woman told,
She never let her bed get cold.
Someone moved in,
I shut my door.
Someone to treat her just the same way as before!

I took the road of least resistance:
I had my game to play.
I had the skill and all the hunger
Easy to get away.
Pity the child with no such weapons
No defense, no escape from the ties that bind.
Always a step behind.
I never called to tell her all I'd done.
I was only her son!

Pity the child, but not forever;
Not if he stays that way.
He can get all he ever wanted
If he's prepared to beg.
Pity instead, the careless mother
What she missed, what she lost, when she let me go.
And I wonder, ?does she know??
I wouldn't call:
A crazy thing to do?
Just in case she said ?Who??

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