

## Chess "Pity The Child"

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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 who 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 expect him to

Pity the child who knew his parents  
Saw their faults  
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  
I was a fool and probably queer

Fool that I was I thought this would bring  
Those he had left closer together  
She made her 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 more the hunger  
Easy to get away

Pity the child with no such weapons  
Do 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 pay

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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