

## Chess

### "Pity The Child #2"

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Frederick:

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,  
No defence,  
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.  
I wonder does she know?  
I wouldn't call--  
A crazy thing to do,  
Just in case she said who.

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