

Palominos

"Melancholy Child"

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A baby with a baby just barely seventeen
My mother mourned her innocence
While she bounced me on her knee
A daddy on the road added to her tears and trials
Like silver rain they fell upon this melancholy child

The sounds of my childhood still linger in my song
My mother's lullaby that train that ran behind our home
A whippoorwill on a window sill - It should have made
me smile
But everything sounds lonesome to a melancholy child

Now a restless blood runs in our family
I thought I could out run the emptiness inside of me
So I went a little crazy, went a little wild
Trying to outdistance my own melancholy child

I met a kind and gentleman who thinks the world of me
And when he looks my way it is a woman that he sees
But when I can't explain to him the tears that fill my
eyes
He takes me in his arms and rocks his melancholy child

You take a black Irish temper and some solemn
Cherokee
A Southern sense of humour and you got someone like
me
There are thorns on every rose to this I'm reconciled
They're just a little sharper to a melancholy child

And in my own babe's eyes I see the signs of
melancholy child

Heaven help us all, another melancholy child

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